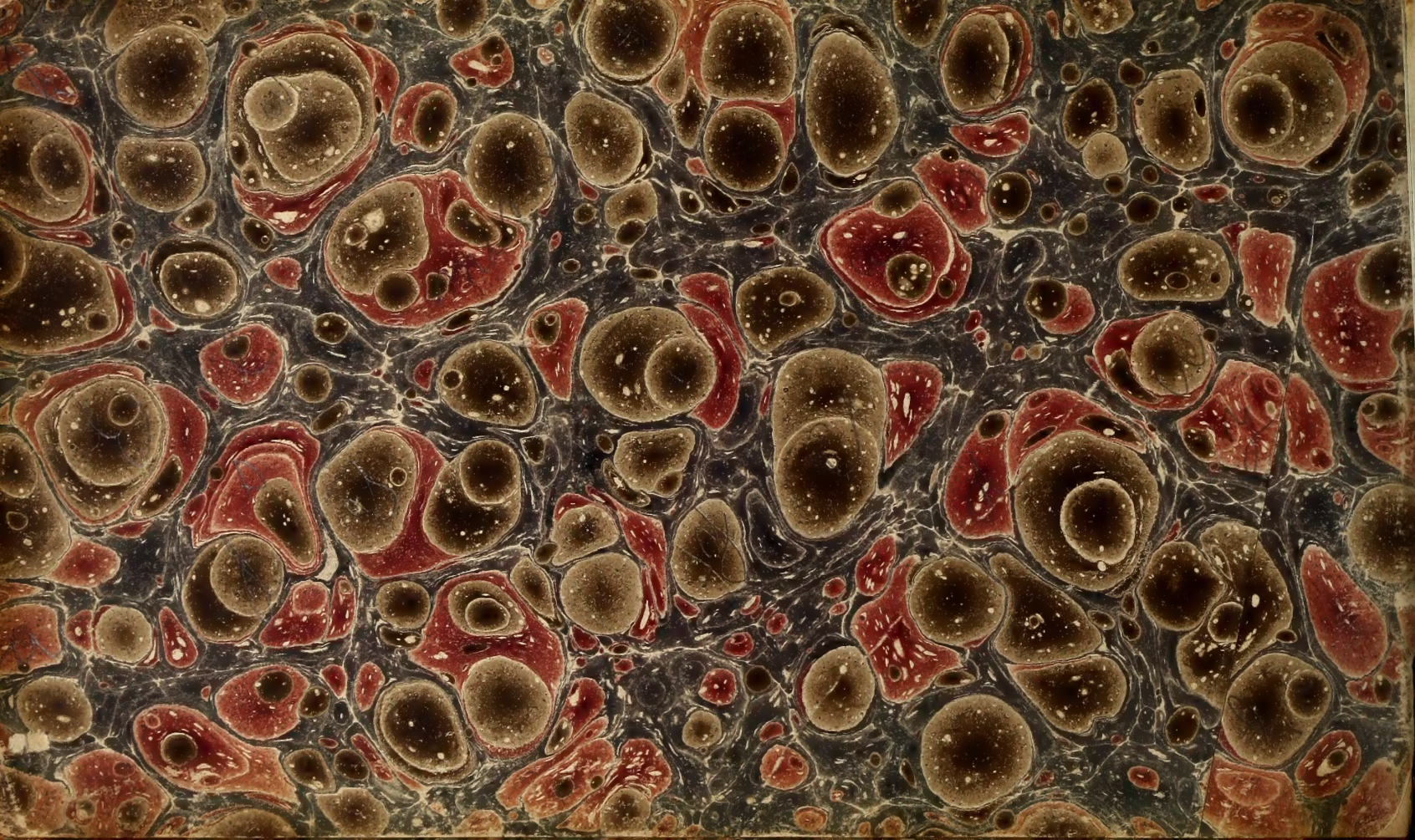
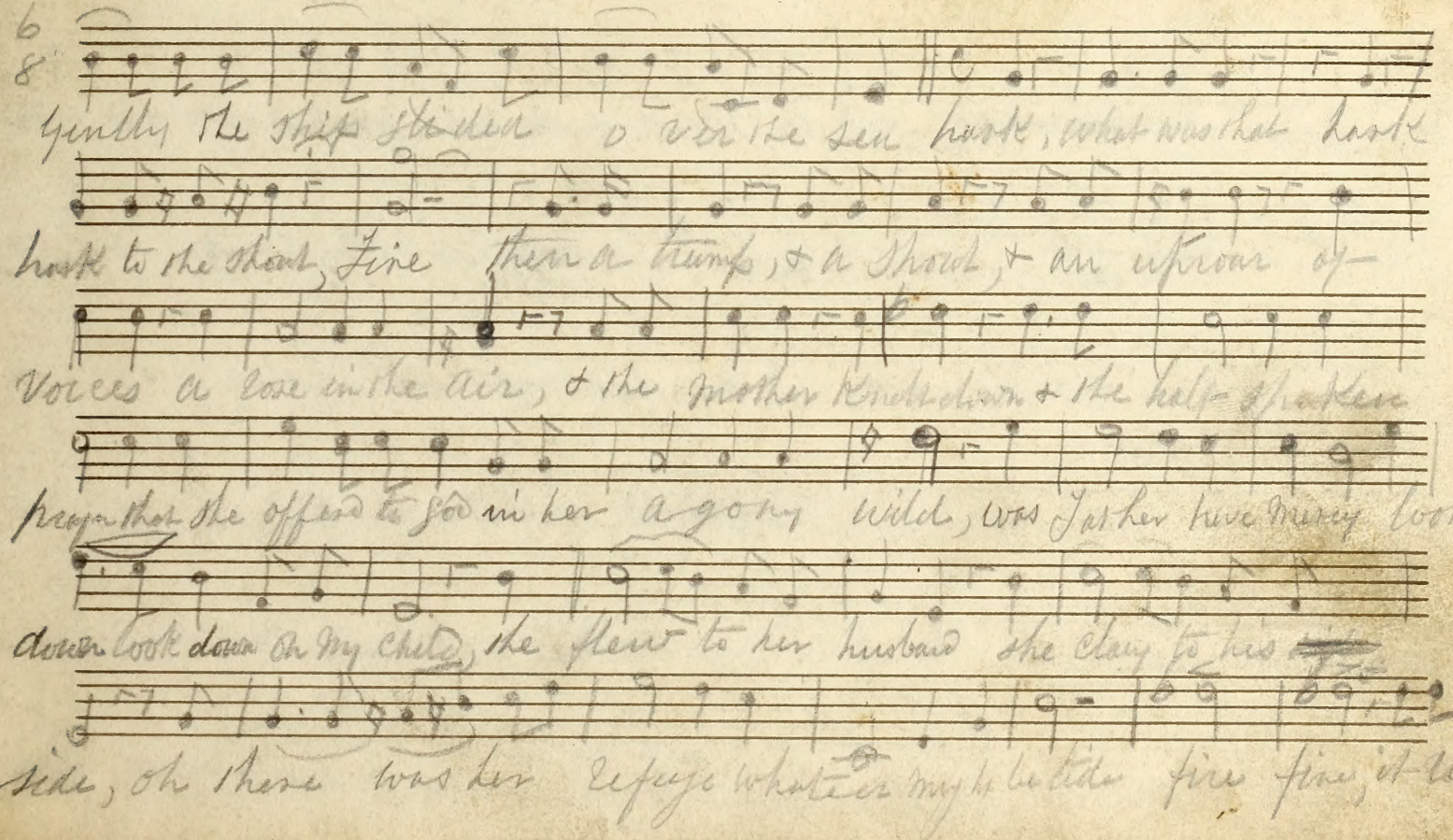




Gently the ship slided over the sea hark, what was that hark

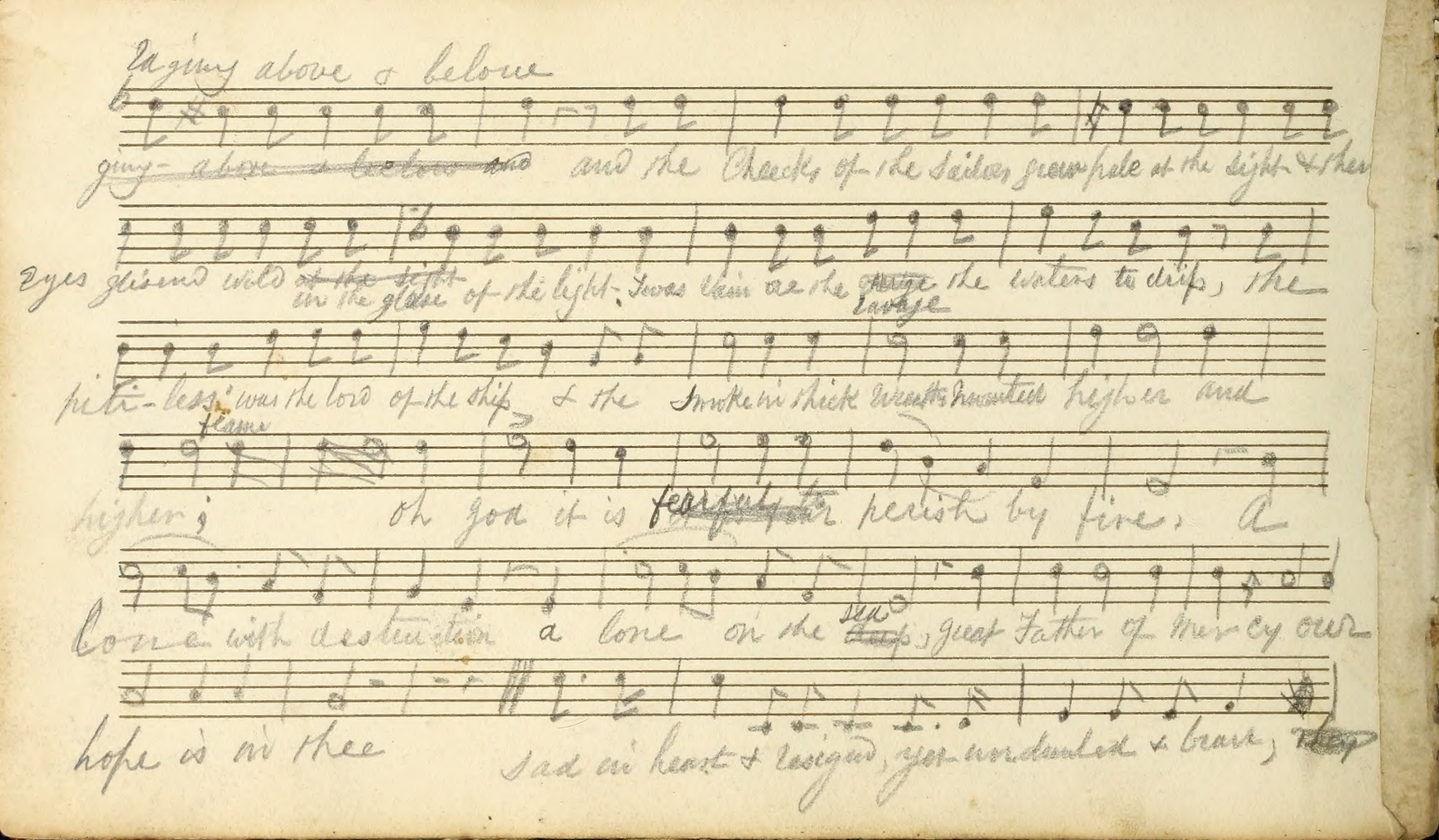
hark to the shout, Fire then a trump, & a shout, & an uproar of

voices a rose in the air, & the mother knelt down & the half-spoken

prayer that she offered to God in her agony wild, was Father have mercy look

down look down on my child, she flew to her husband she clung to his

side, oh there was her refuge whatever may be tide fire fire, it was



Raging above & below

ging- ~~above & below and~~ and the Cheeks of the Sailors grew pale at the sight & their

Eyes glisend wild ~~at the sight~~ in the glare of the light. I was rain or the ~~purge~~ ravage the waters to drip, the

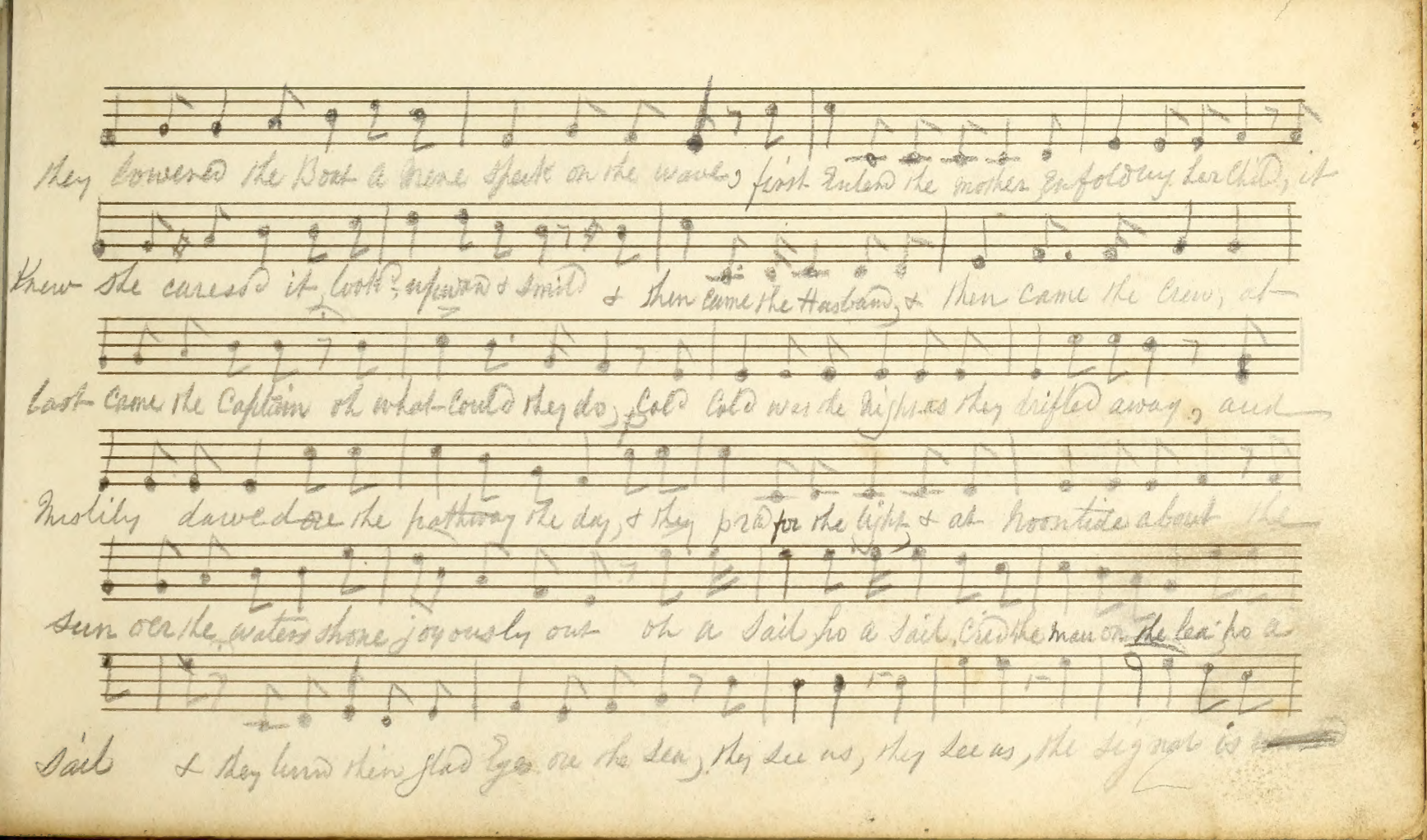
piti-less; was the lord of the ship & the Smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and

flame

higher; Oh God it is fearful to perish by fire. A

lone with destruction a lone on the sea ~~deep~~, great Father of Mercy our

hope is in thee Sad in heart & resigned, yet undaunted & brave, they



they lowered the Boat a mere speck on the wave, first Entend the mother Enfolding her Child, it

Knew she caress'd it, look'd, upward & smild & then came the Husband, & then came the Crew, at

last came the Captain oh what could they do, Cold Cold was the Night as they drifted away, and

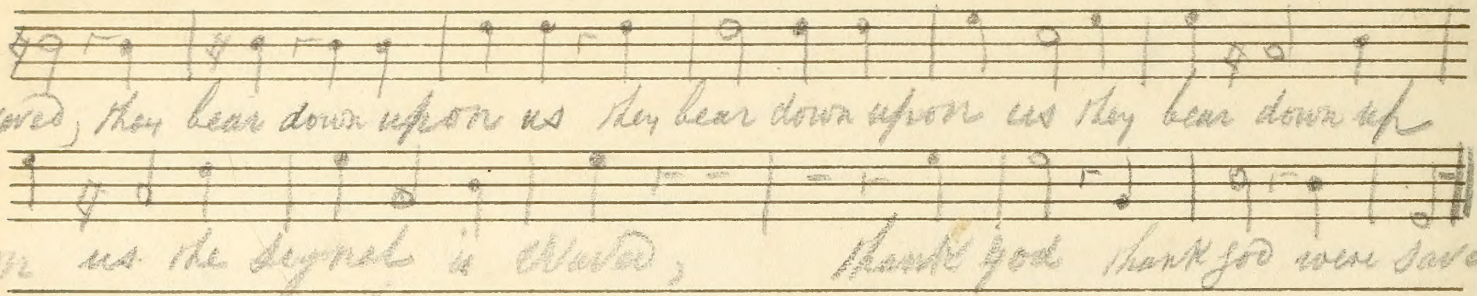
Mistily dawed ore the pathway the day, & they pra'd for the light & at Noontide about the

sun ore the waters shone joyously out oh a Sail, ho a Sail, Cried the man on the lea ho a

Sail & they turn'd their glad Eyes ore the sea, they see us, they see us, the signal is

waved, they bear down upon us they bear down upon us they bear down up

on us the signal is waved, thank god thank god were saved



not married yet not married yet Heyho alas & well a day, a hand of snow an eye of jet
are all I have to give away, they say she's pretty but alas, with hand extended thus they flout
she has no cash, & by they pass, Ye gods what are the men about,

Not Married yet

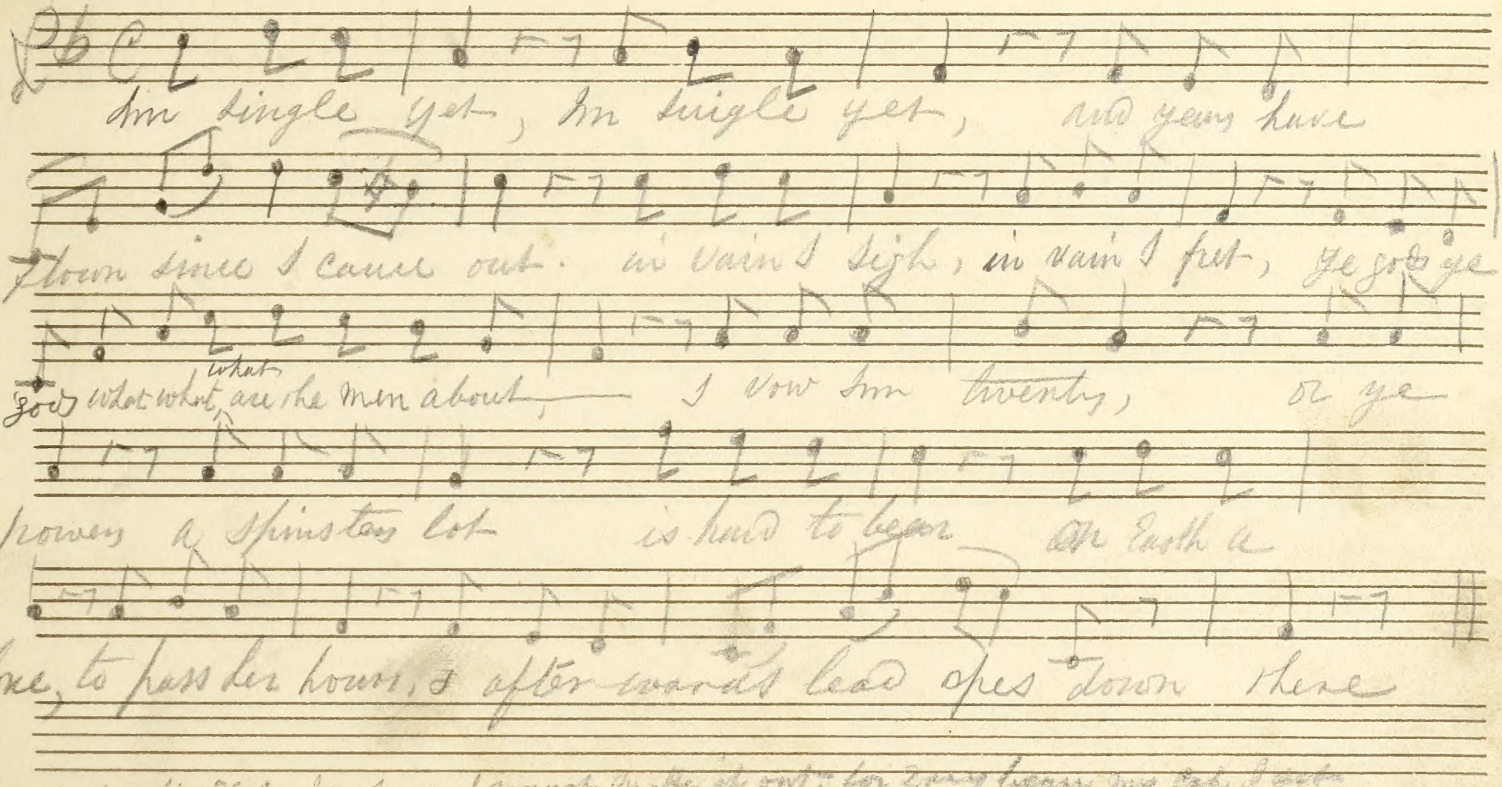
I'm single yet, I'm single yet, and years have

flown since I came out. in vain I sigh, in vain I fret, ye gods ye

gods what what, what are the men about, I vow I'm twenty, or ye

powers a spinsters lot is hard to bear on Earth a

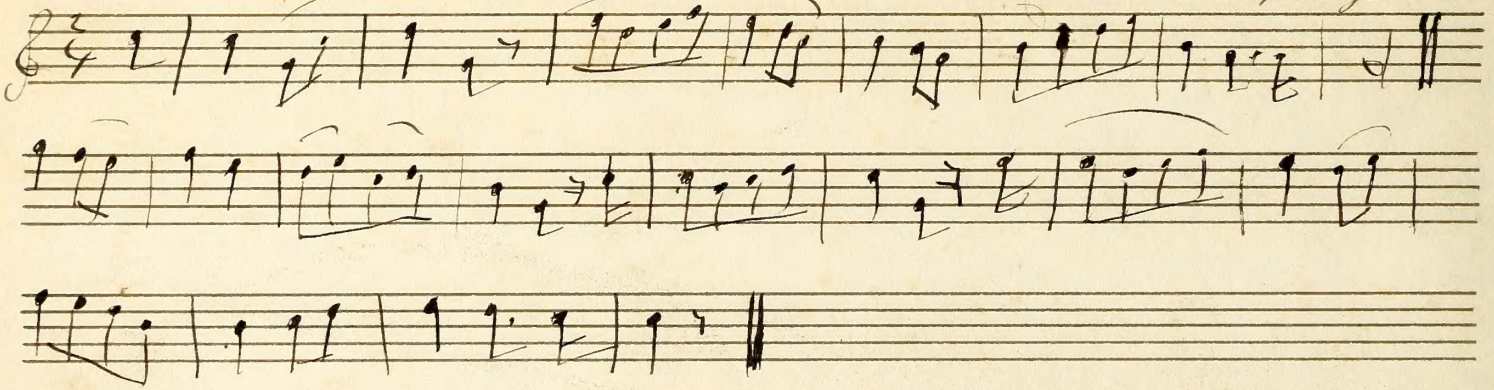
love, to pass her hours, & afterwards lead apes down there

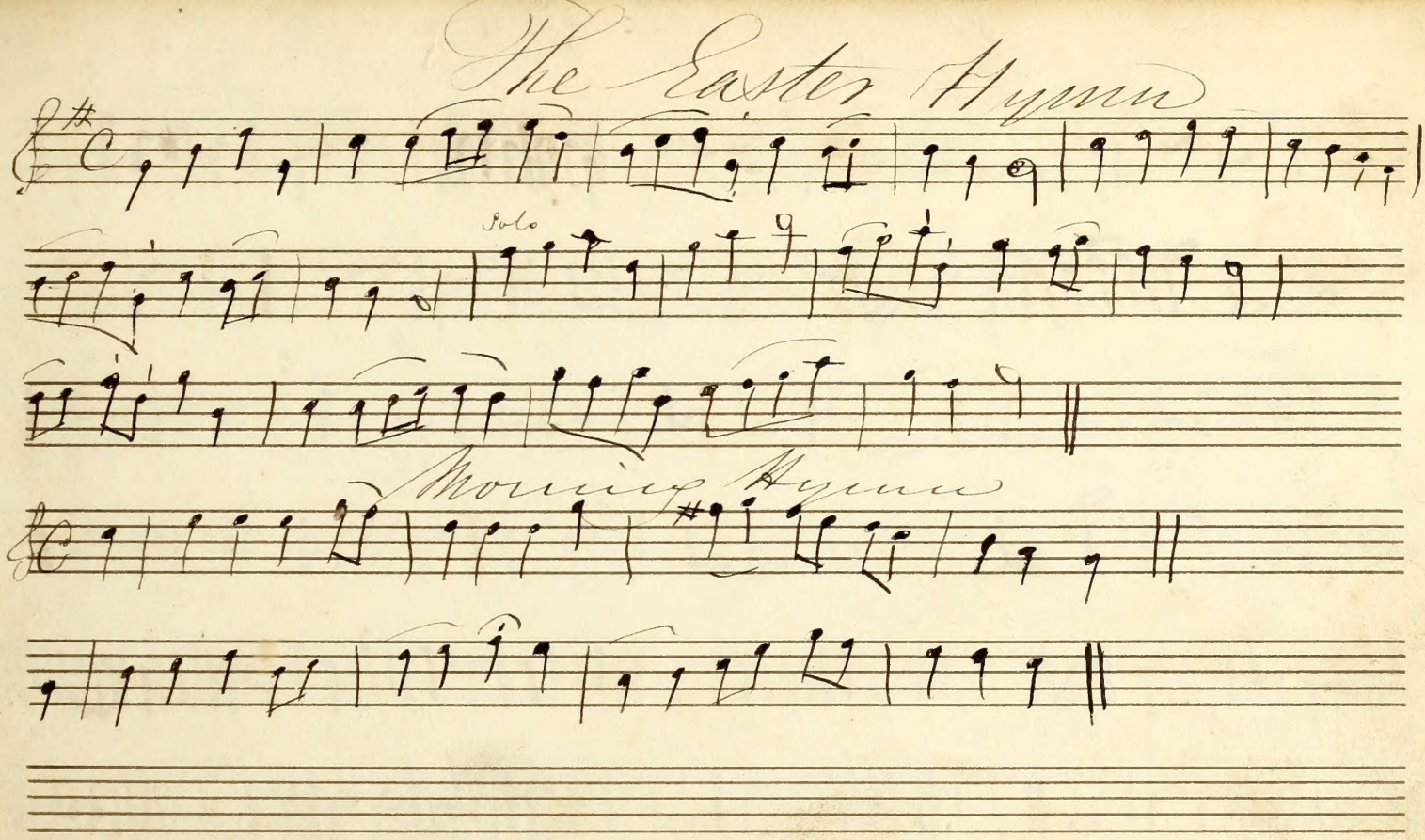


no offer yet, no offer yet, I'm sure I cannot make it out, for every beau my cap I set
what what what are the men about, they dont propose they wont propose, for fear perhaps I'd not say yes
I wish they'd try - for Heaven knows, I tired of single blessedness,

Adeste Fideles

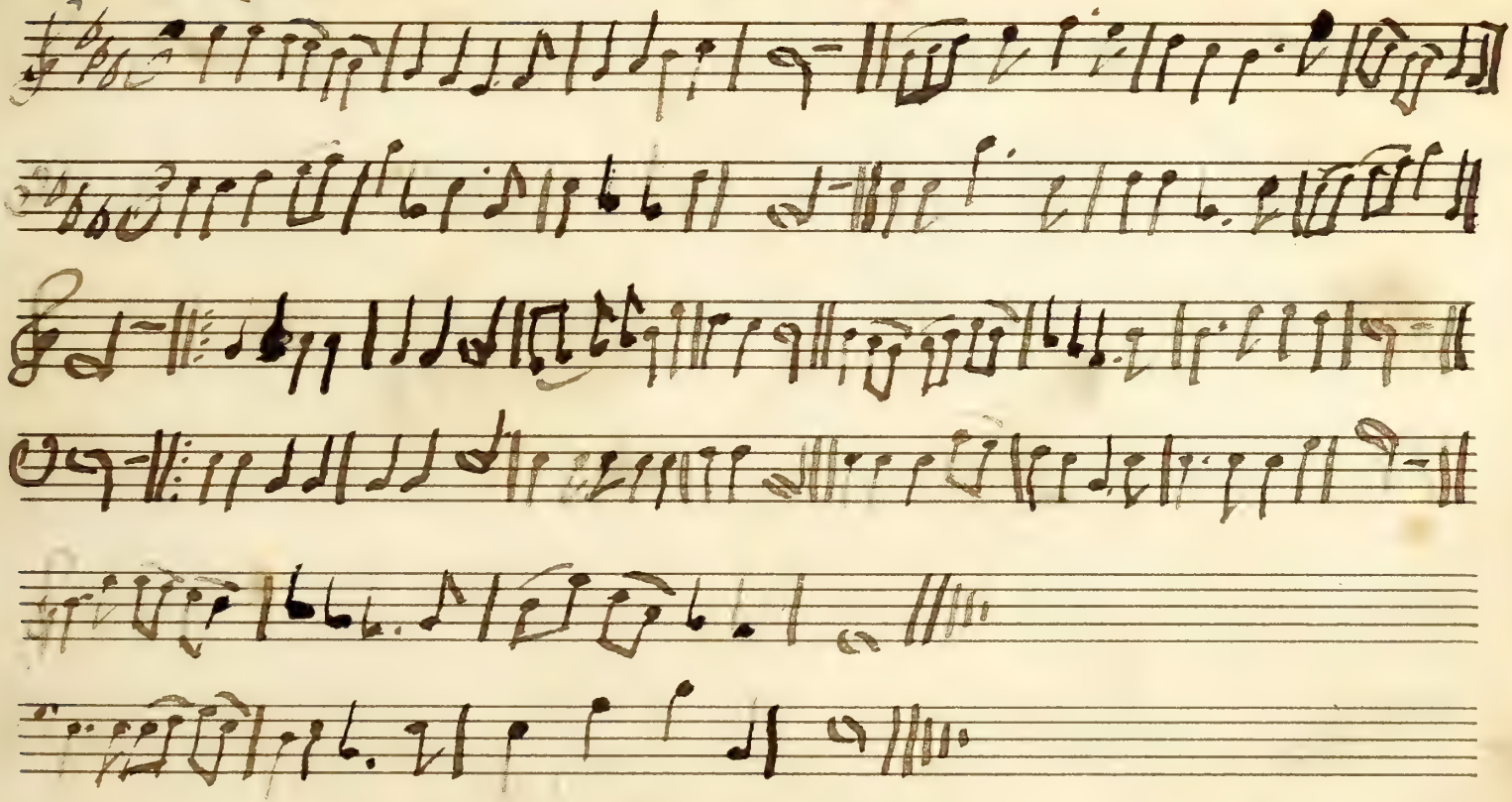
The celebrated Portuguese Hymn

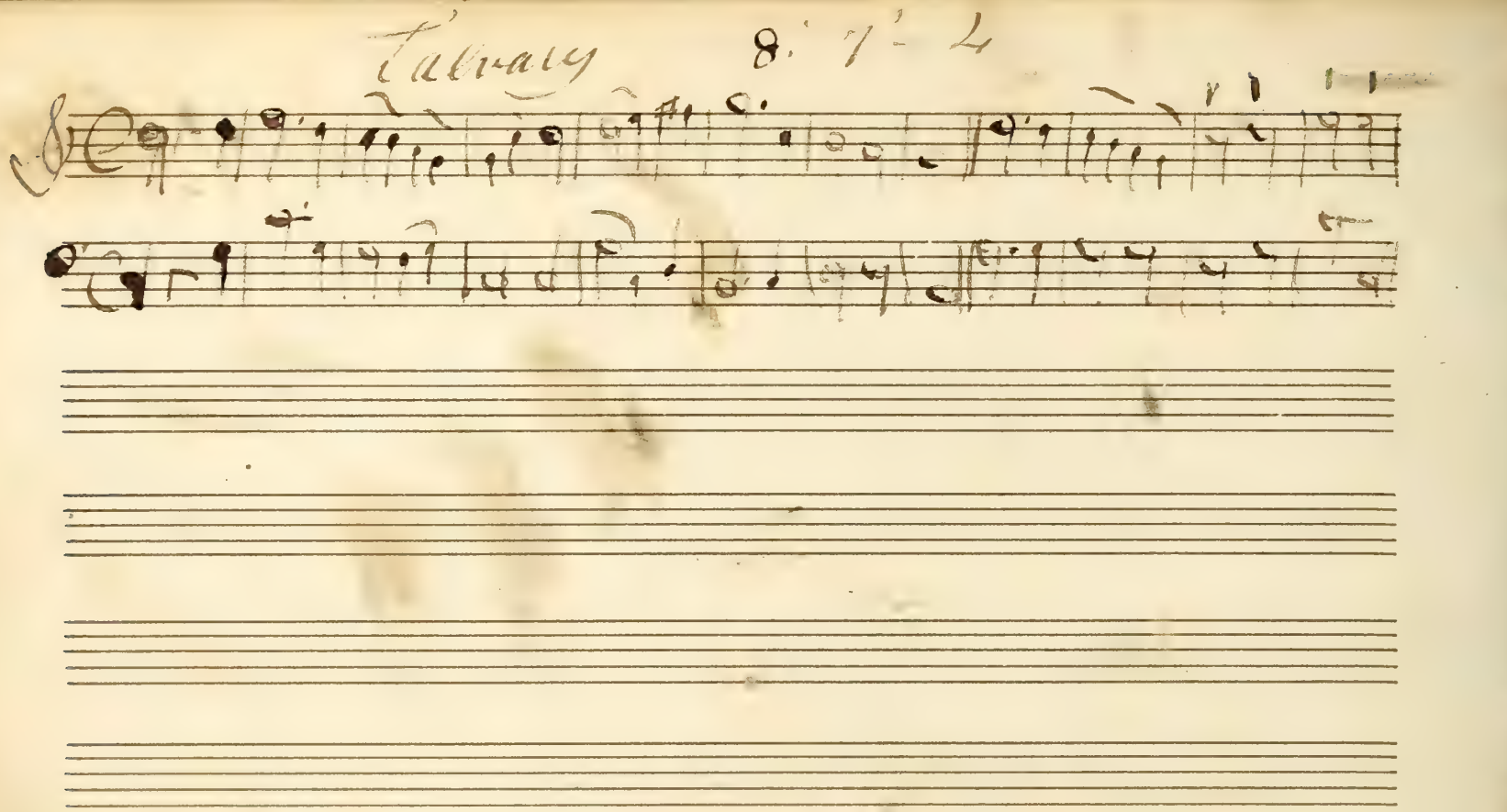


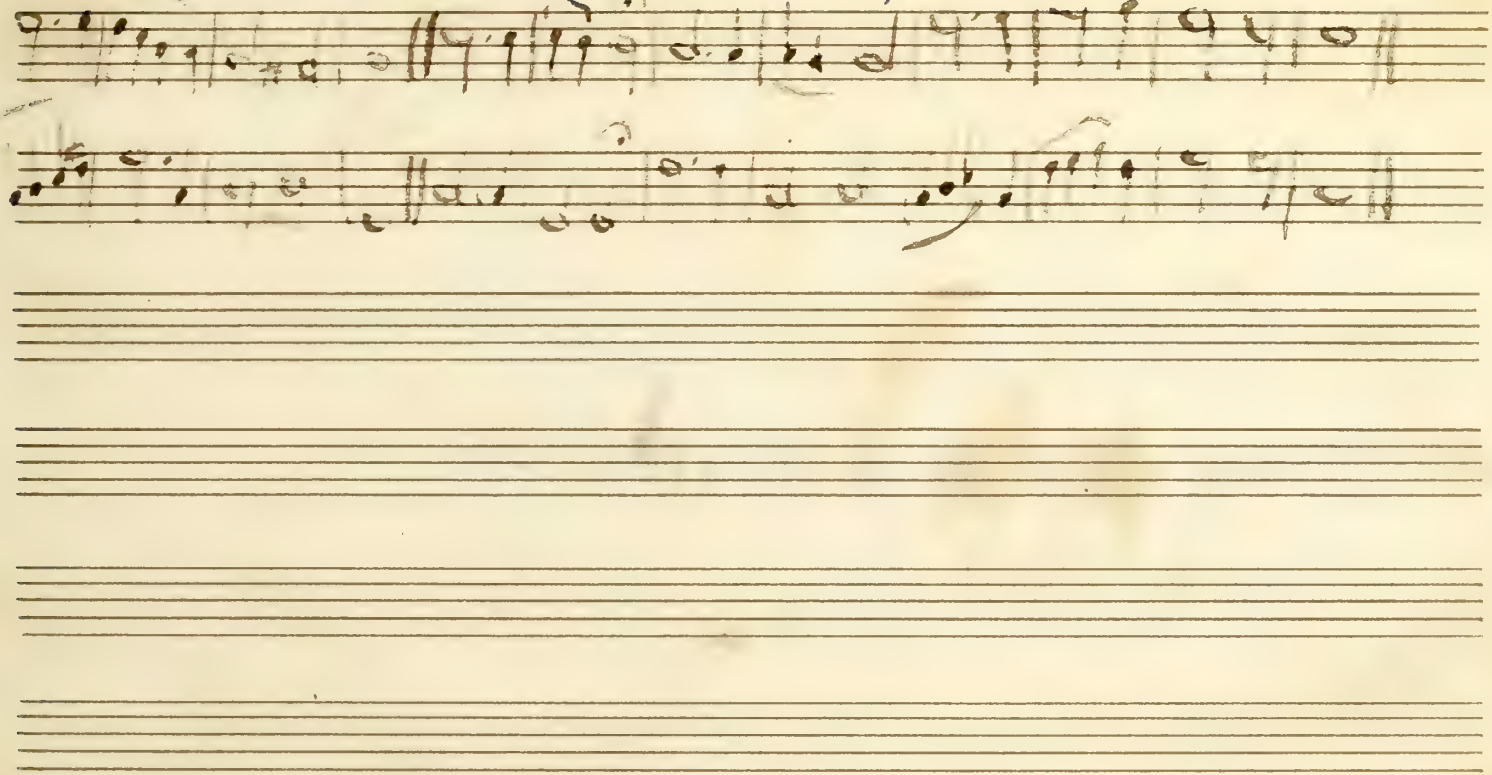

The Easter Hymn
Solo
Morning Hymn

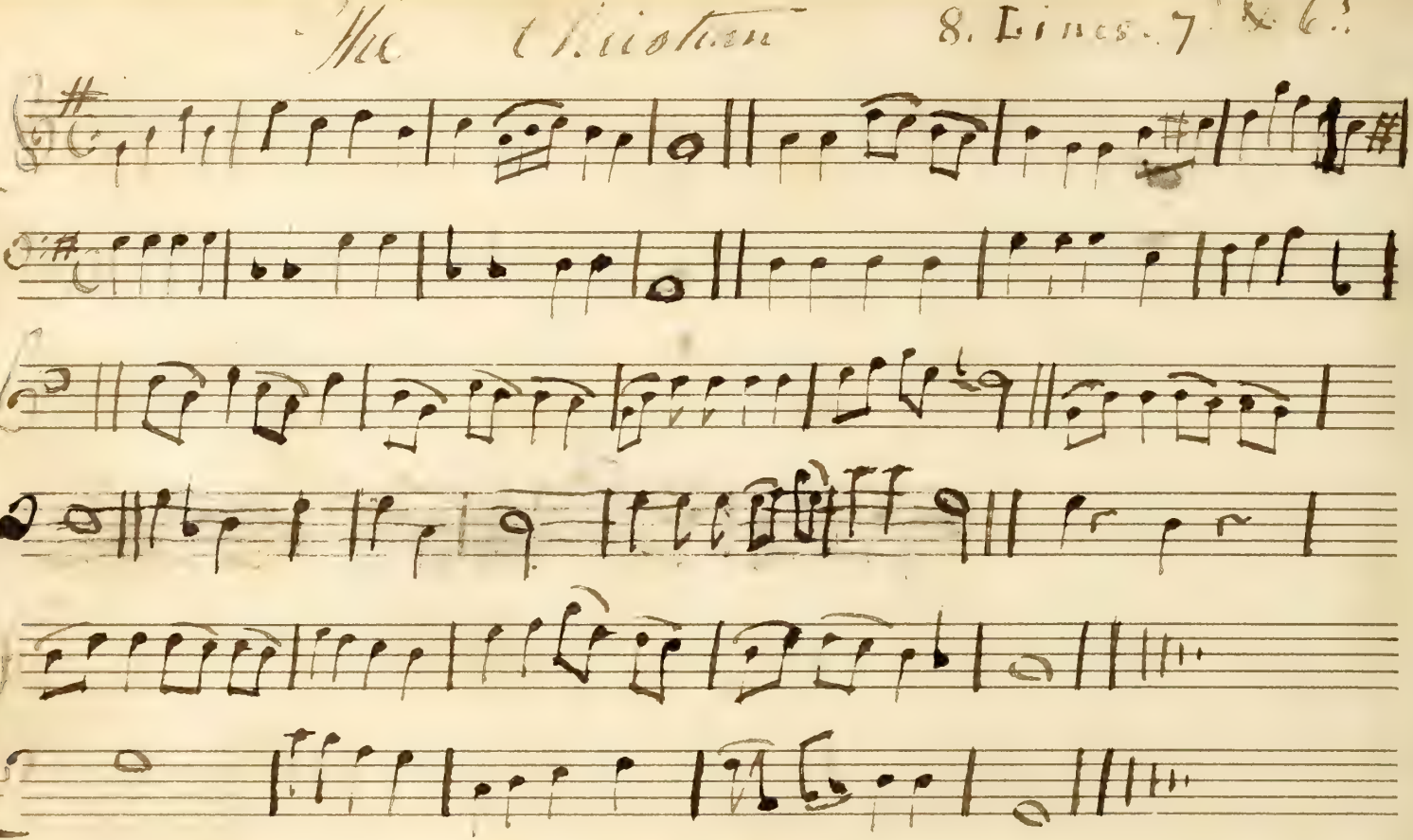
Eglise 6/8 & 9/8

Pomeli S.L. 7. & 6.

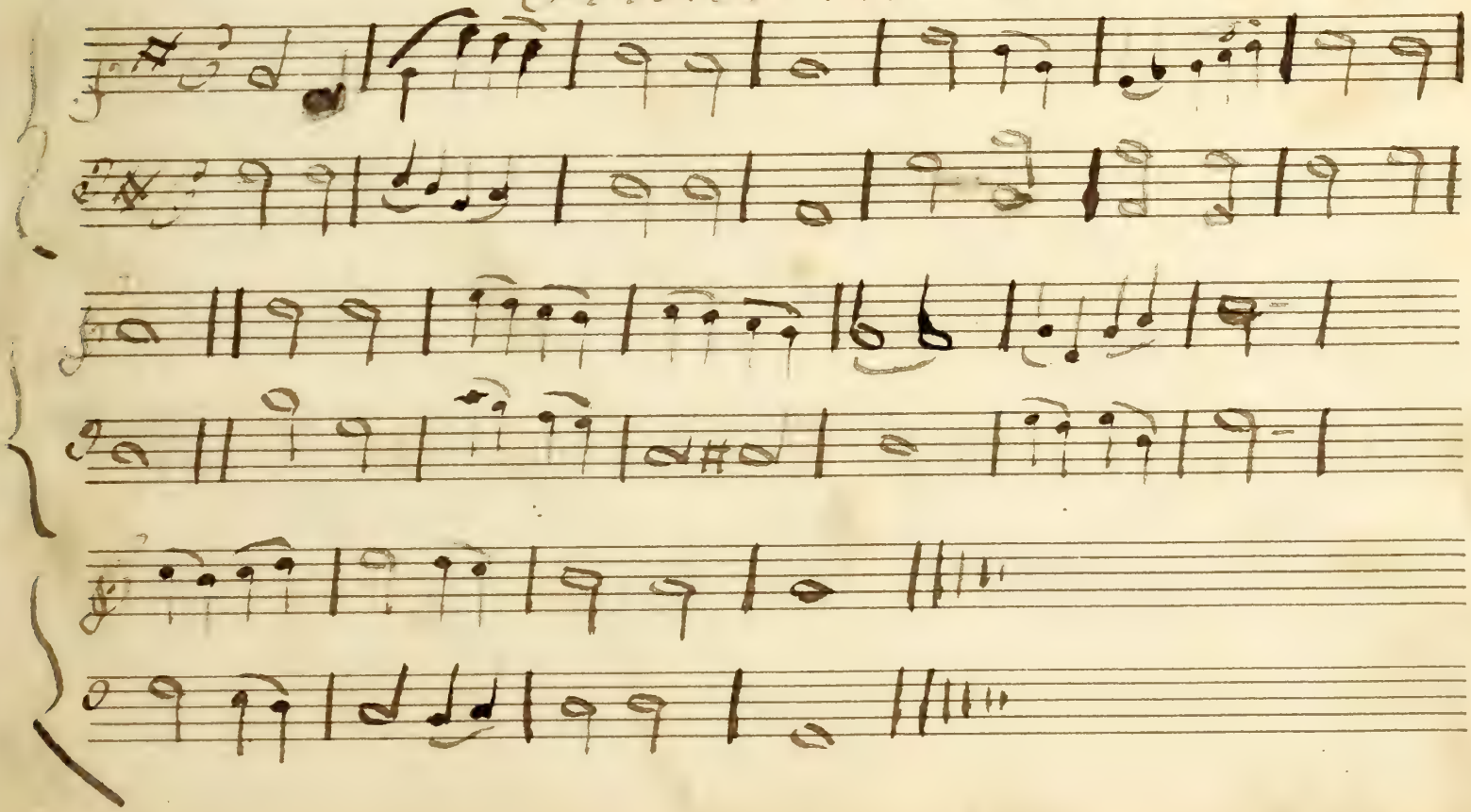


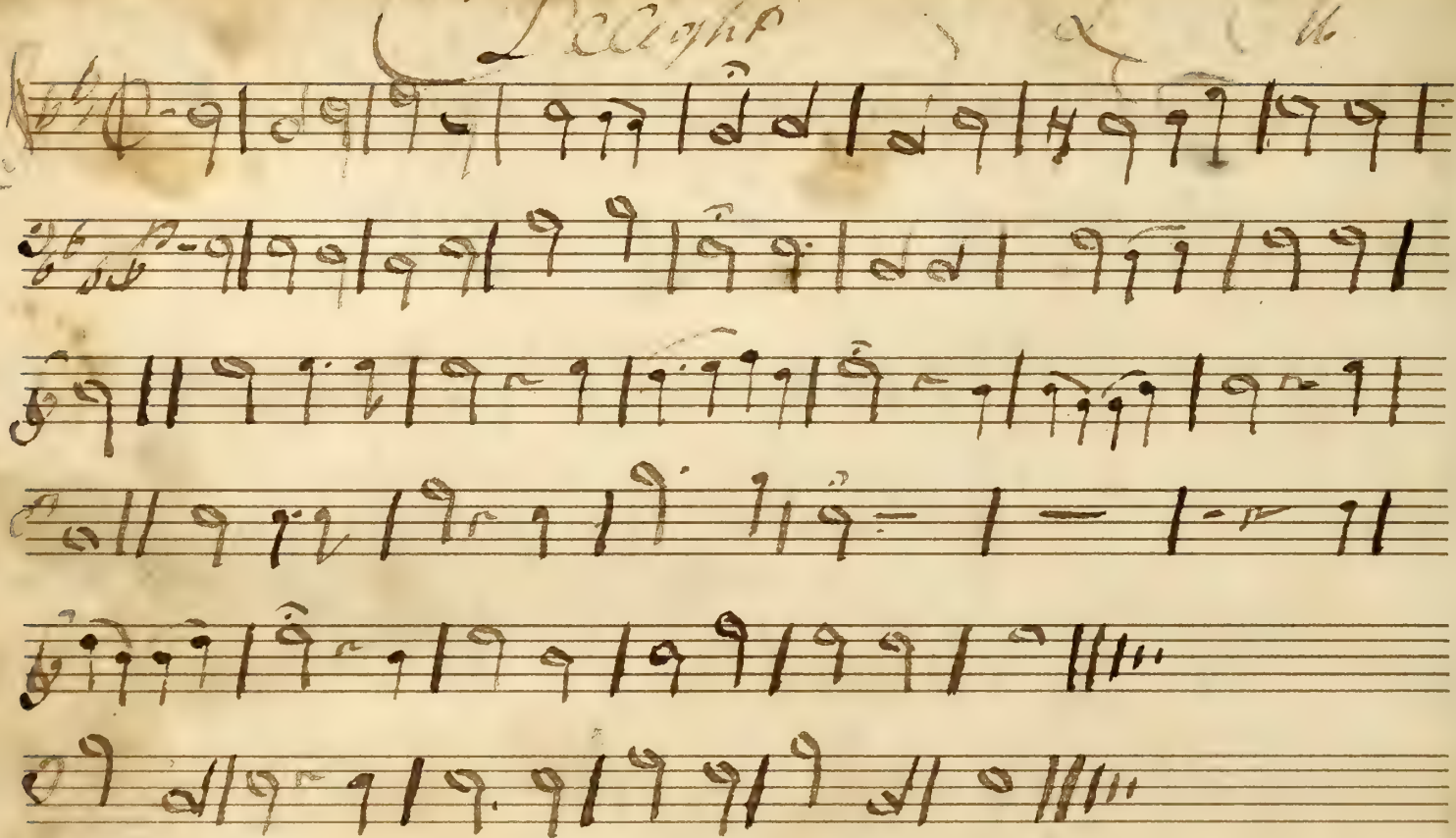

February
8. 7 - 4

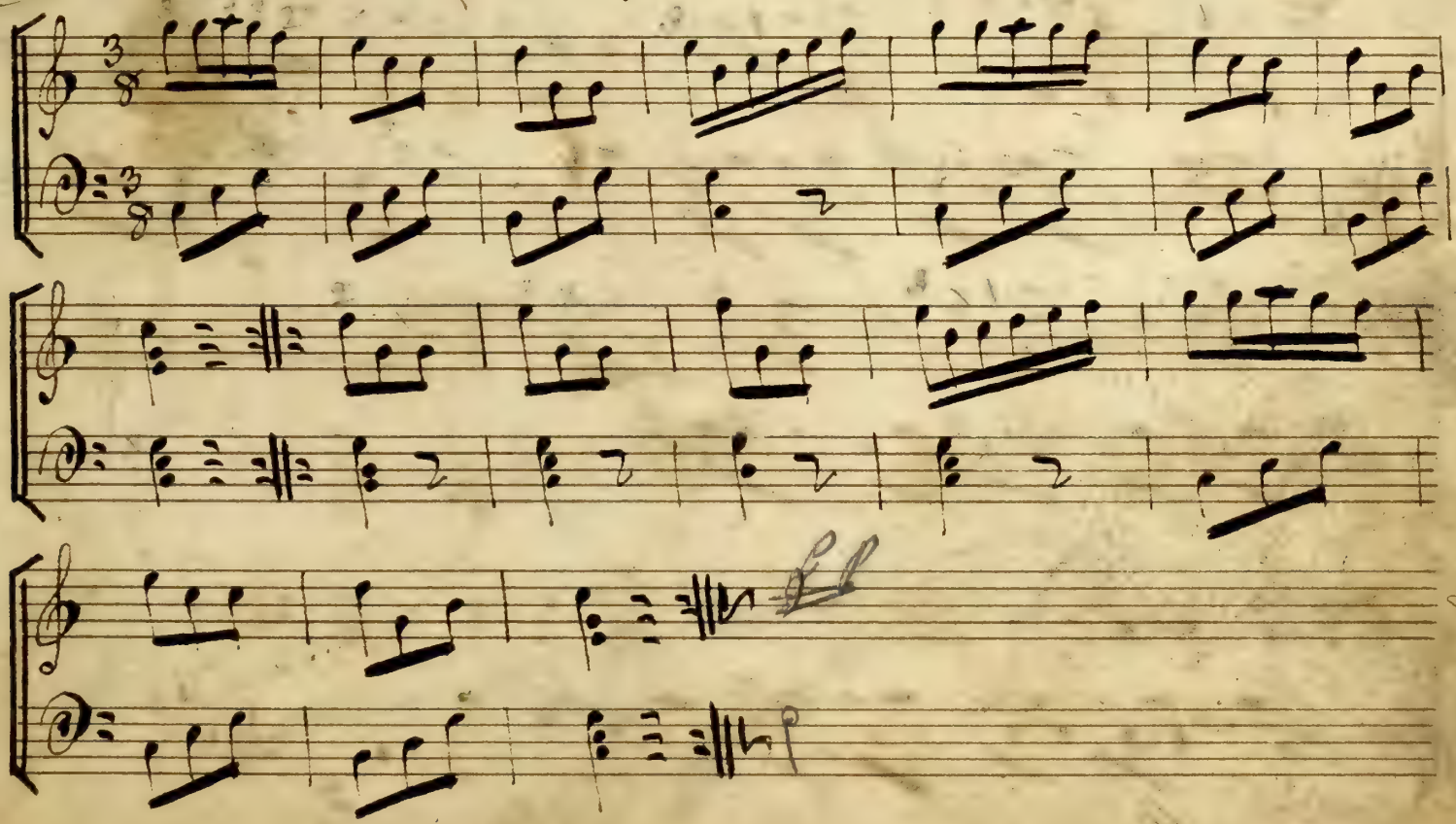


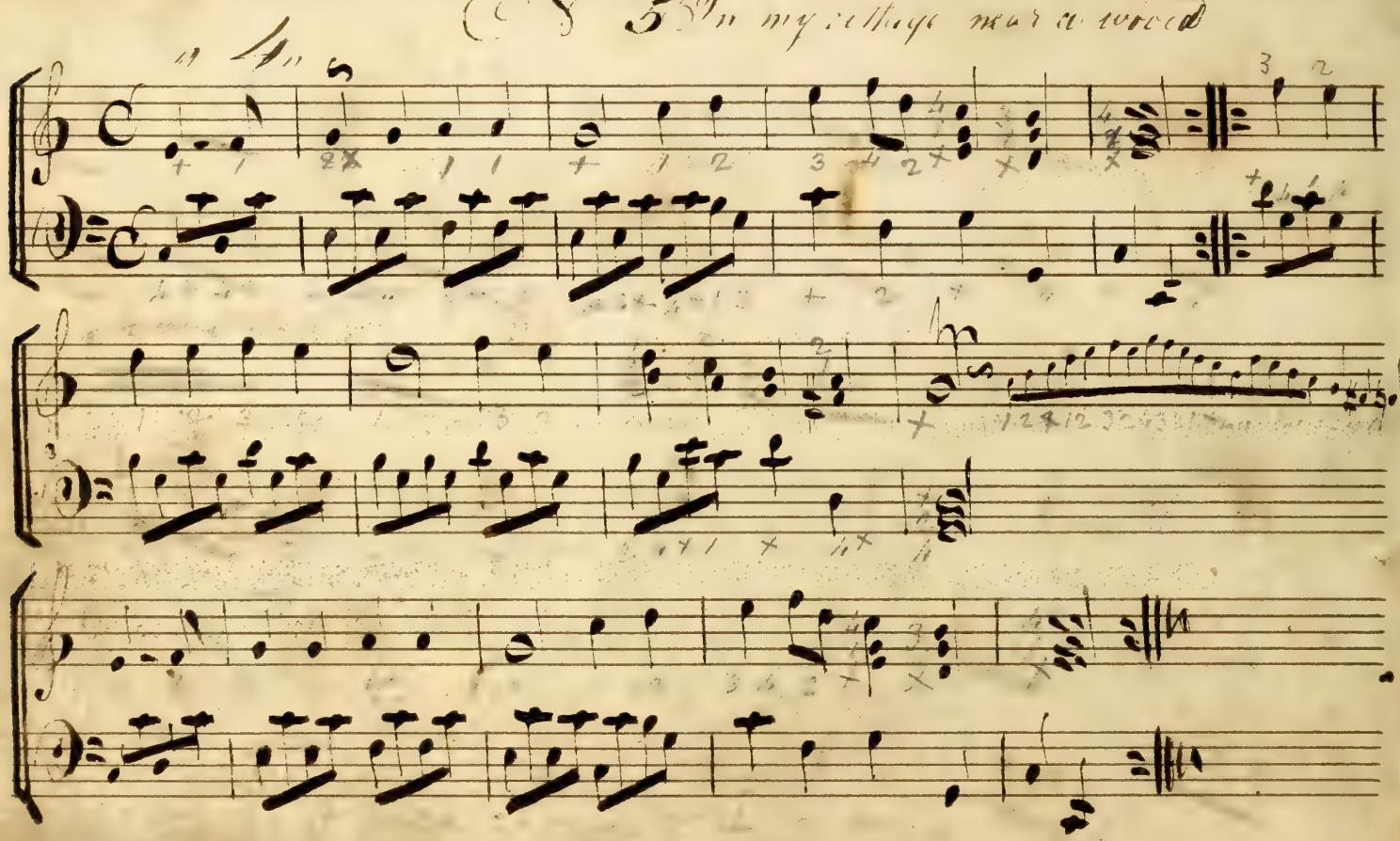

The Division
8. Lines. 7 & 6.

Towns. Head 4 Lines 7.

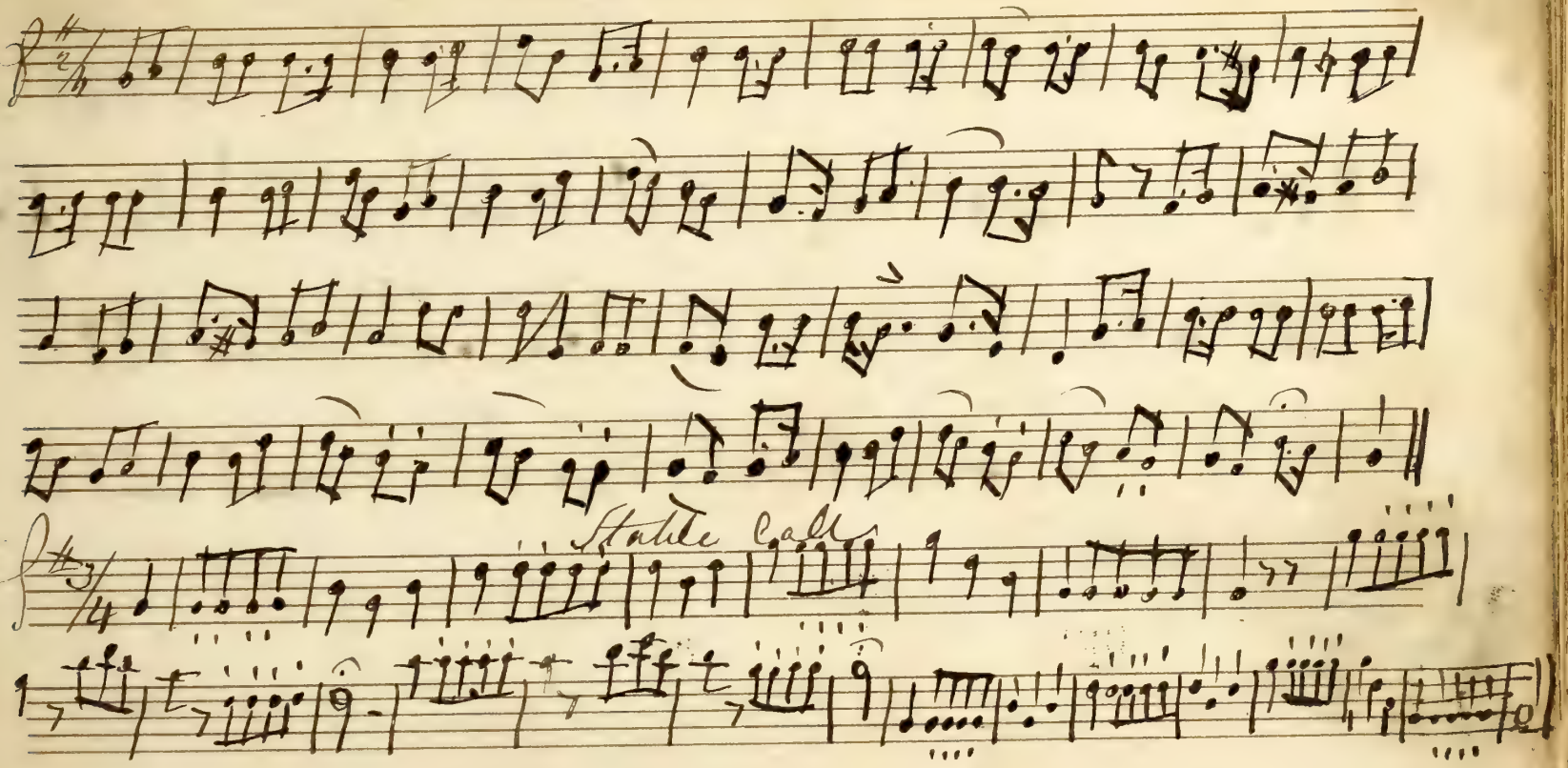




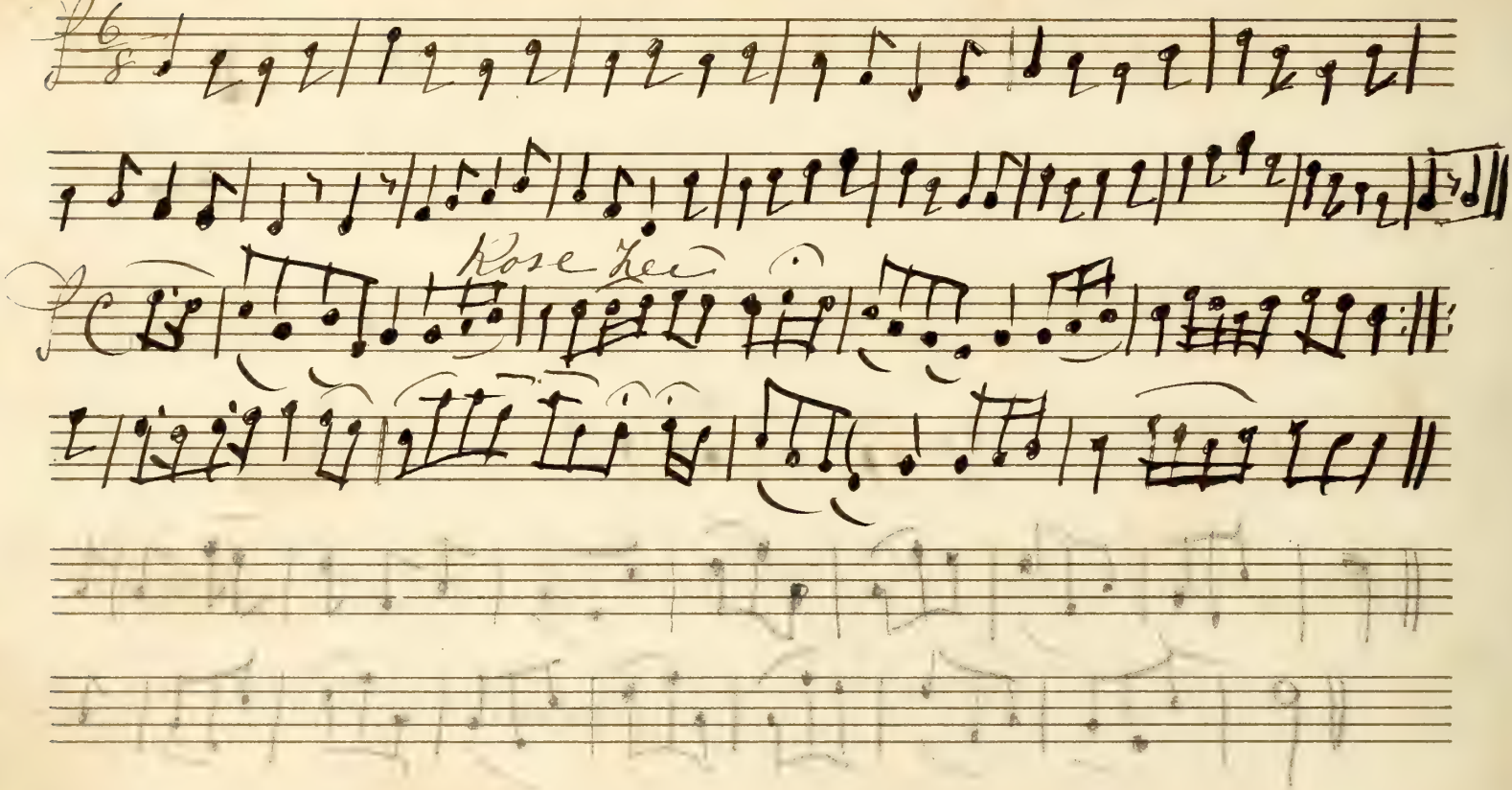

Liber Augustine

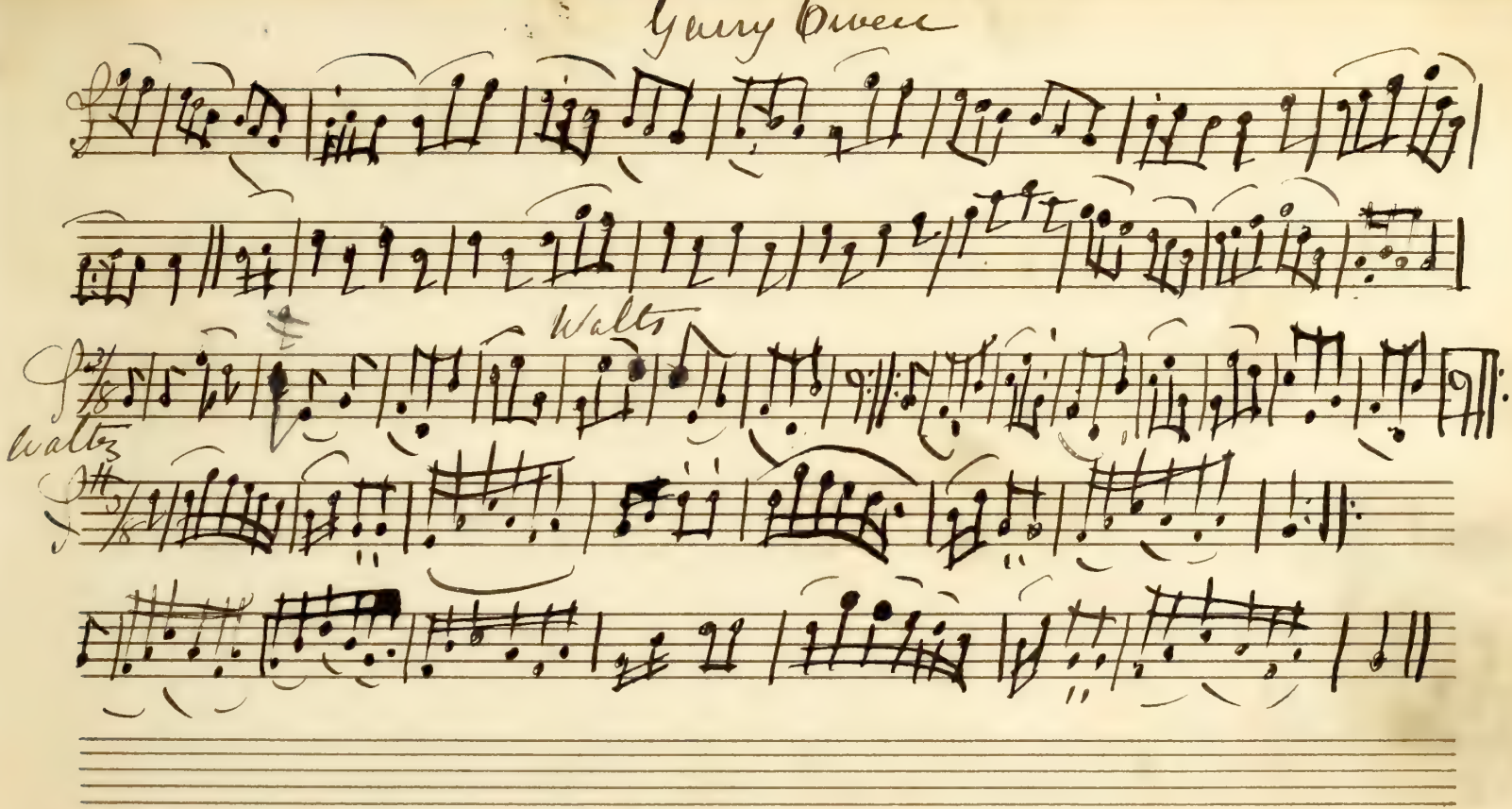

In my village near a wood

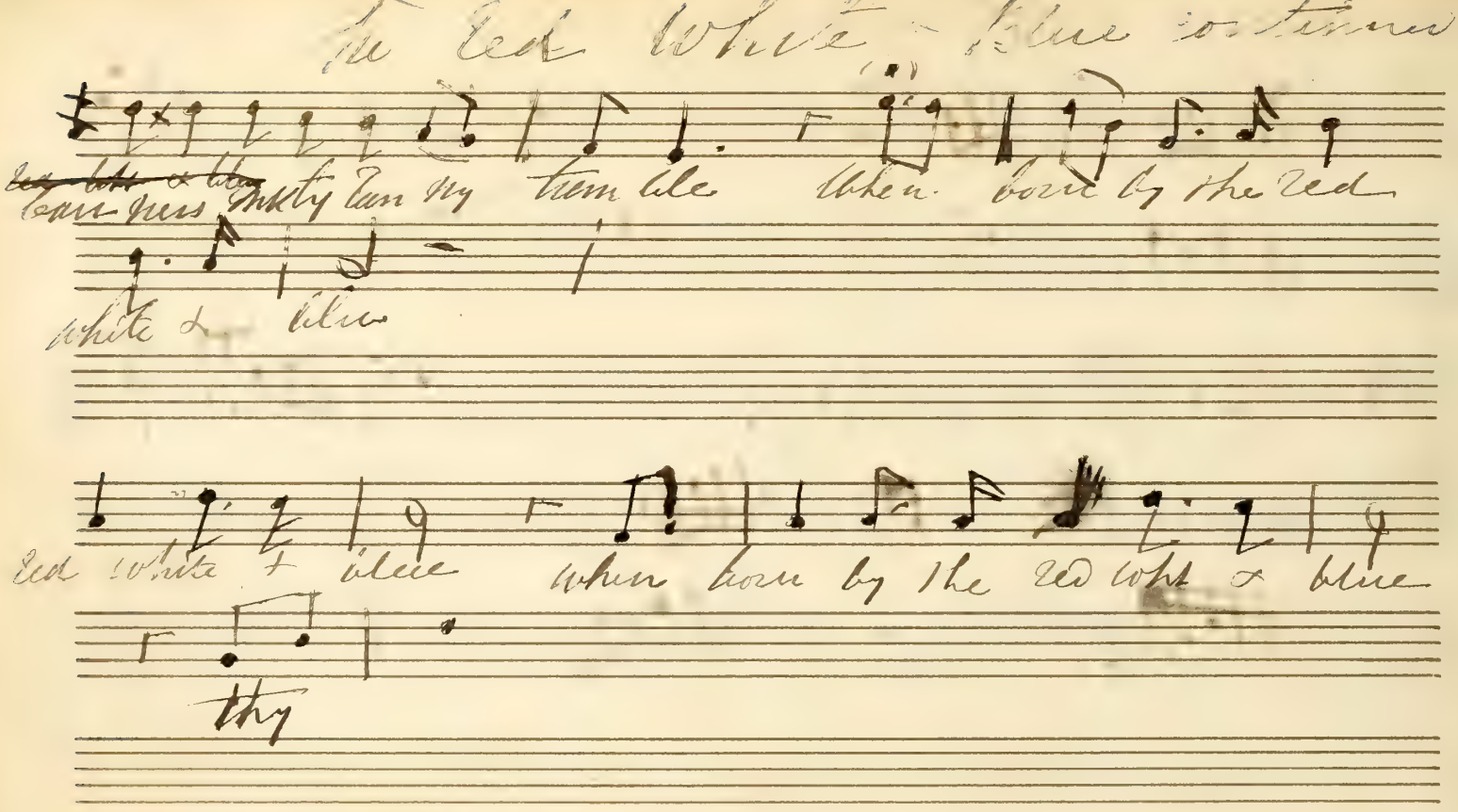
Jannotte & Scanno



Nancy Clawson




Gary Owen
Waltz
Waltz



The Red White & Blue continued

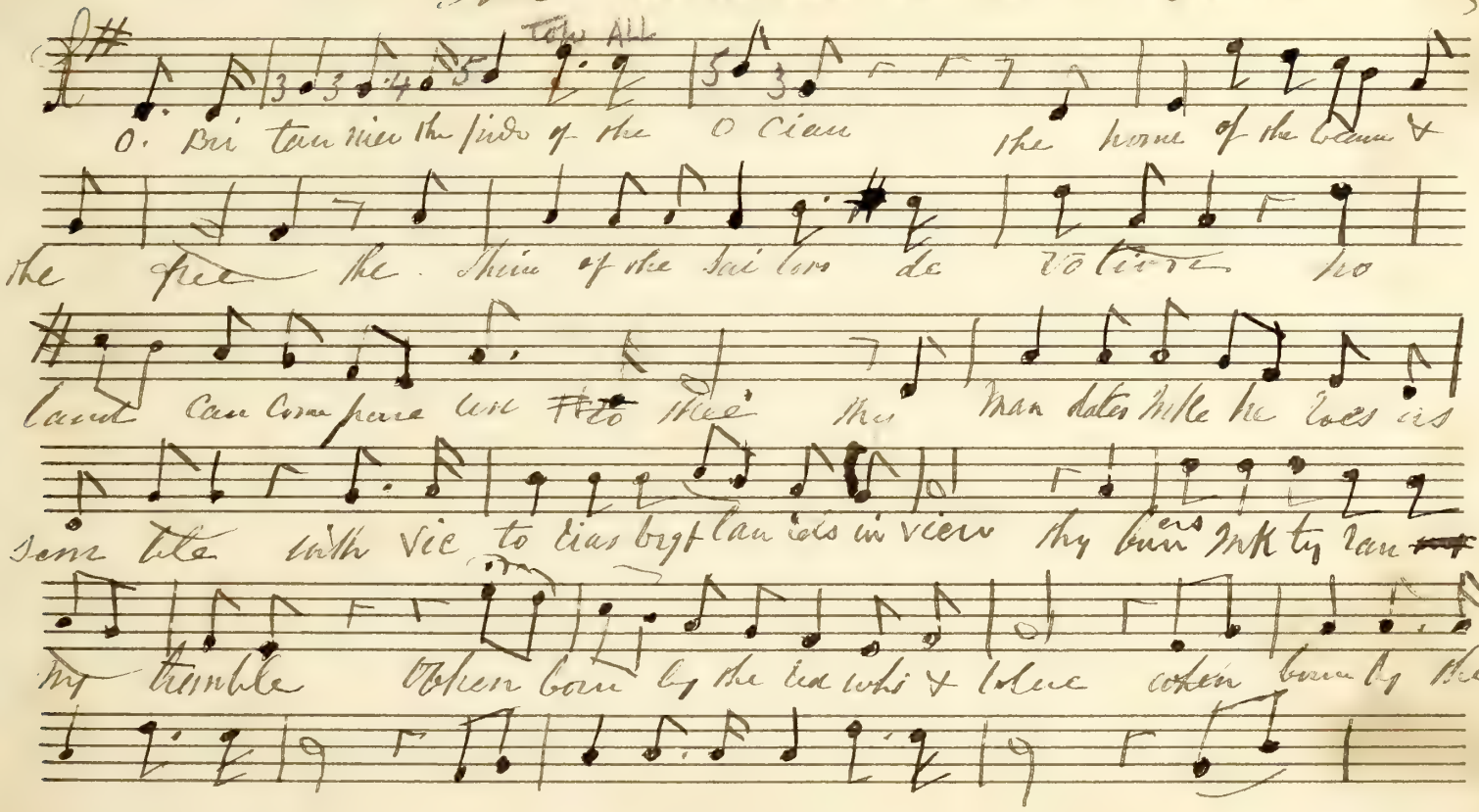
~~Red White & Blue~~ Tan ness Mixty Tan ny tum ble When born by the Red

White & Blue

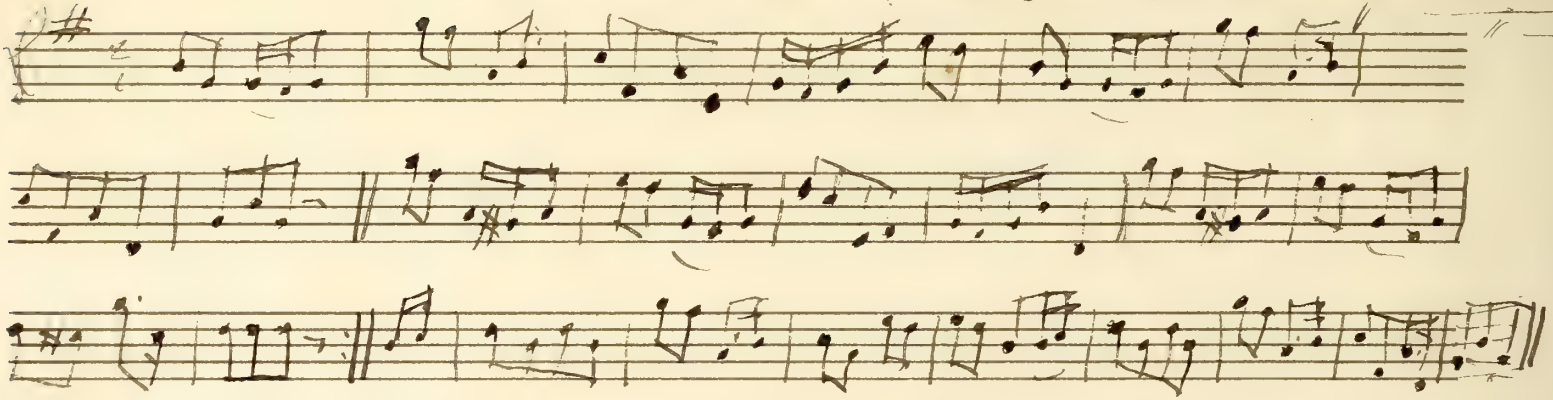
Red White & Blue when born by the Red Wht & Blue

thy

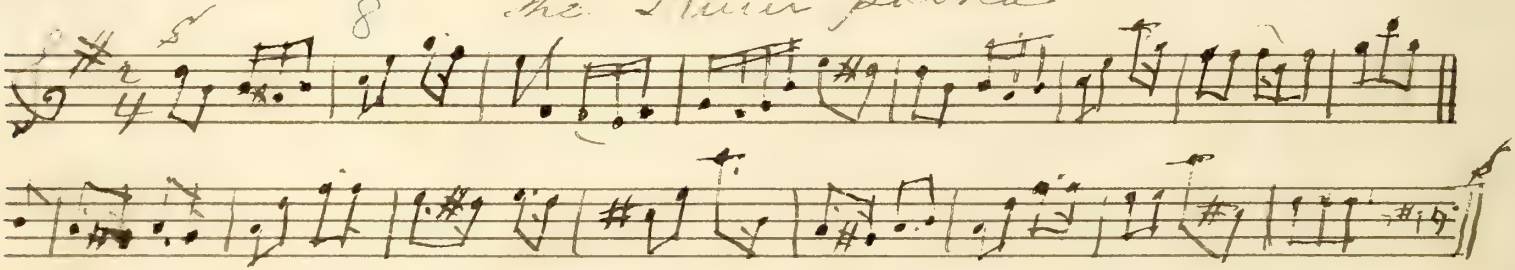
The White Red & Blue

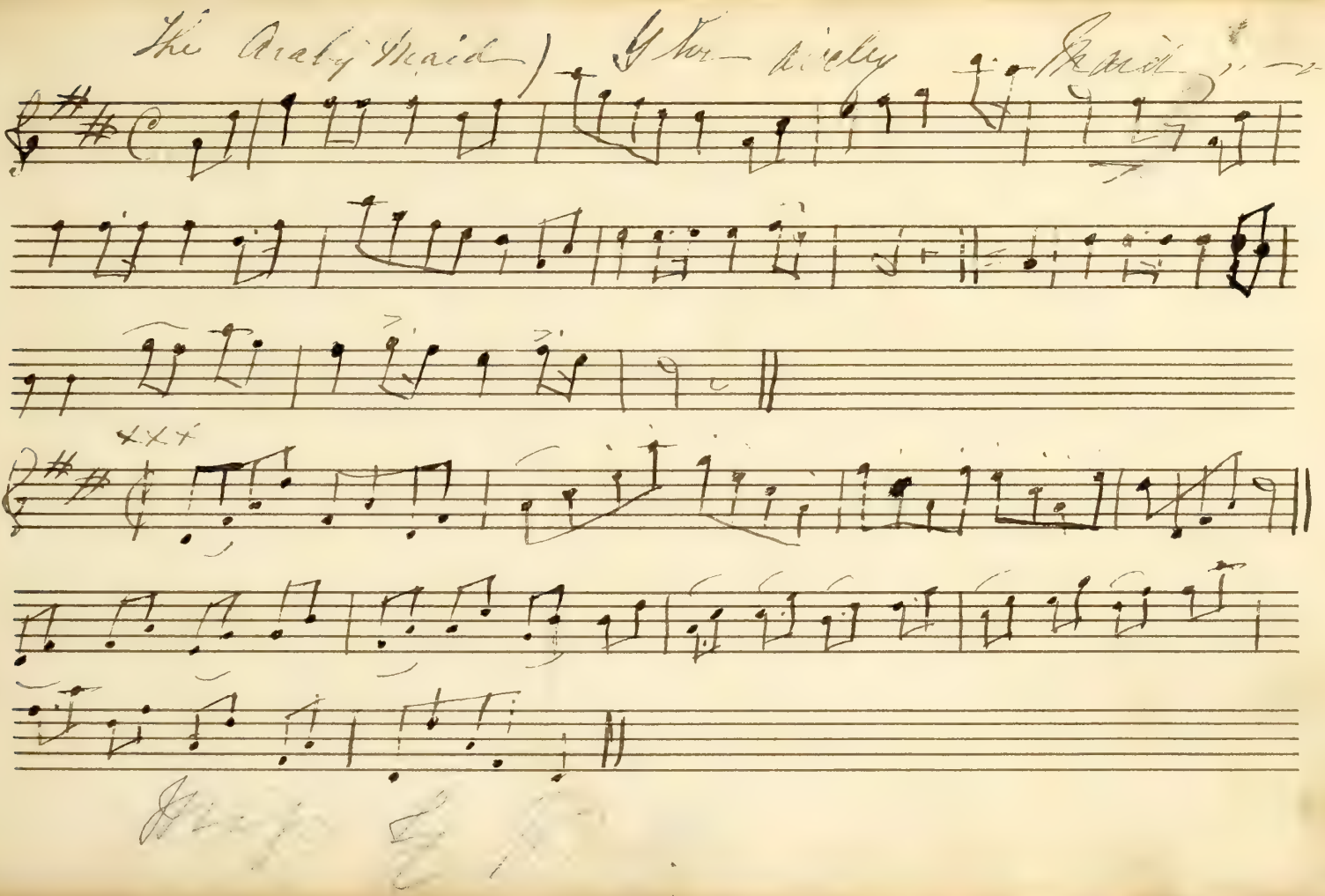


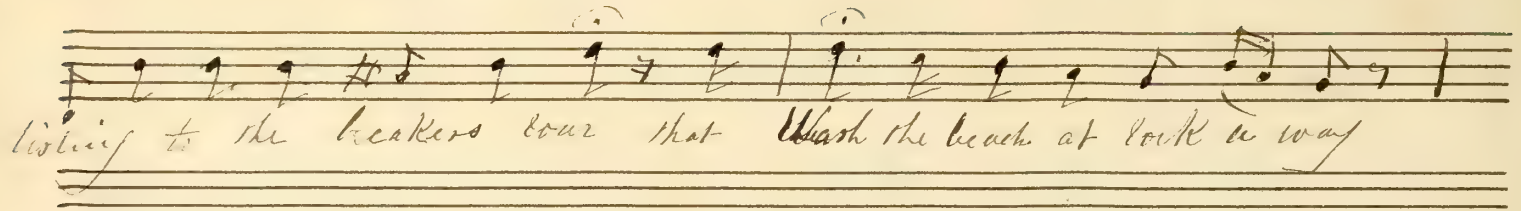
The Albert polka) The Albert Polka



The Dunn polka




The Arab's Maid
Spiritedly


listing to the breakers roar that wash the beach at both the way

Wo: Kamay

On old long Island Sea gist shore many an hour I've whil a way in

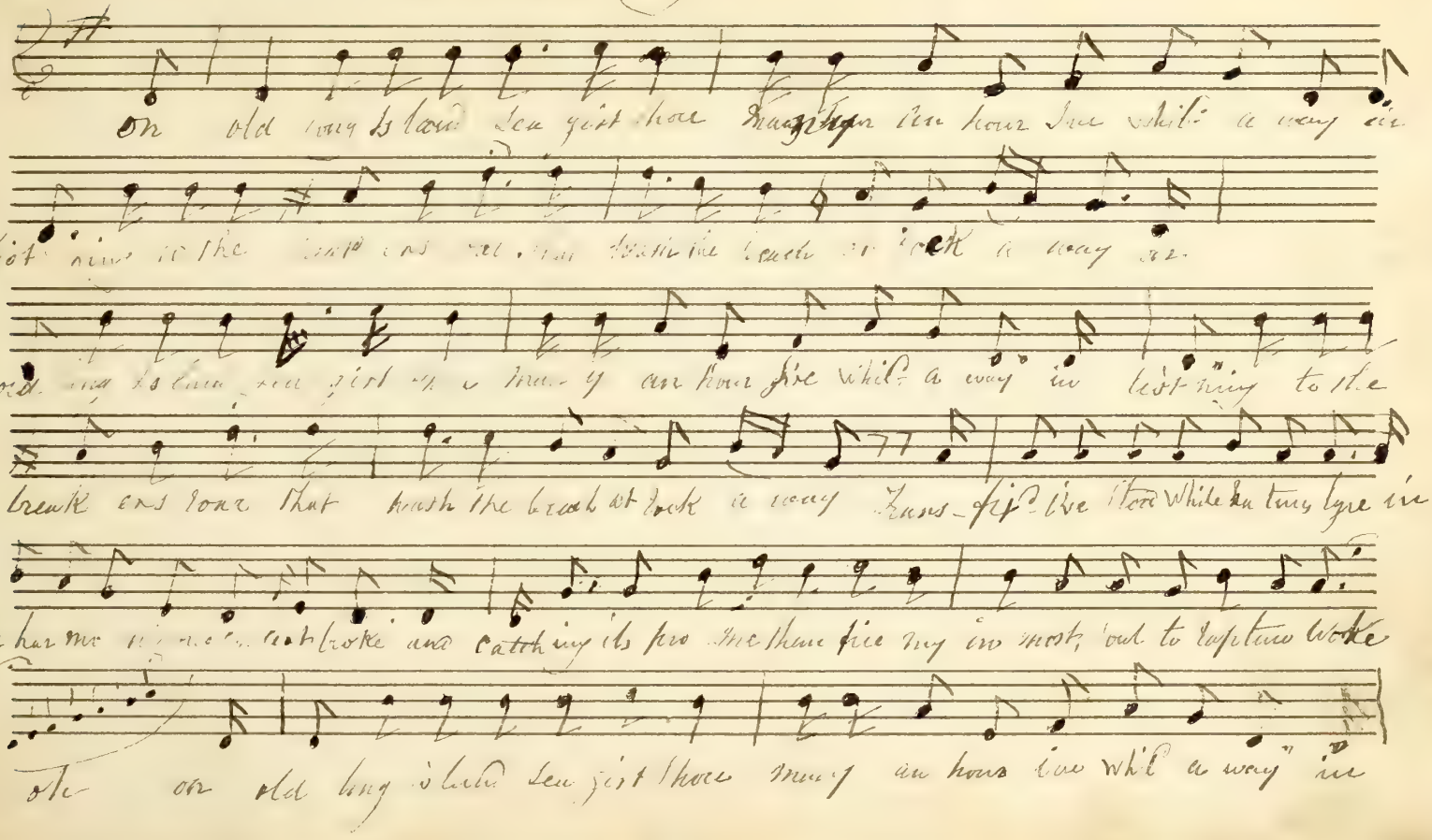
list ning to the [illegible] that wash the beach at rock a way on

old long Island Sea gist shore many an hour I've whil a way in list ning to the

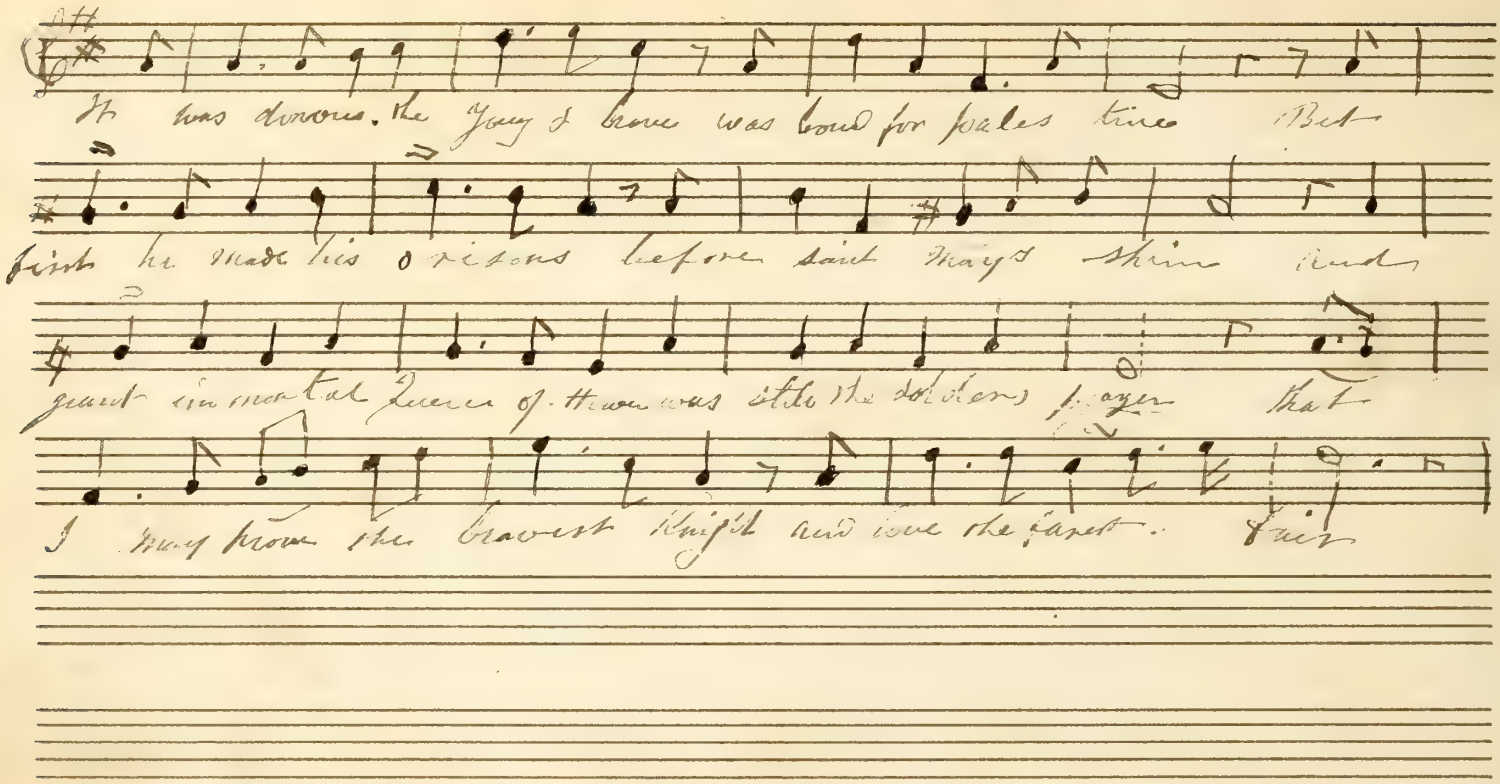
break ers roar that wash the beach at rock a way Trans-fix'd I've stood while in tuns lyre in

one harmo [illegible] not broke and catching its pro me than fire my in most, soul to rapture woke

oh on old long Island Sea gist shore many an hour I've whil a way in



Variant pour la Lyre

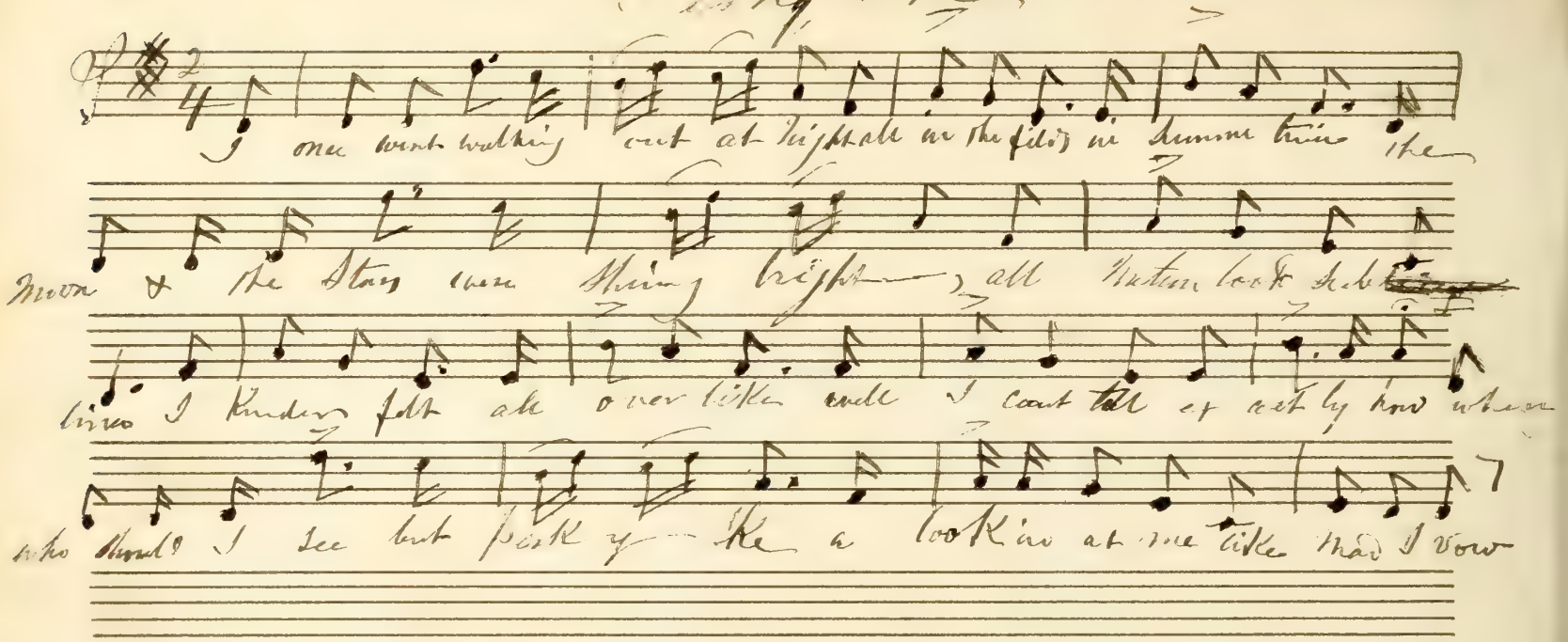


2. His oath of honour on the shine, He graved it with his sword
and followed to the Holy band the banner of his Lord
where faithful ~~sow~~ to his noble sow His war cry filled the air
Be honoured aye the bravest Knight Beloved the fairest fair

3. They owd the conquest to his arm and then his liege lord said
the heart that has for honour bear By love must be repaid

my daughter I sabal & thou shall be a wedded pair
for thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair

4 And then they bound the holy Knot
Before St Marys Shine
that makes a paradise on Earth
If hearts & hands Combine
& every lord & Lady bright
that were in chapel there
Cried Honoured be the bravest Knight
Beloved the fairest fair



Pesky Ike

I once went walking out at night all in the fields in summer time the

Moon & the Stars were shining bright, all Nature look sub~~lime~~

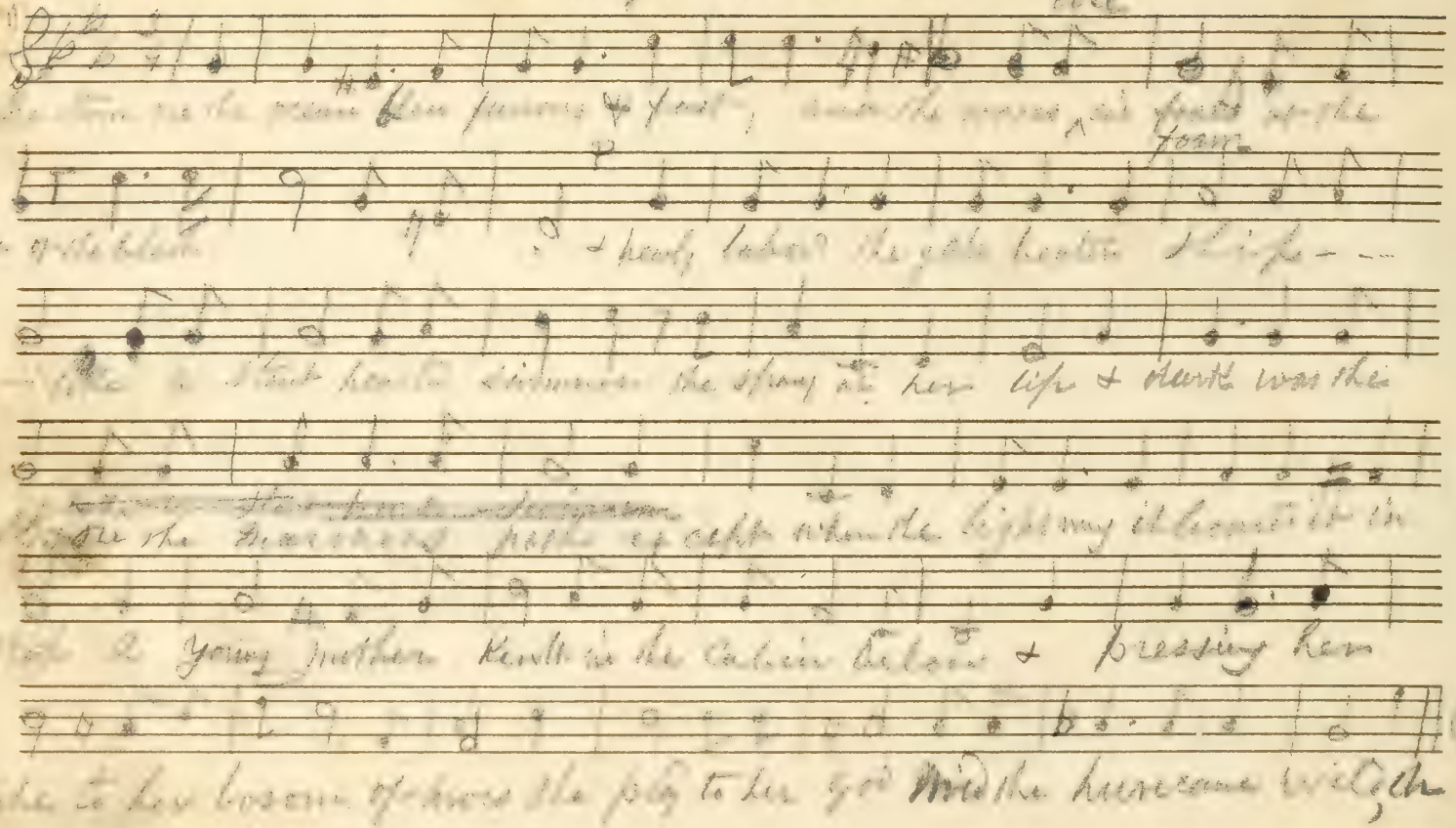
lime I kinder felt all over like well I cant tell exactly how when

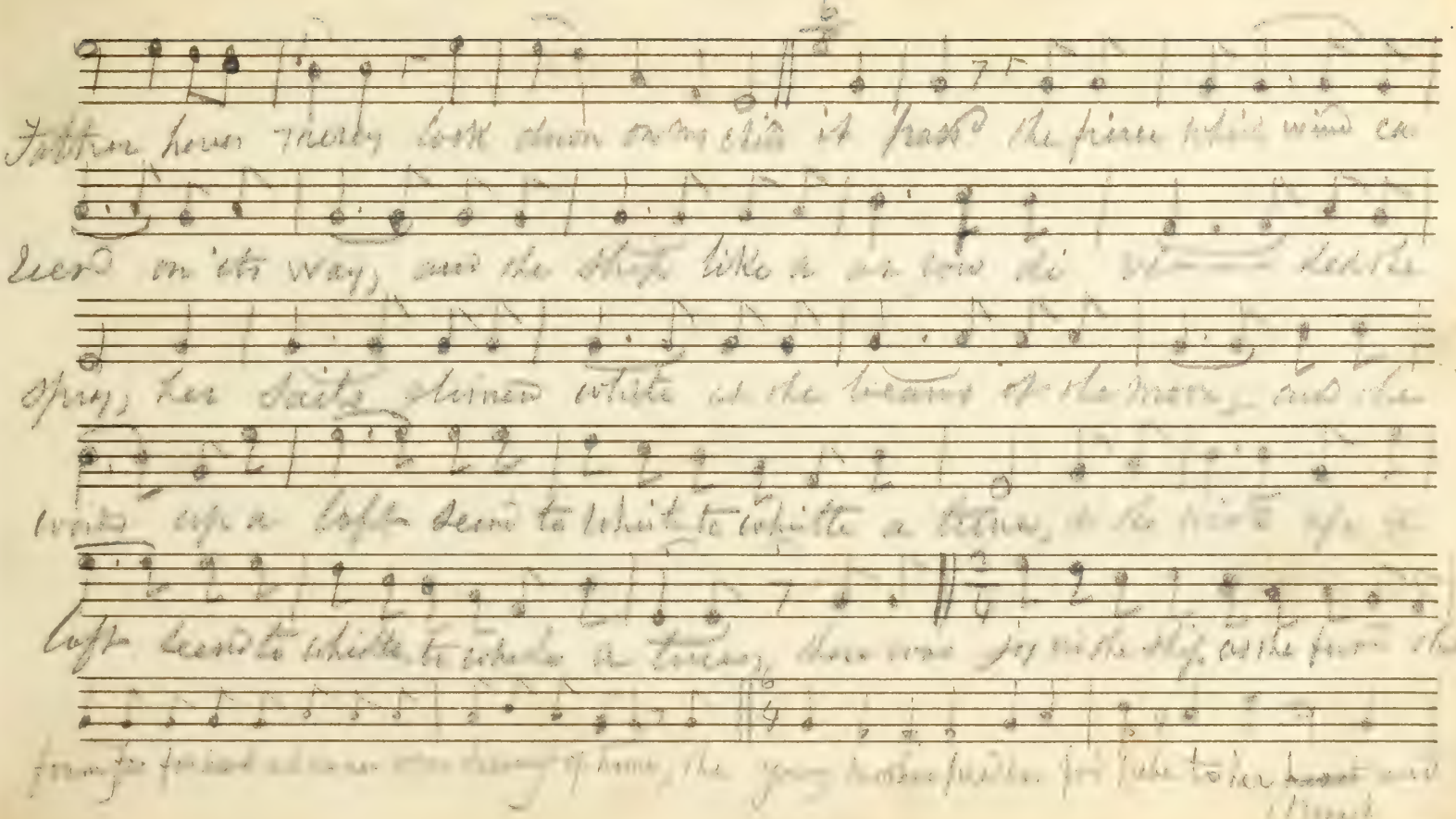
who should I see but pesky Ike a lookin at me like mad I vow

I kinder took no sort of heed, when up he hitched a gin my side
He was going to say something soft I seed so gessed I'd let him bide
Says he now Milly. I love you dear Says I why Ike I want to [illegible]
Says he with a smile my Bosom cheer says I well theres a grin now go

3 I kinder thought as how he'd clear right straight a way but there he stood
Says he Milly dont be cruel dear, to be nigh you does me good
I guess he must have felt right bad, for he said my lips could make him well
I just as he was getting right mad, If he did not well taint no use to tell,

The Ship on Fire





Father hover thereby look down on my child it passd the fierce whirl wind ca-

reerd on its way, and the ship like a ar row di vi— ded the

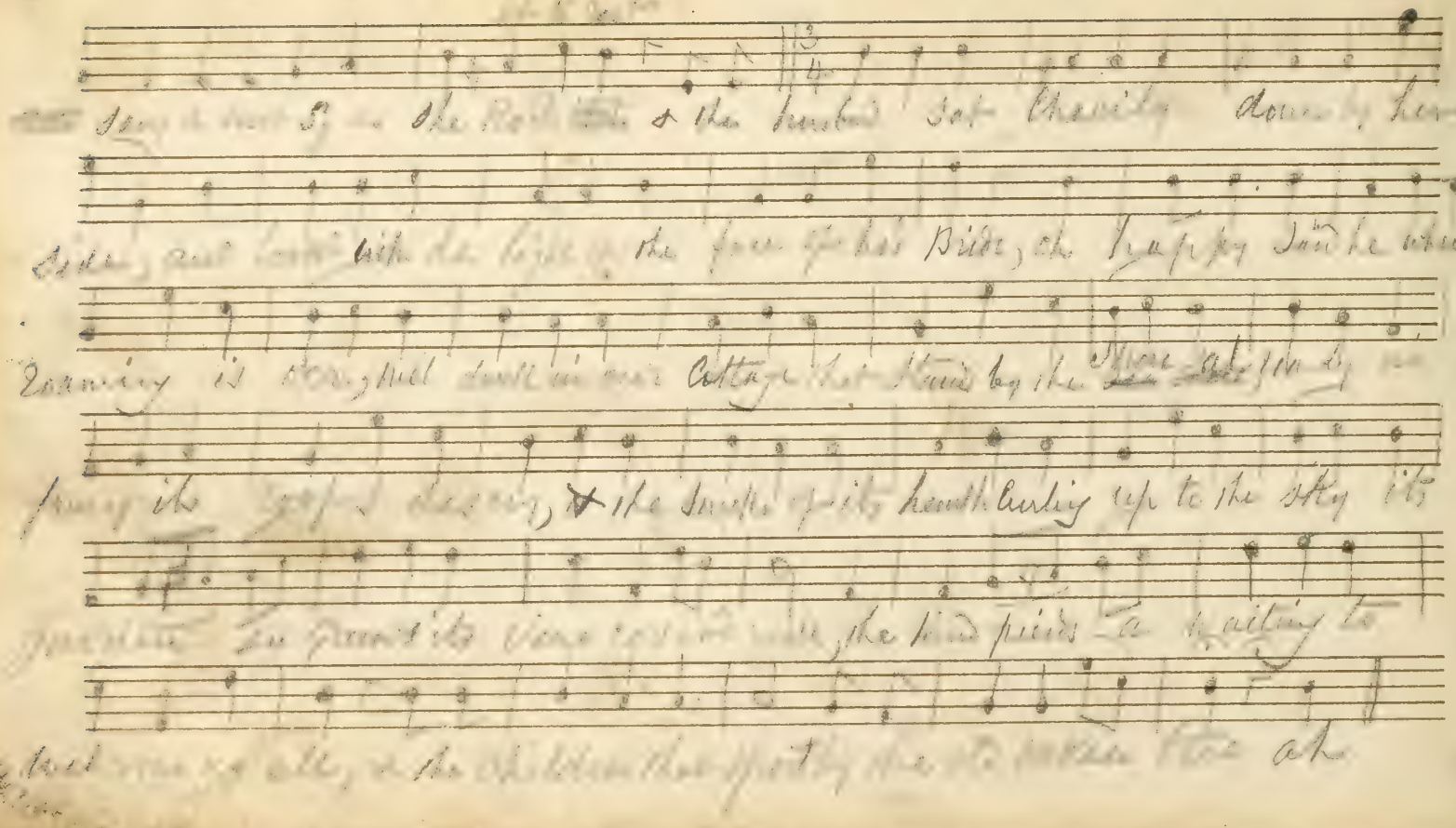
spray, her sails elimen white as the beams of the moon, and the

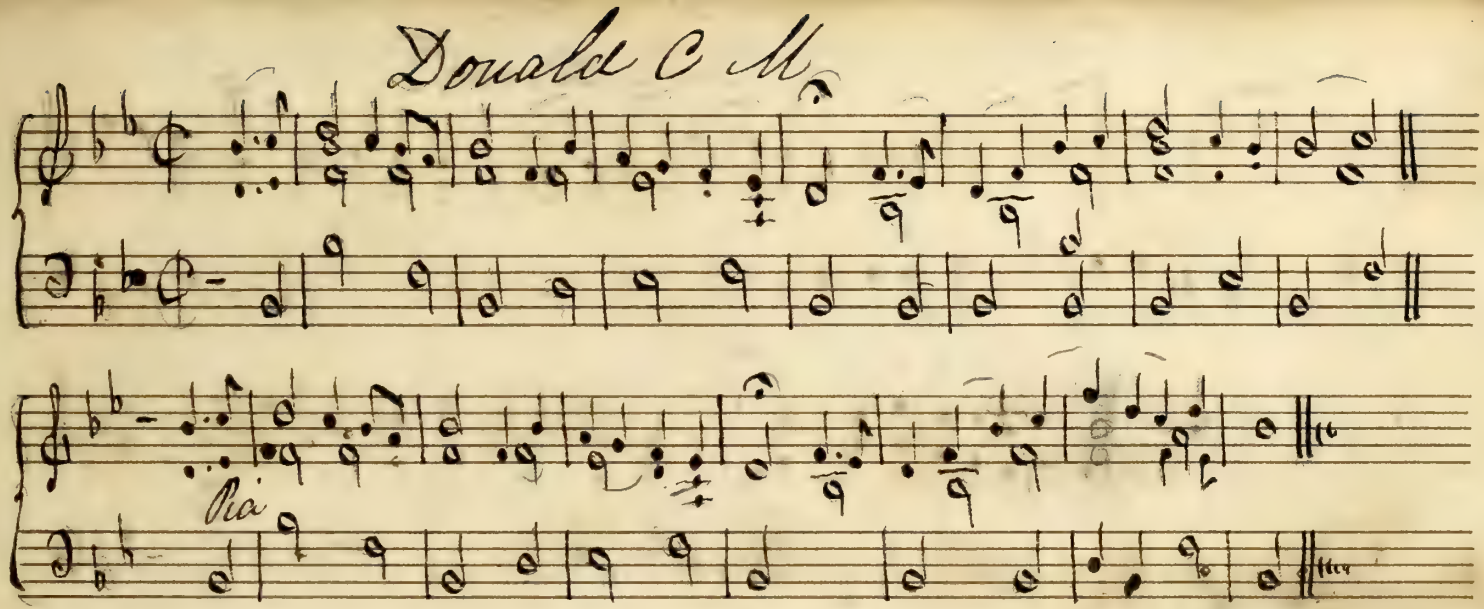
words up a loft seem to whistle to whistle a tune, as he wrote up a

loft seem to whistle to whistle a tune, there was joy in the ship as the fun the

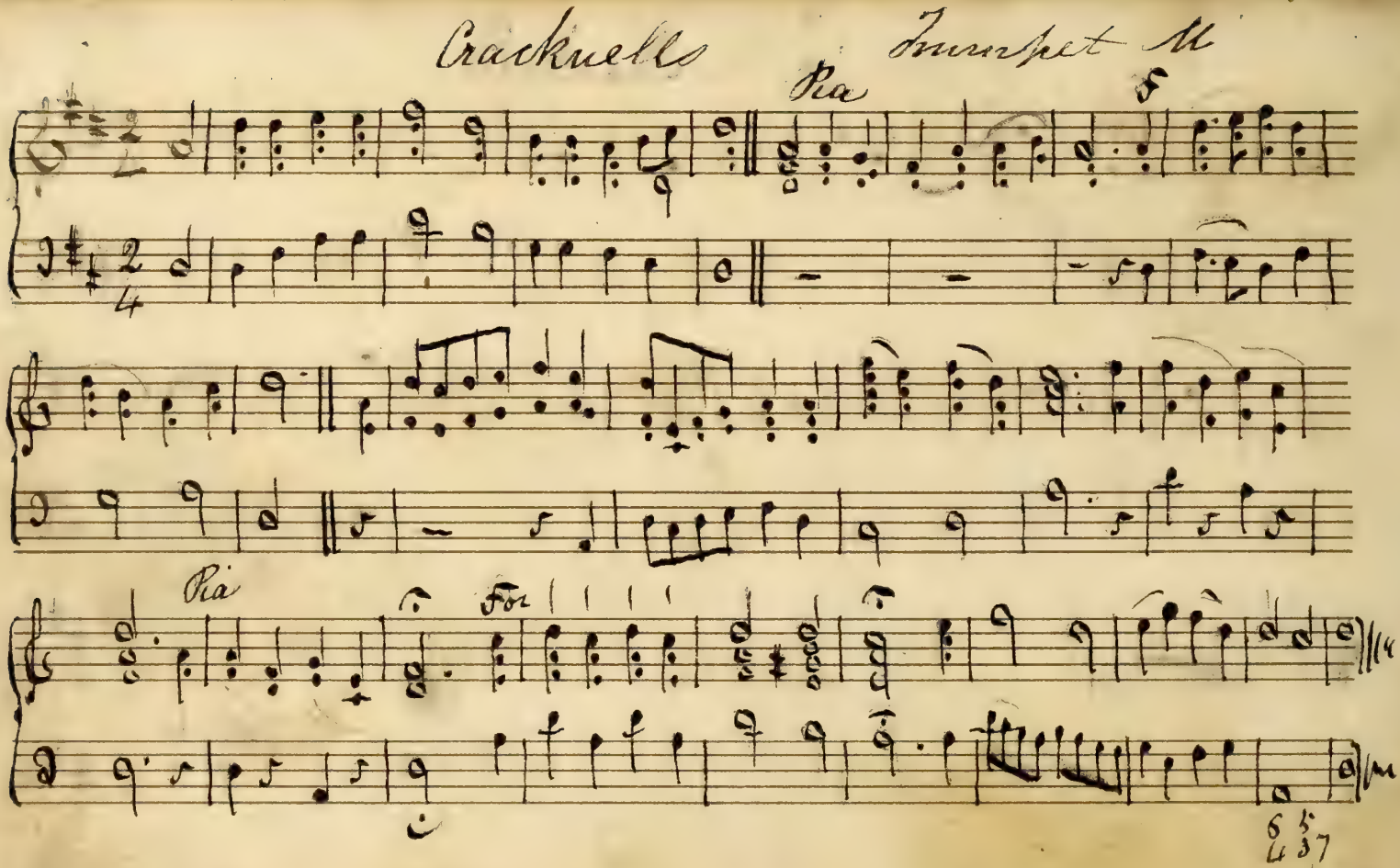
from fo[illegible] [illegible] of home, the young mother [illegible] fo[illegible] to her [illegible] and

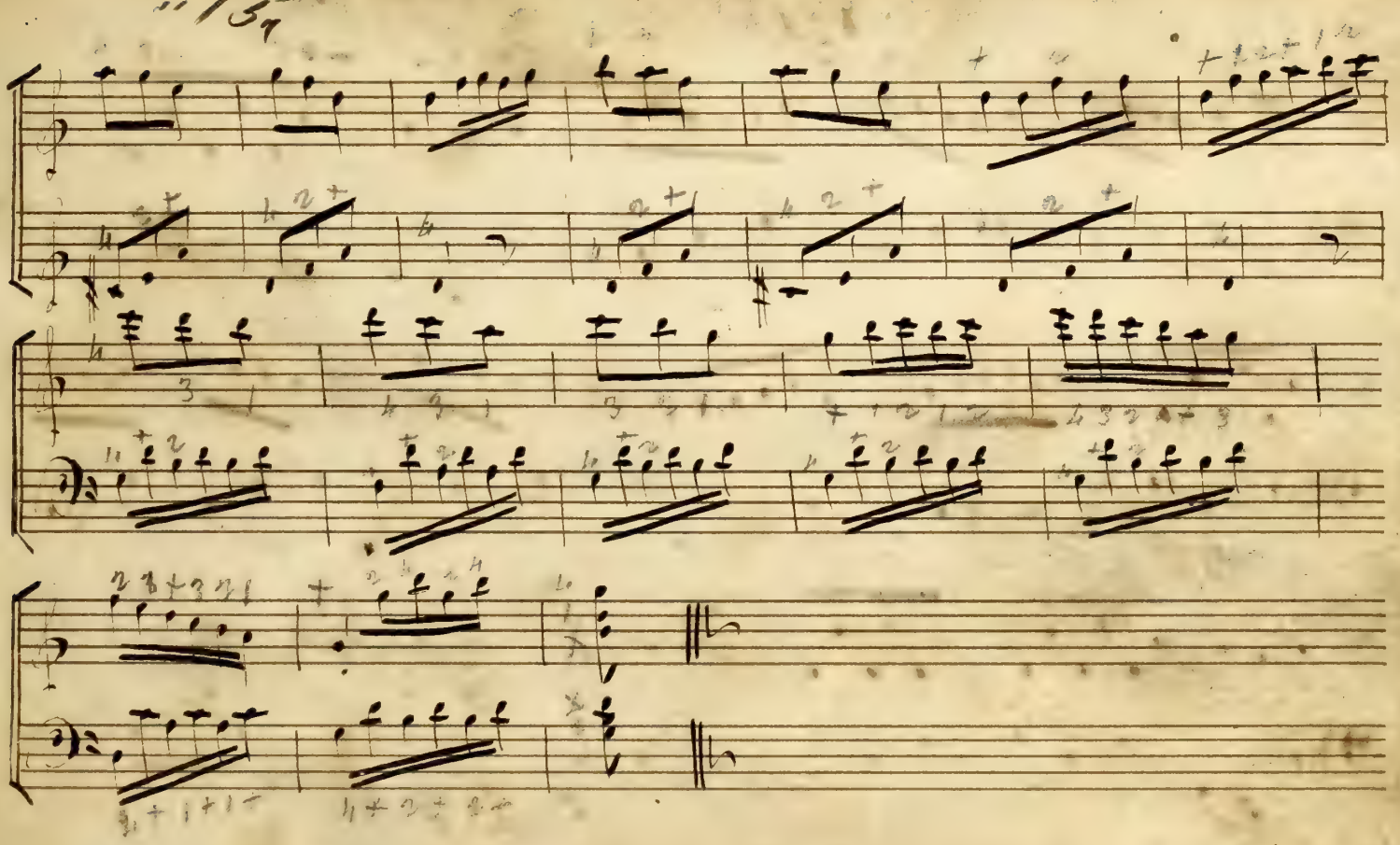
[illegible]

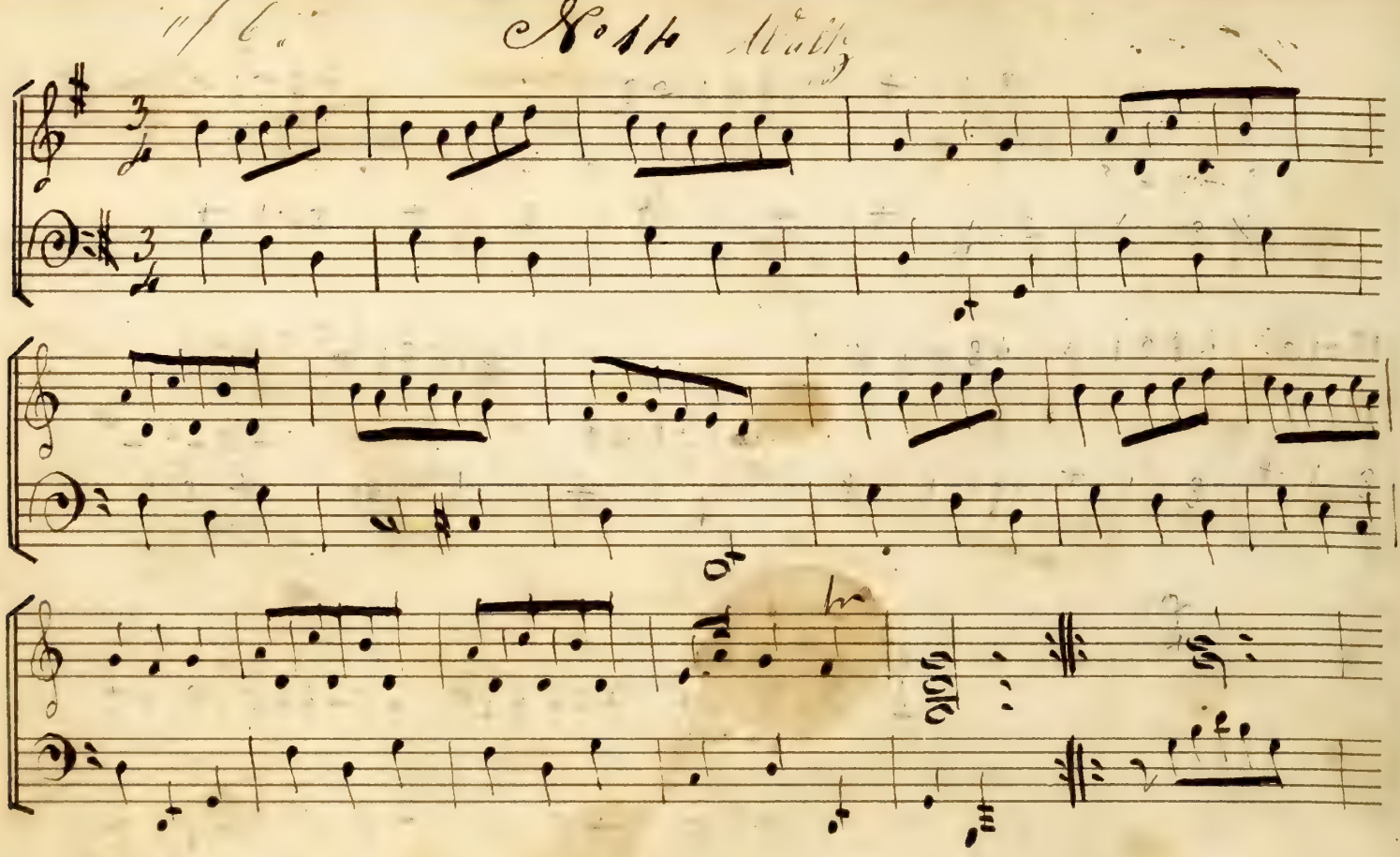


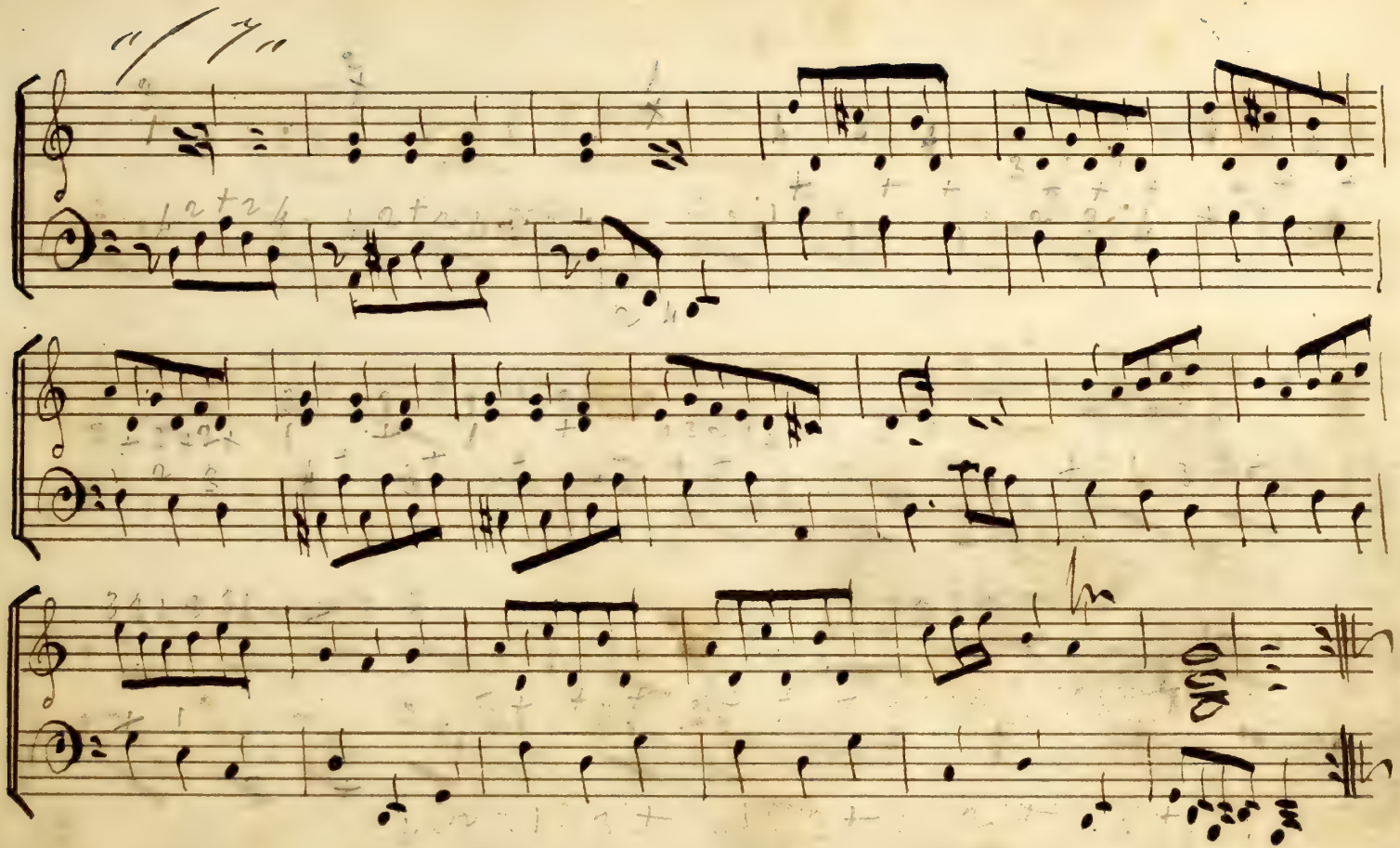

Donald C M
Via

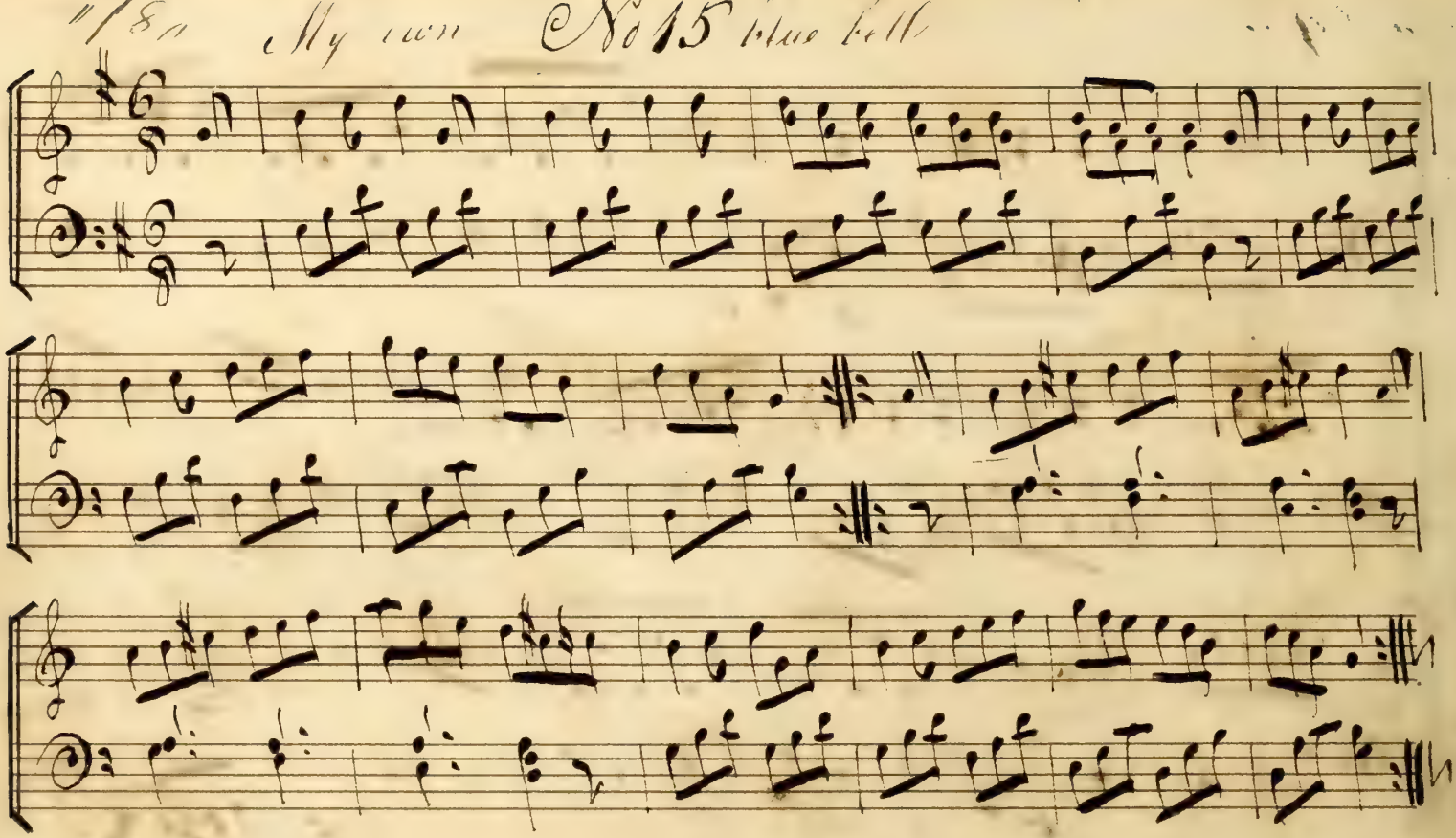
Cracknells Trumpet M



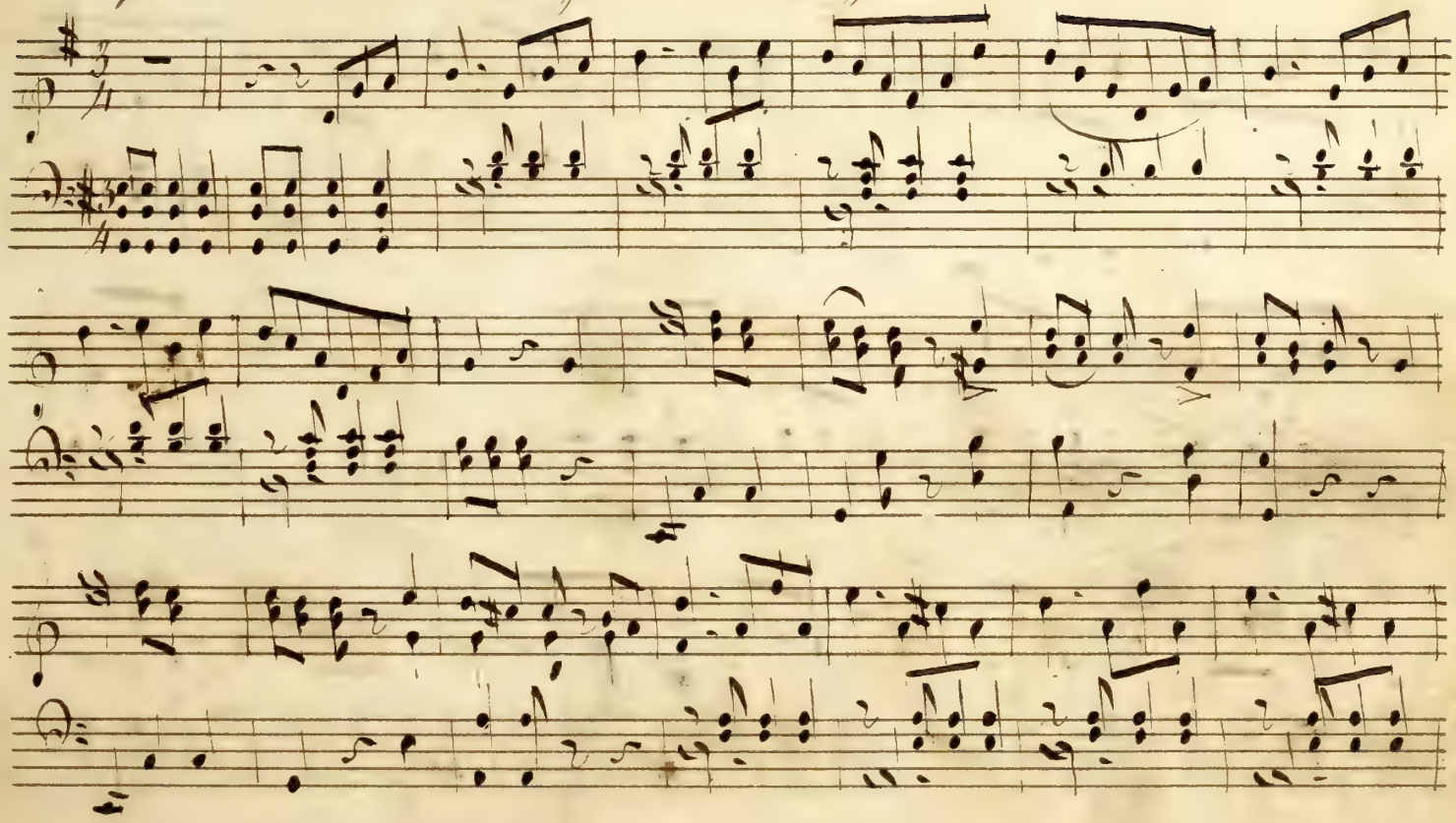




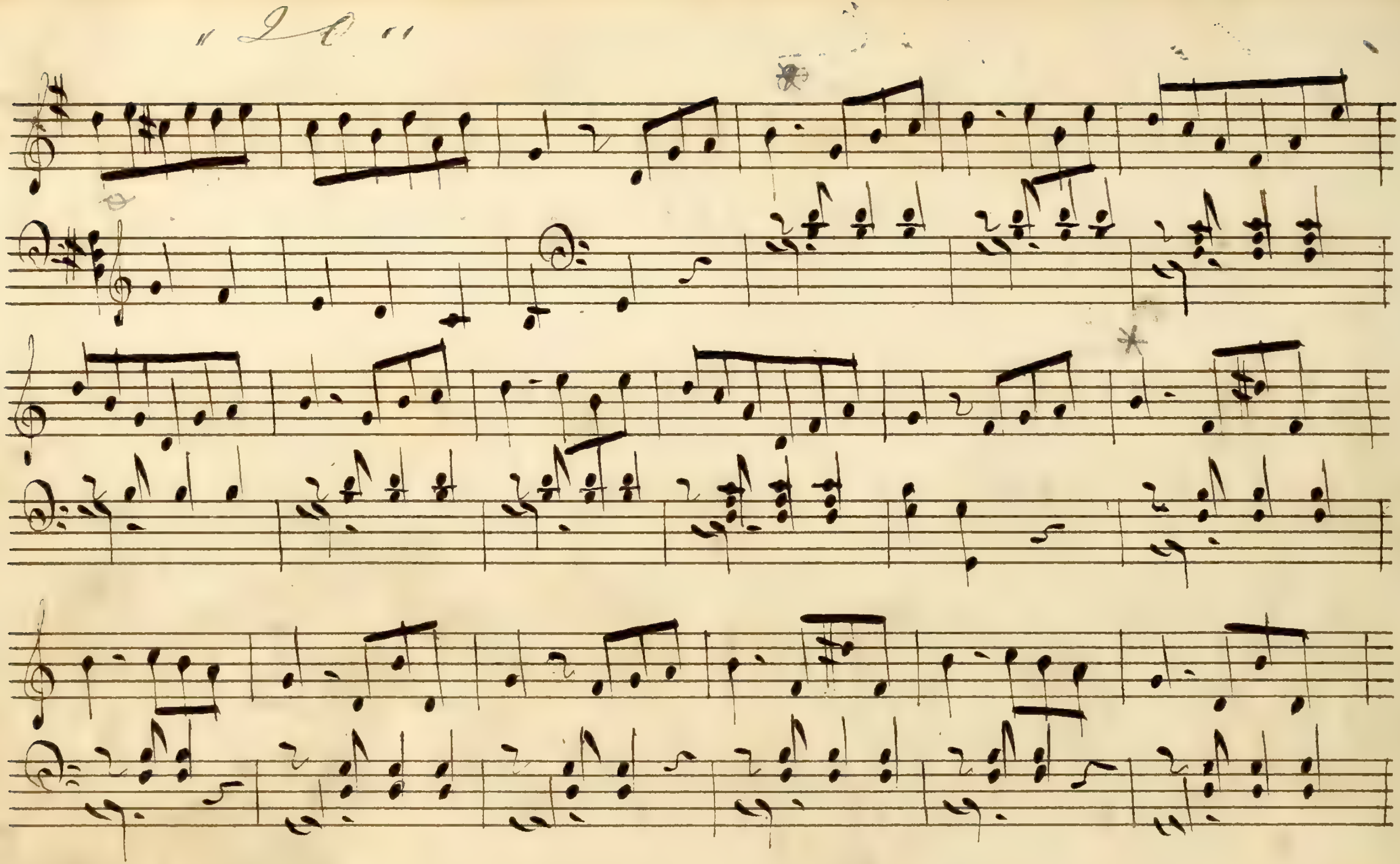


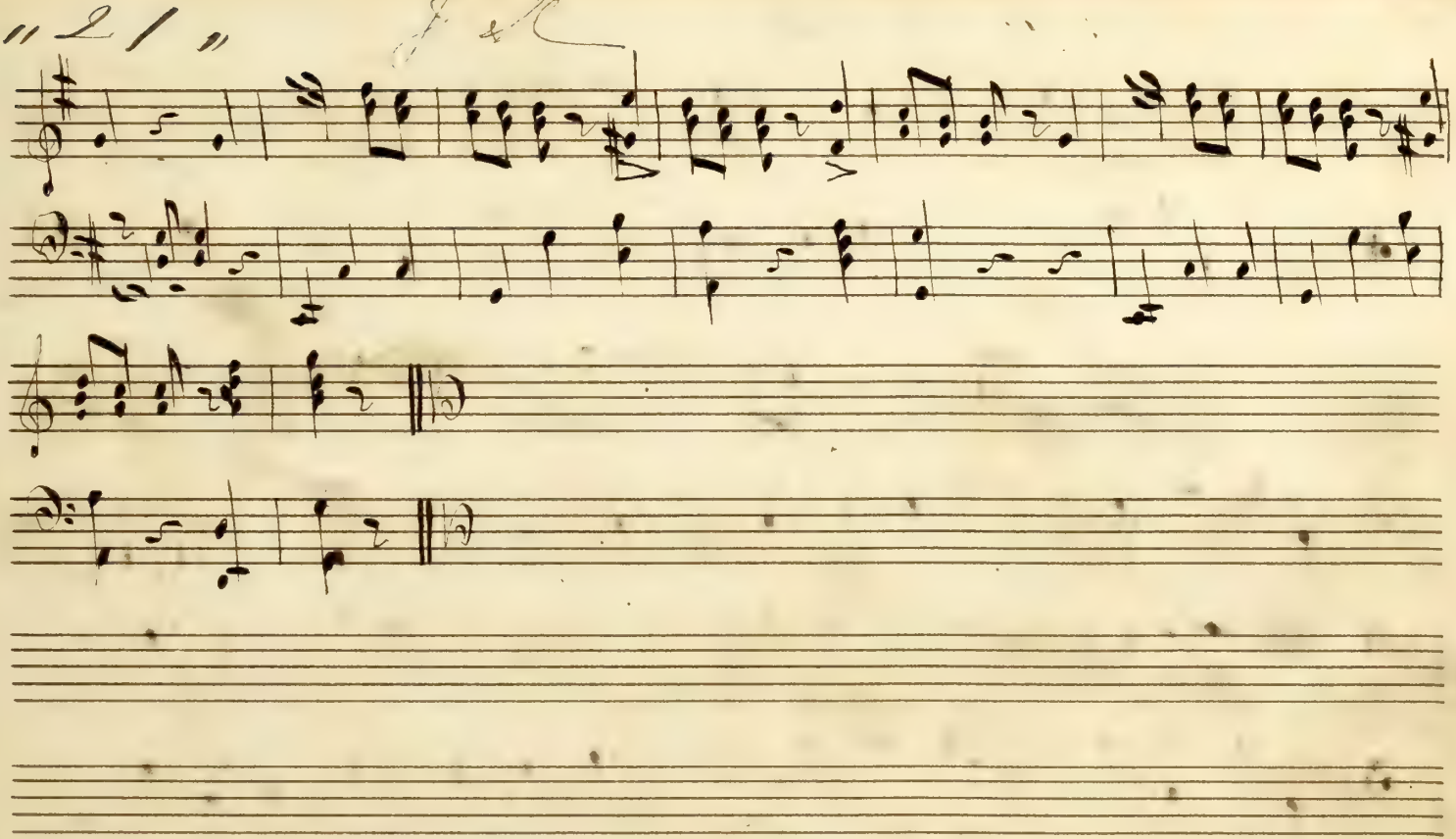

No 15

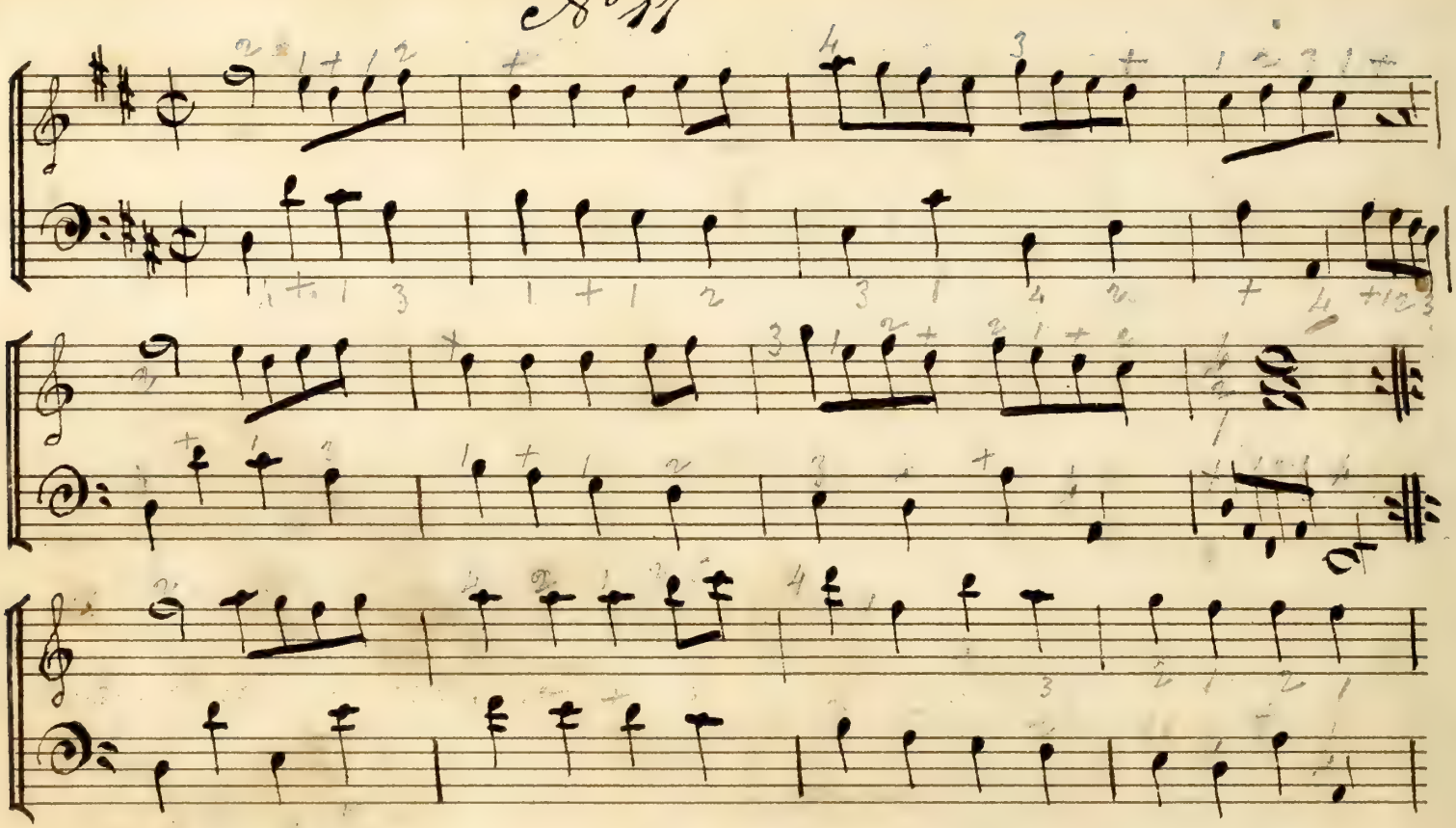
The Tagliani Waltz

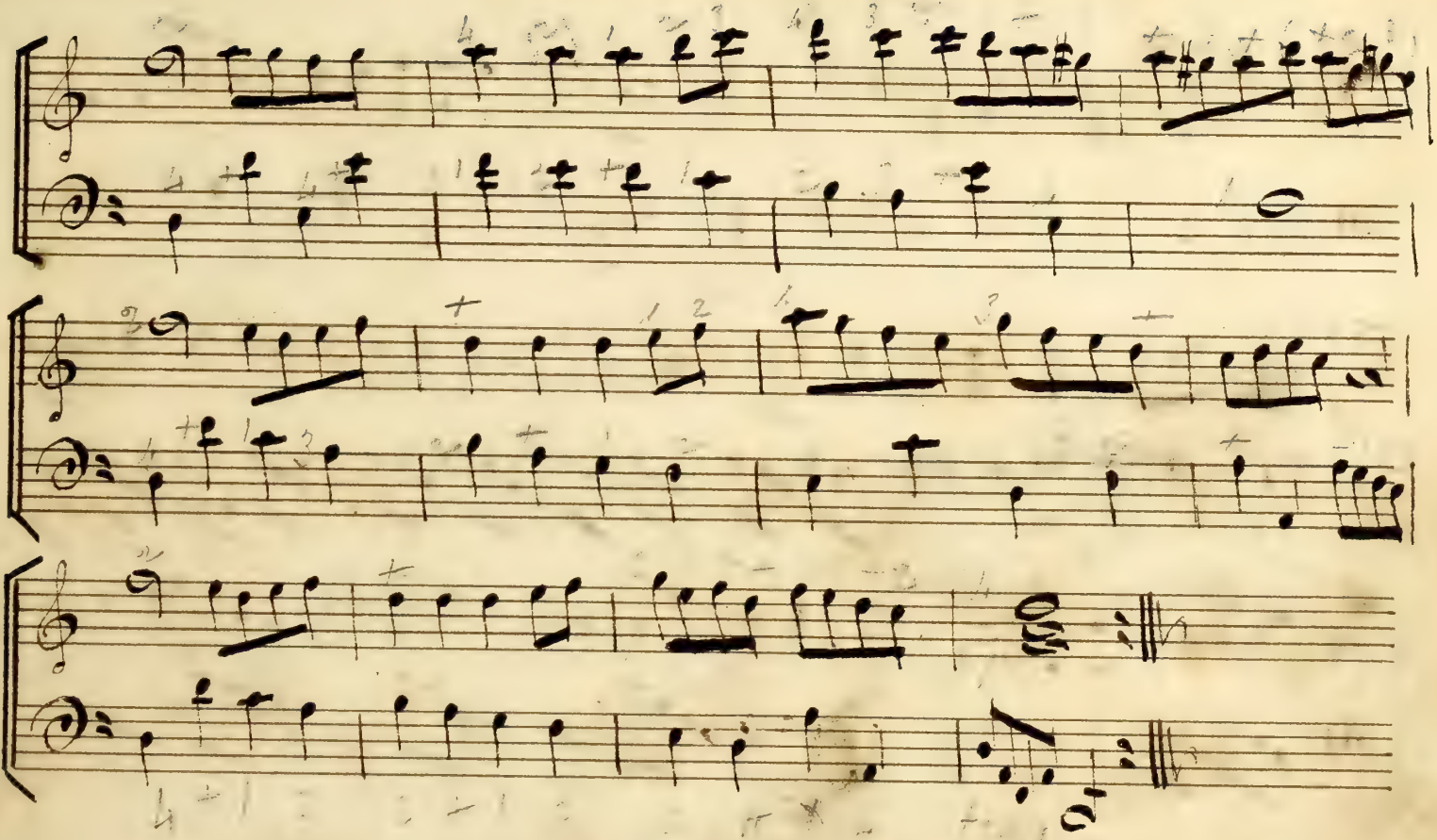


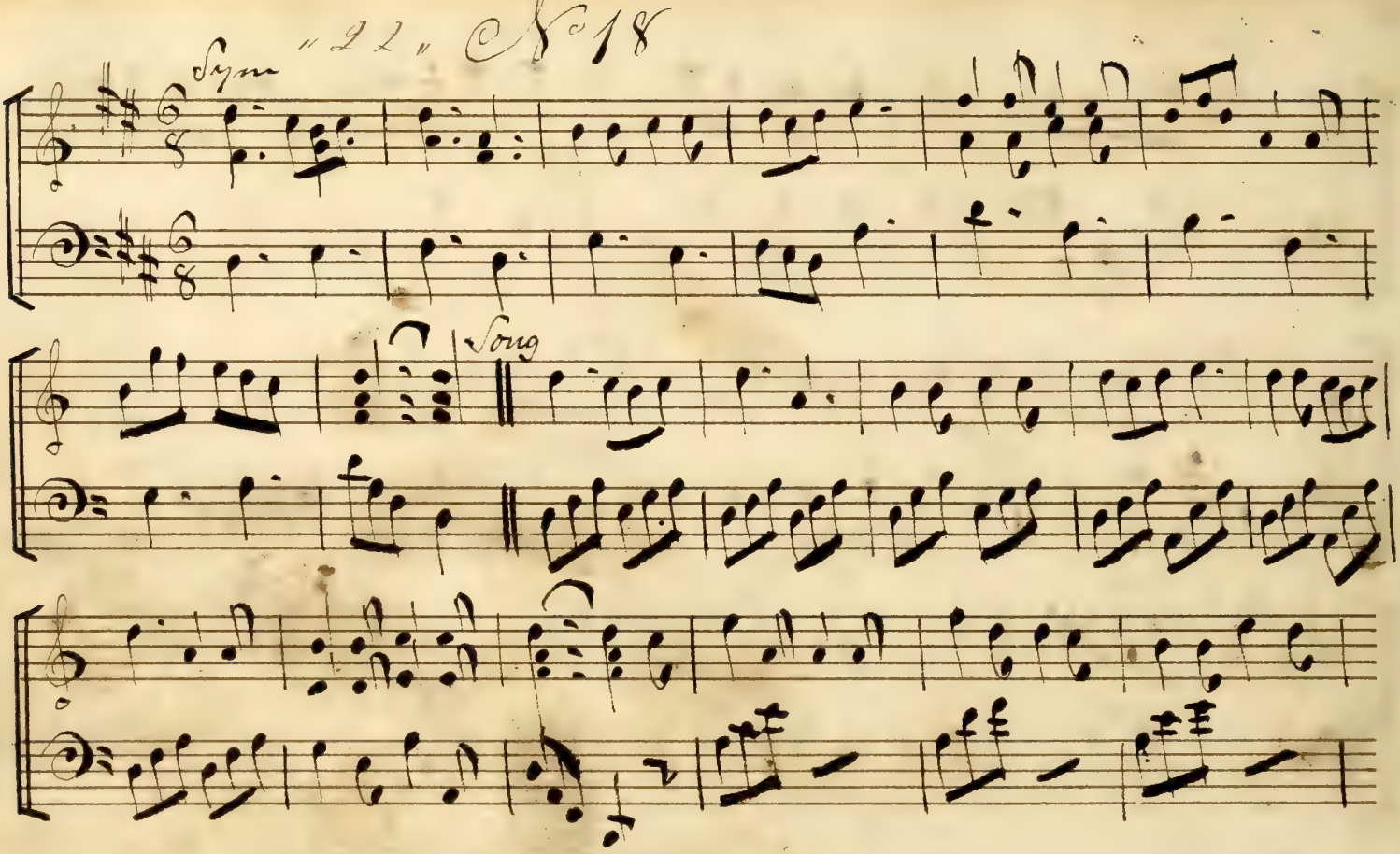
Voltz



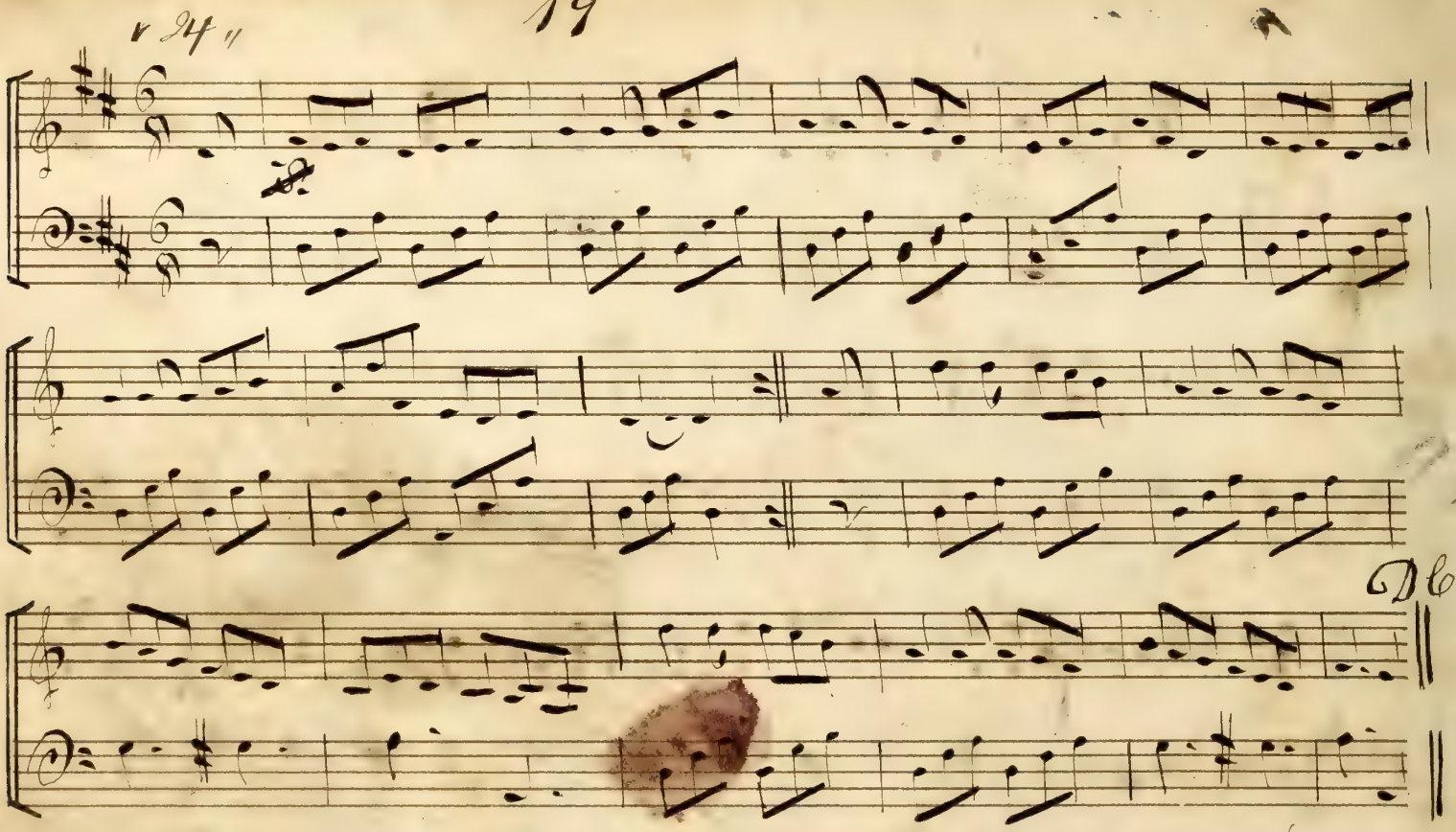



N° 17

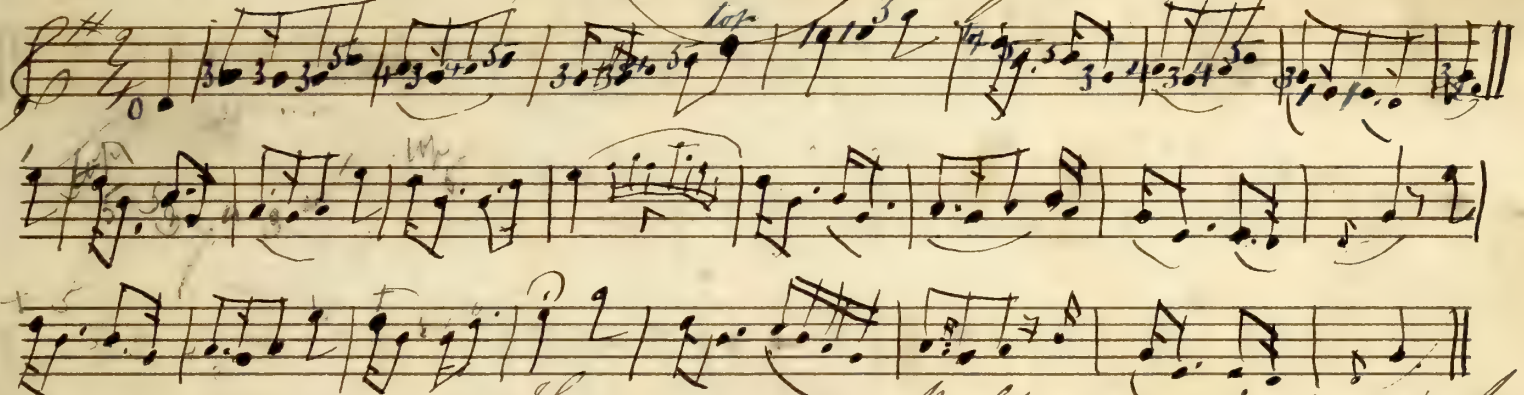



Sym "22" © N°18
Song

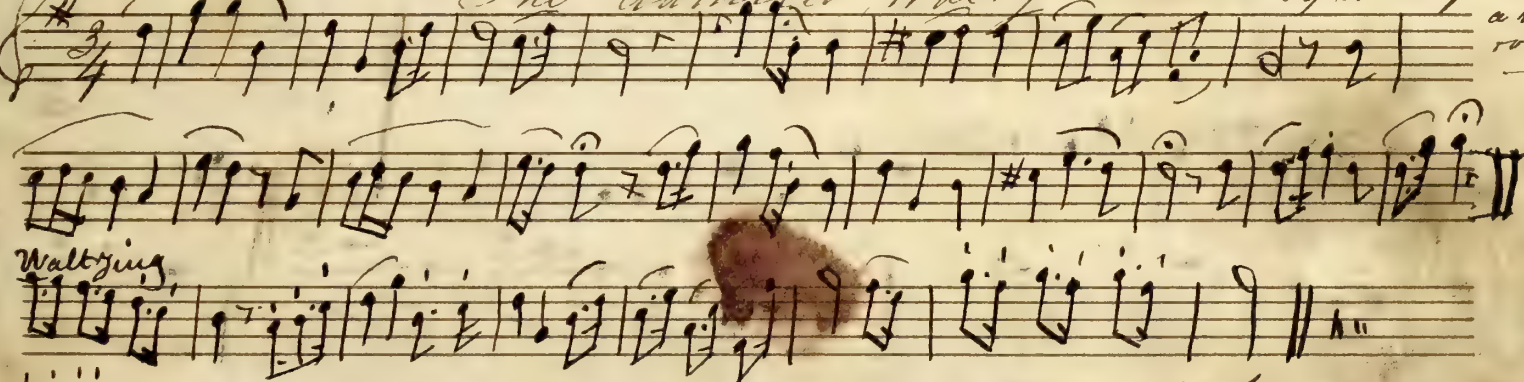
8va


D.C.

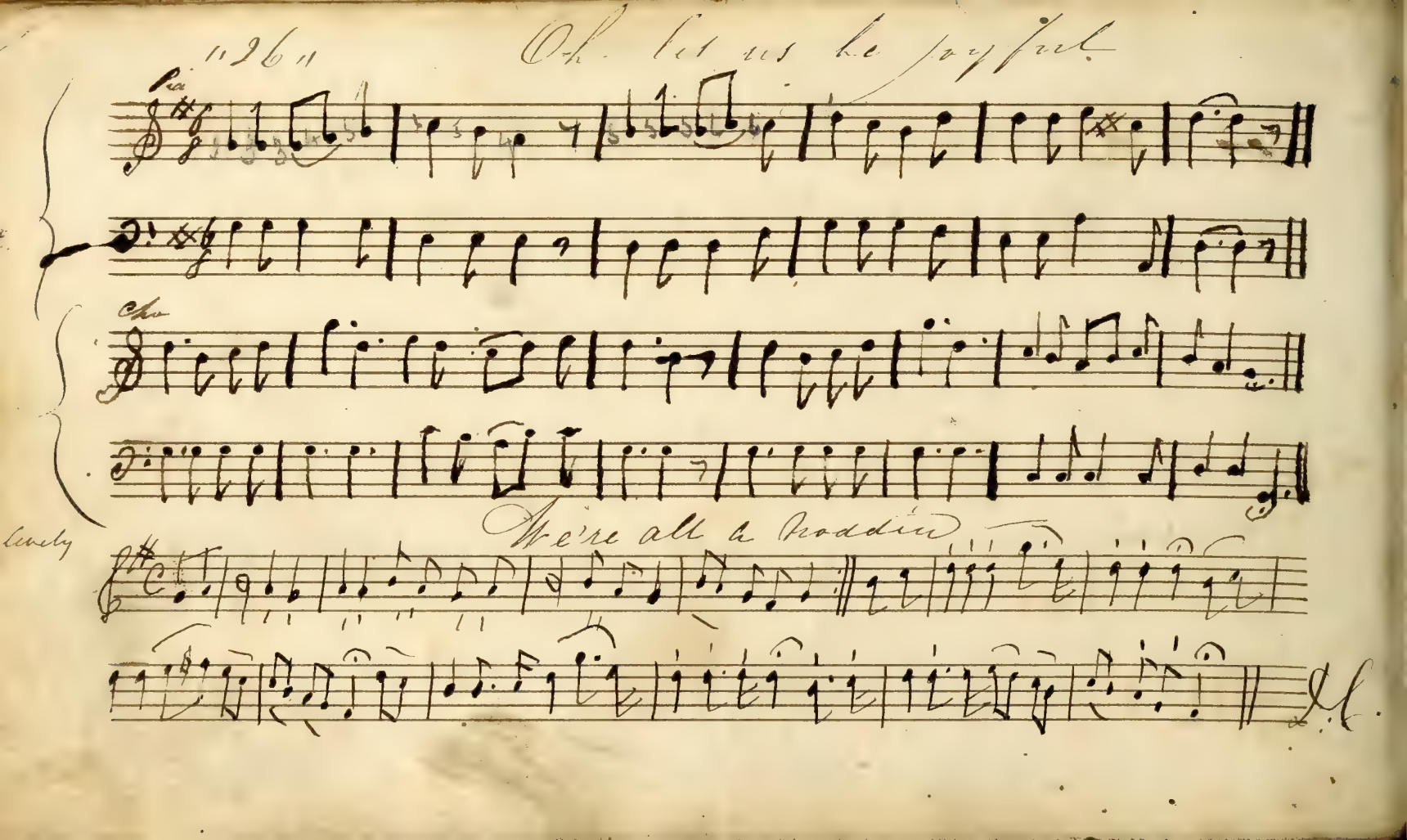
Moderato A 2 5th Auld Lang Syne



The Admired Waltz danced by Miss foot in a roland for a [illegible]



the second part of the tune to be play^d with Spirit



"26"

Oh let us be joyful

Pia

Cho

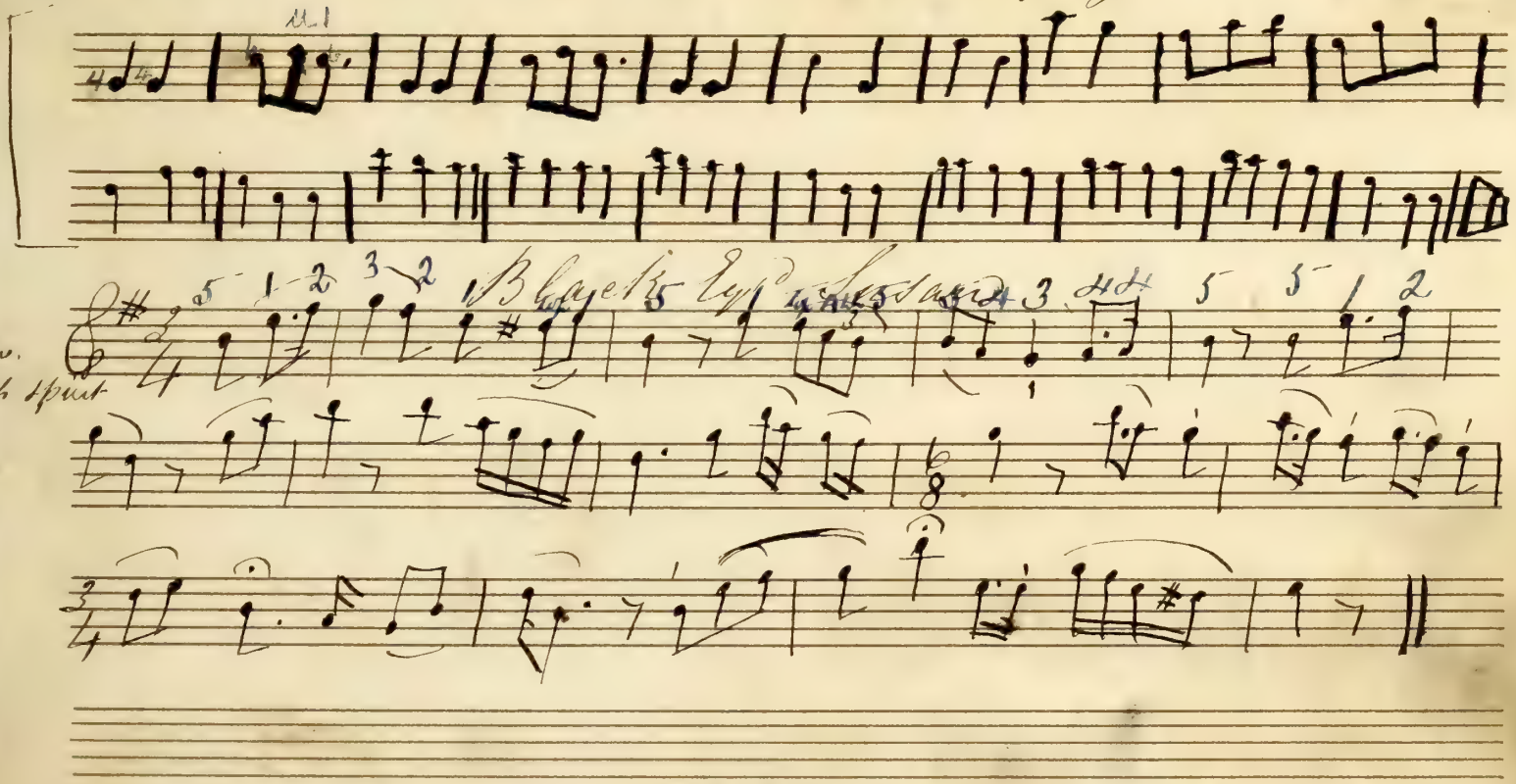
We're all a noddin

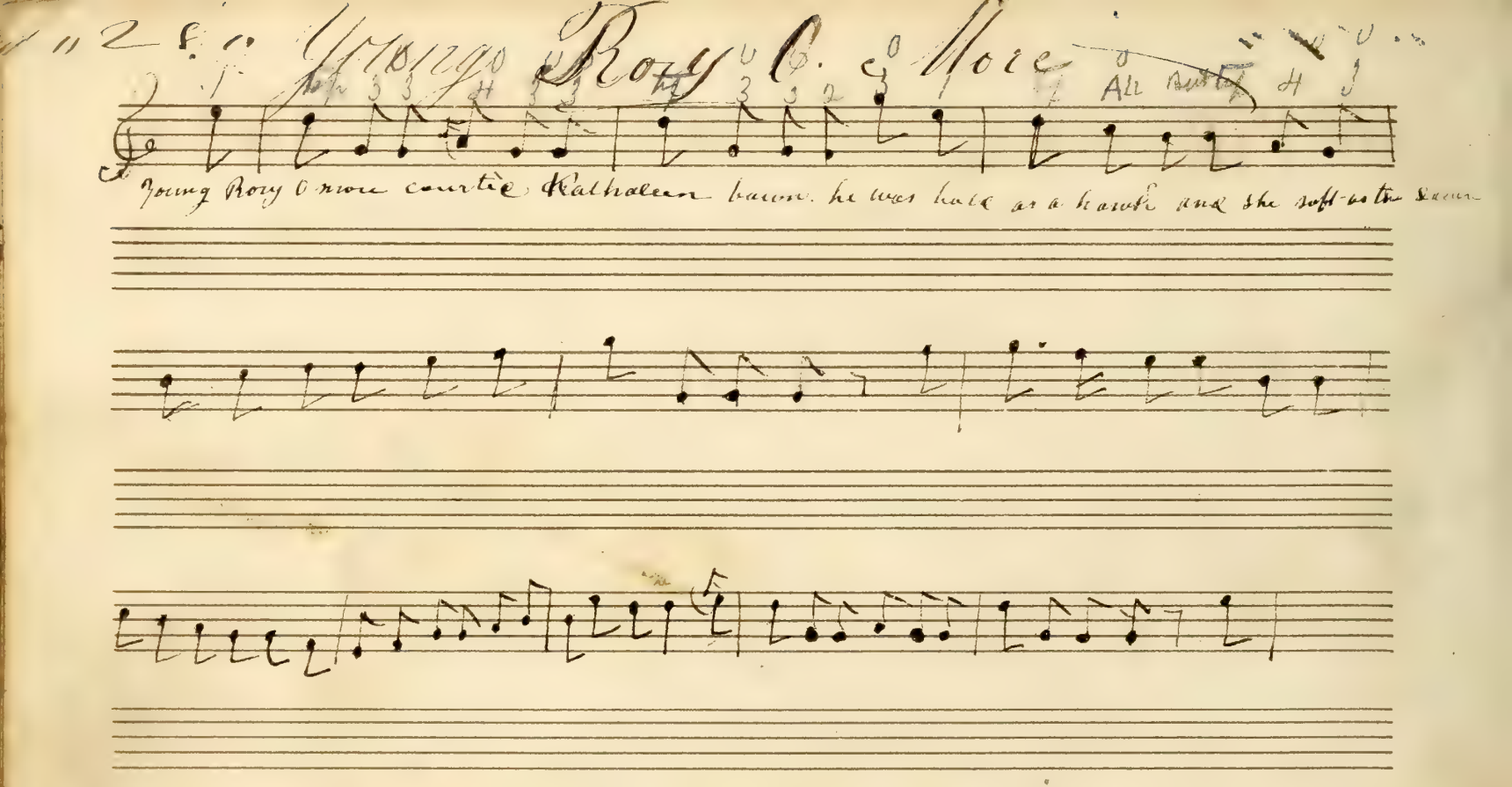
lively

D.C.

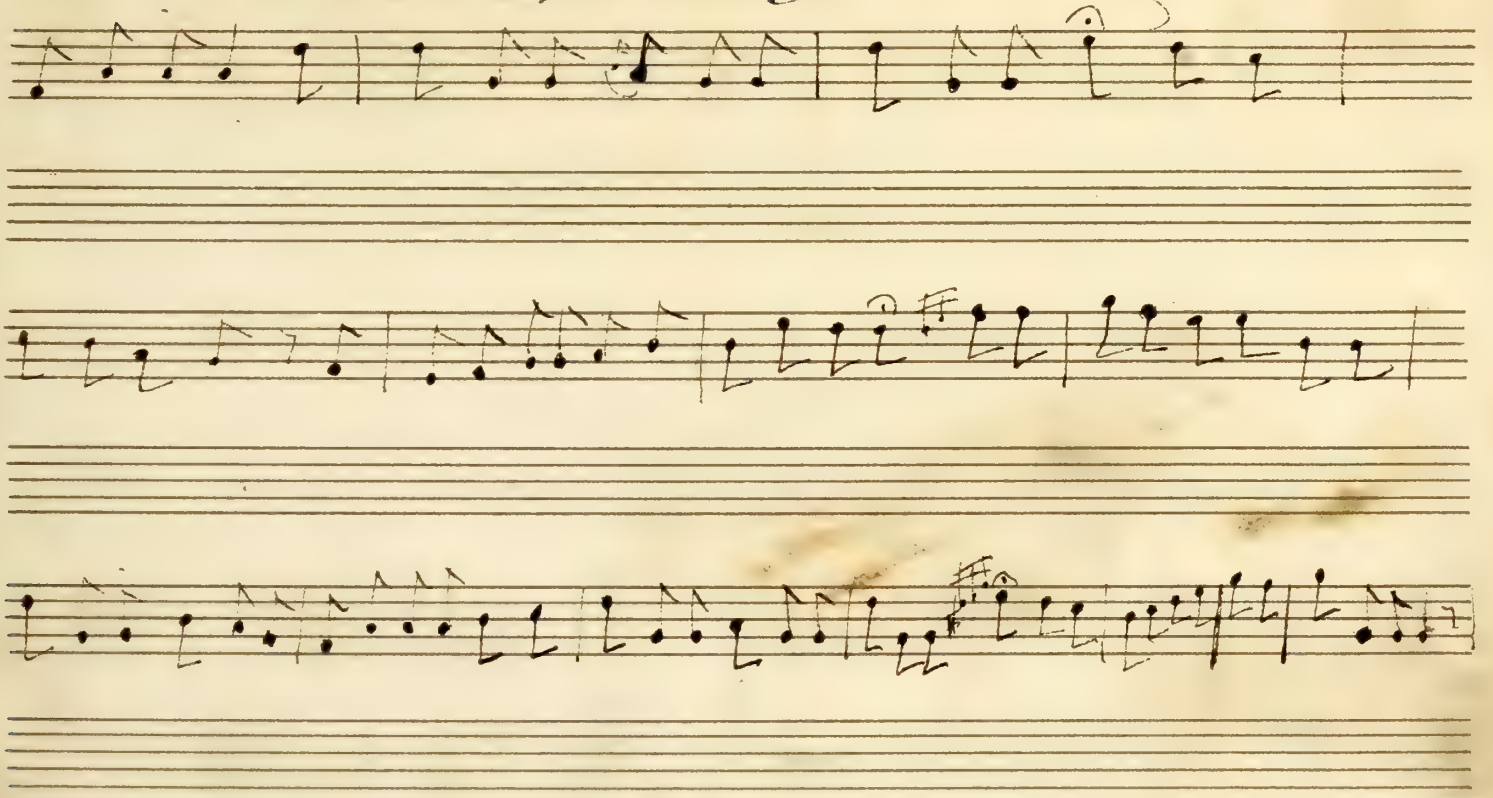
"27"

The Way the Money goes

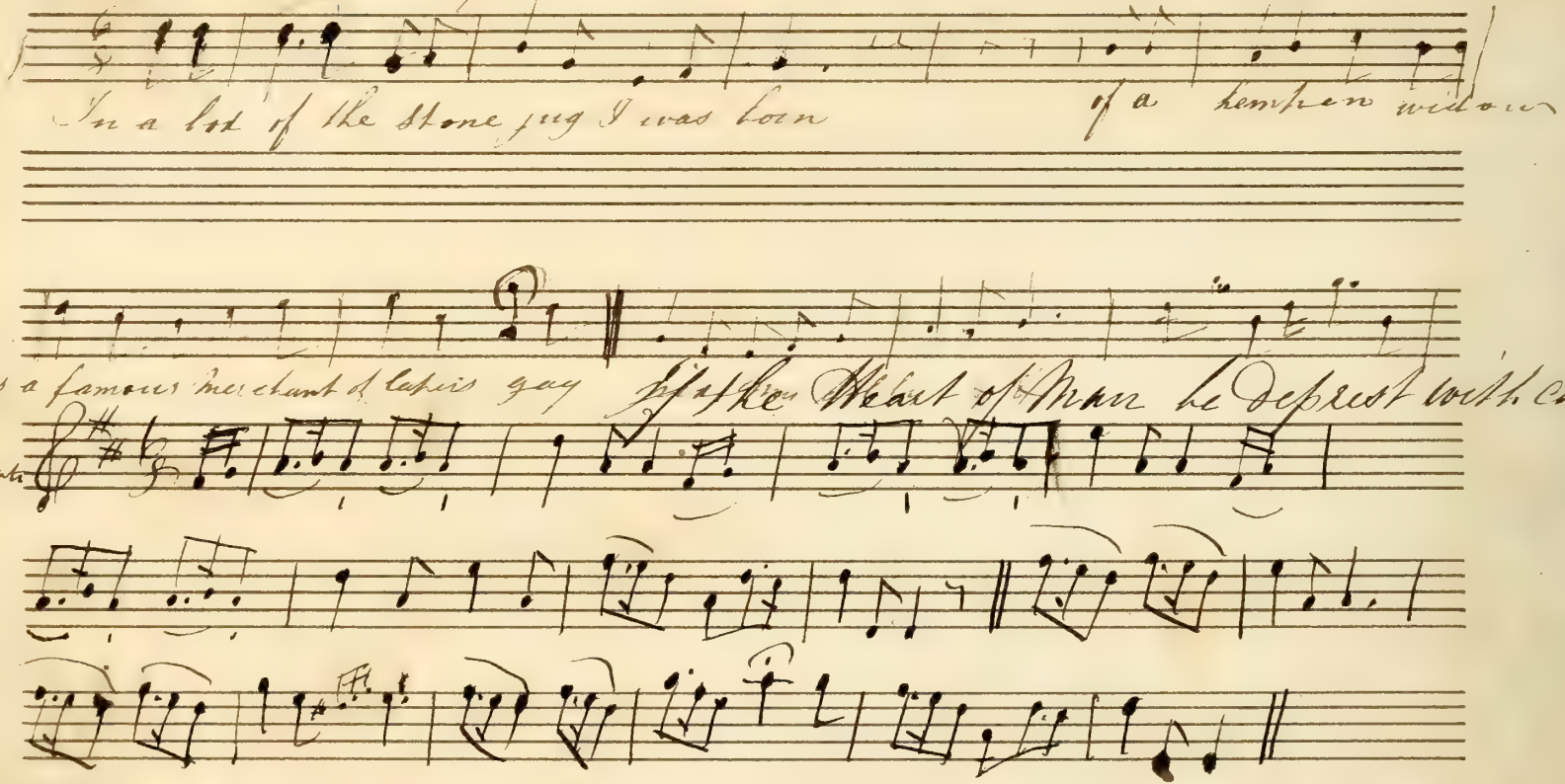


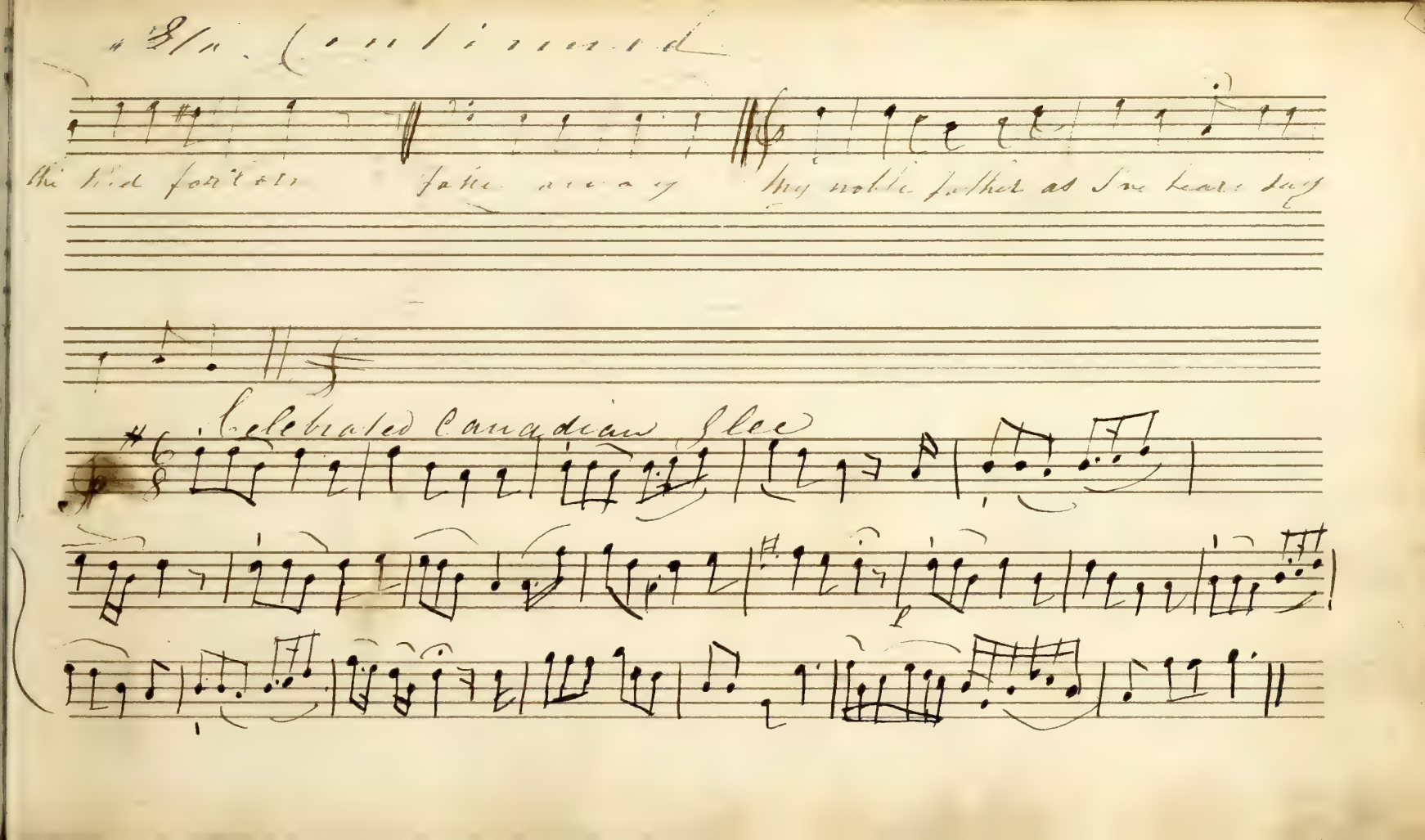

Young Roy O'more courtie Kathaleen bawn. he was hale as a hawk and she soft as the dawn

11 2 9 11 continues



43 On In a box of the Stone jug I was born

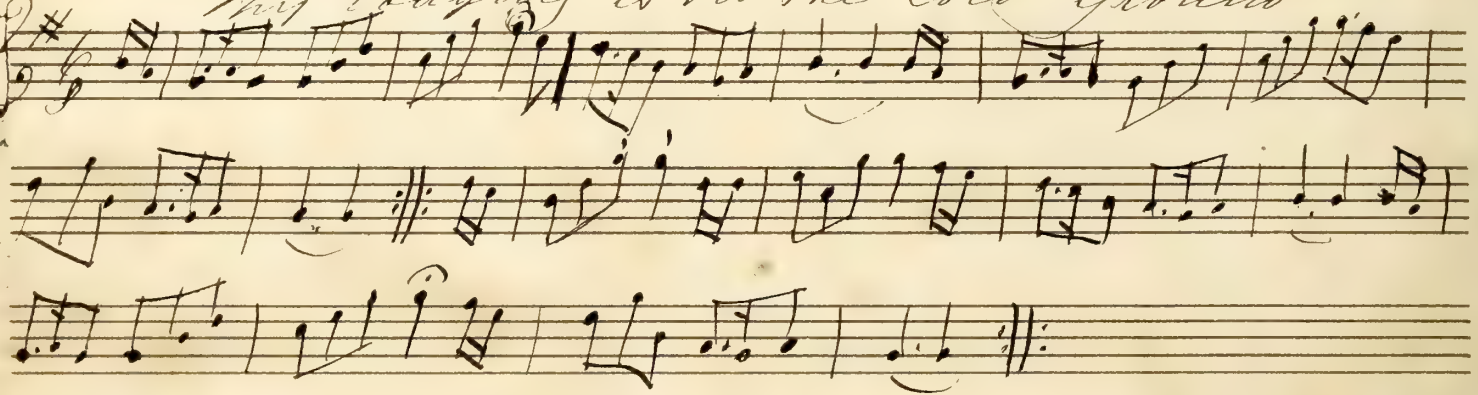

In a box of the Stone jug I was born of a hempen widow
was a famous merchant of Capers gay
If the Heart of Man be deprest with cord

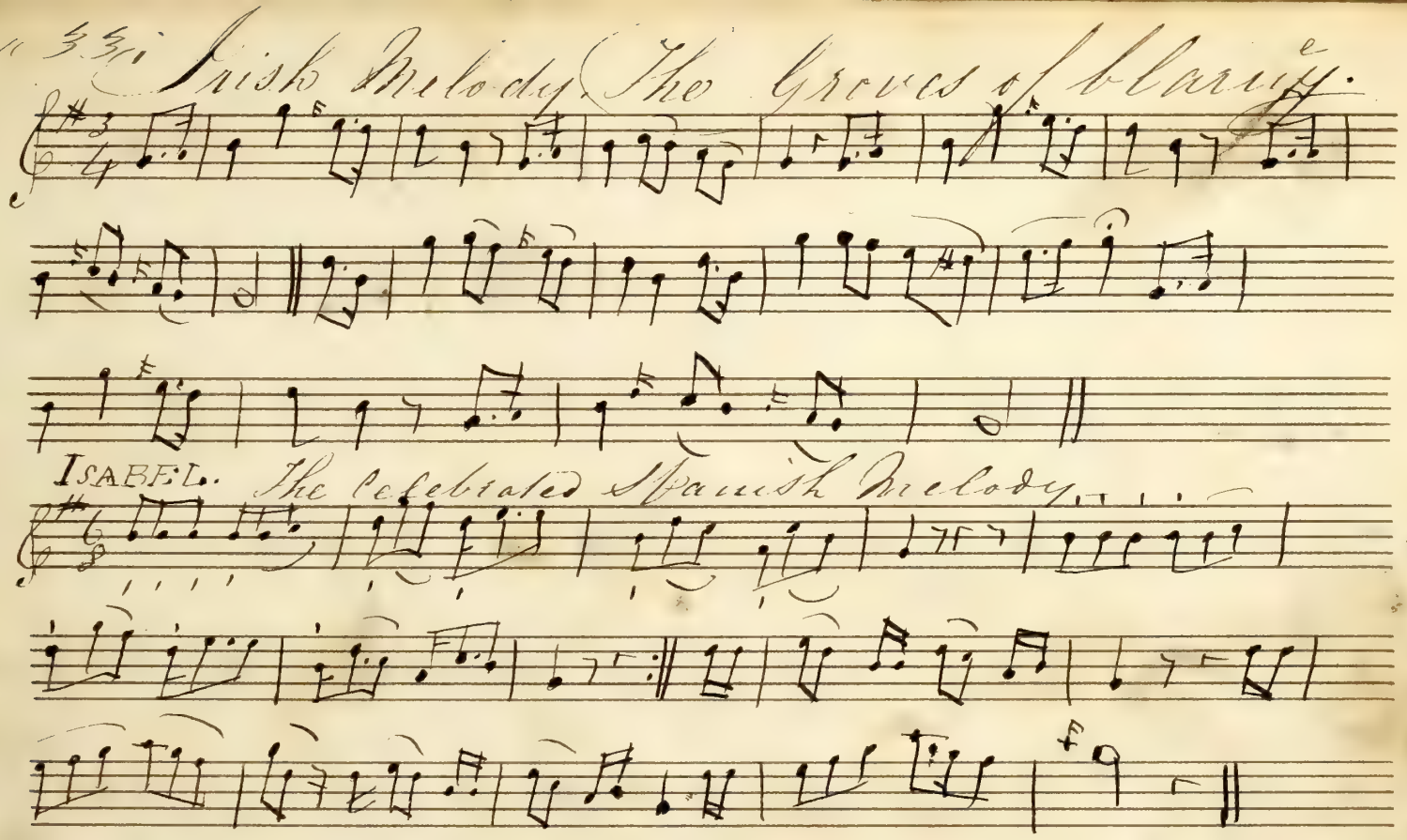

Celebrated Canadian Glee

"32" Woman's fate

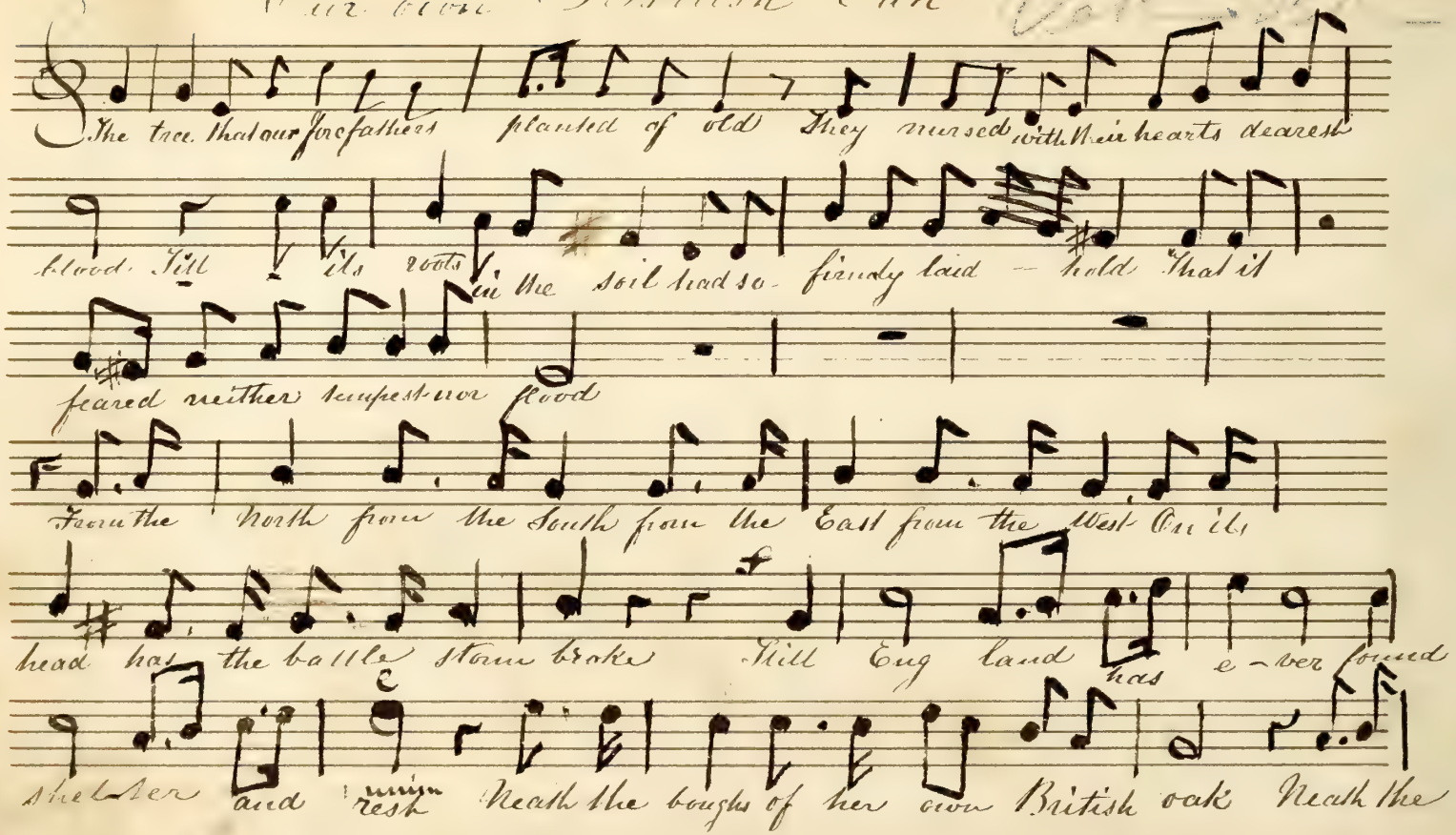
And be not thou cast down because thy lot
the glory of thy dream resembleth not
Nor for herself was women first create
Nor yet to be man's idol but his mate

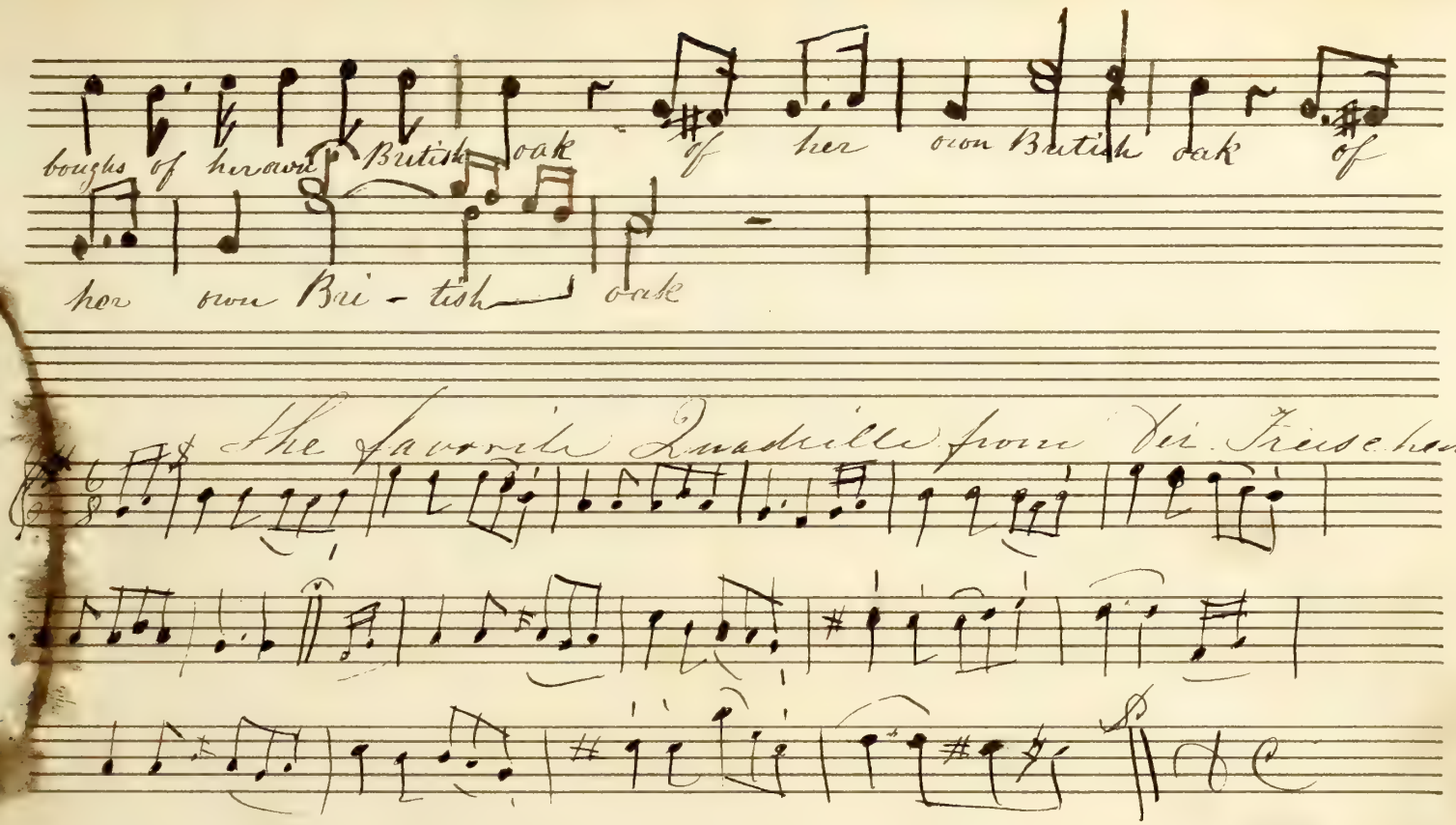
Thy lodging is on the Cold Ground




Irish Melody. The Groves of Blarney.
ISABEL. The celebrated Spanish Melody.

Our own British Oak



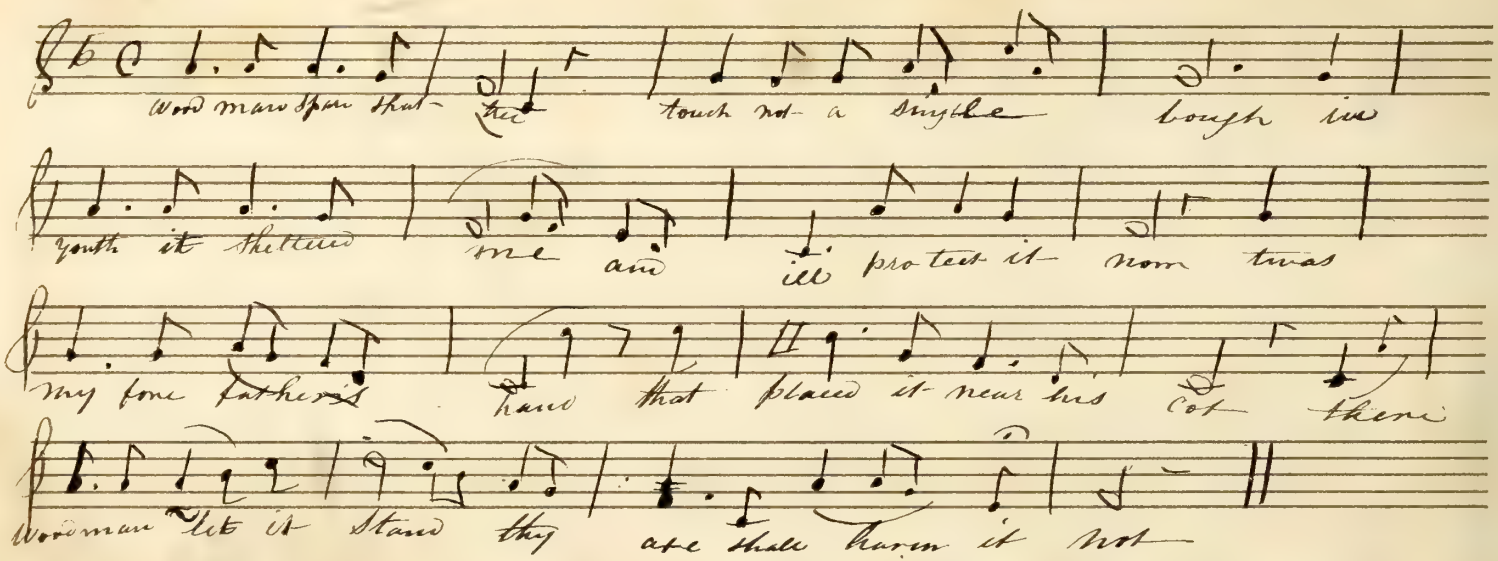


boughs of her own British oak of her own British oak of

her own Bri - tish oak

The favorite Quadrille from Dir. Freischutz

Woodman Spare that tree

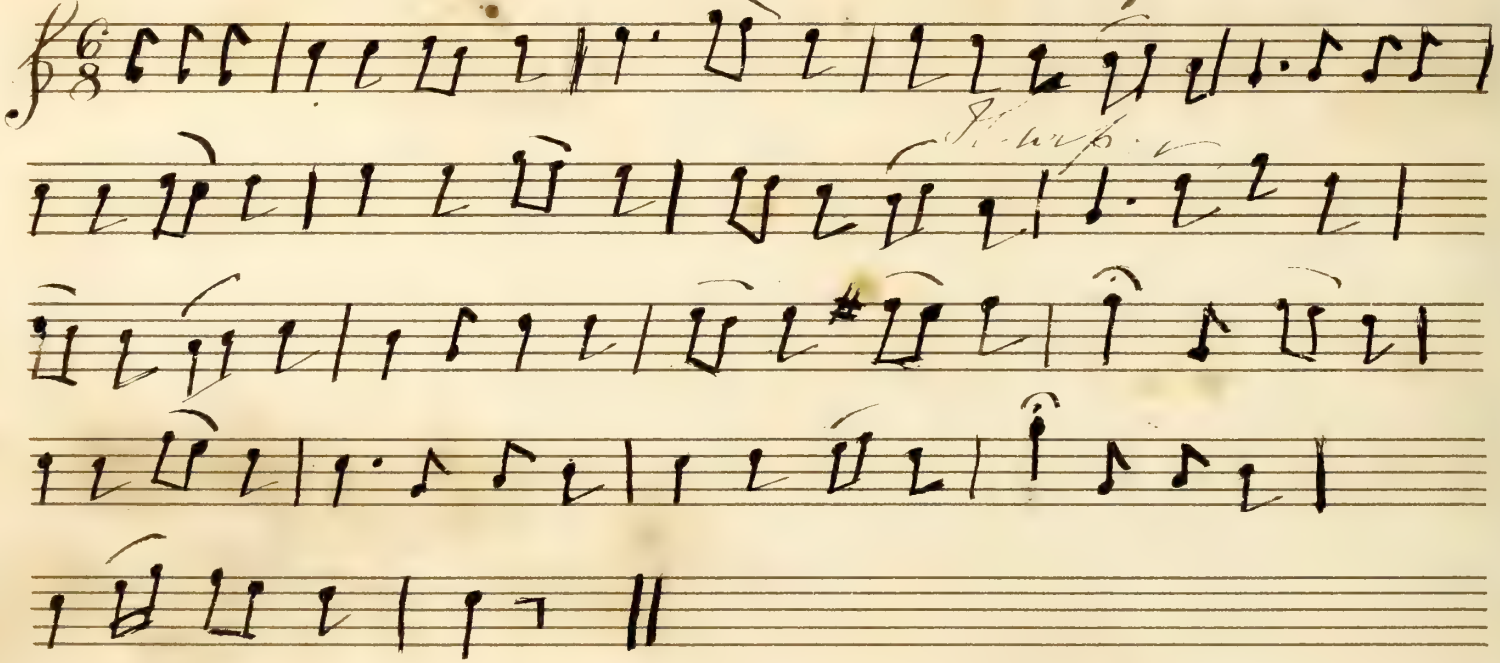


2 That old familiar tree, whose glory and renown
are spread o'er land and sea, say would'st thou hack it down
woodman forbear thy stroke, cut not its earth bound ties
oh spare that aged oak, now towering to the skies —

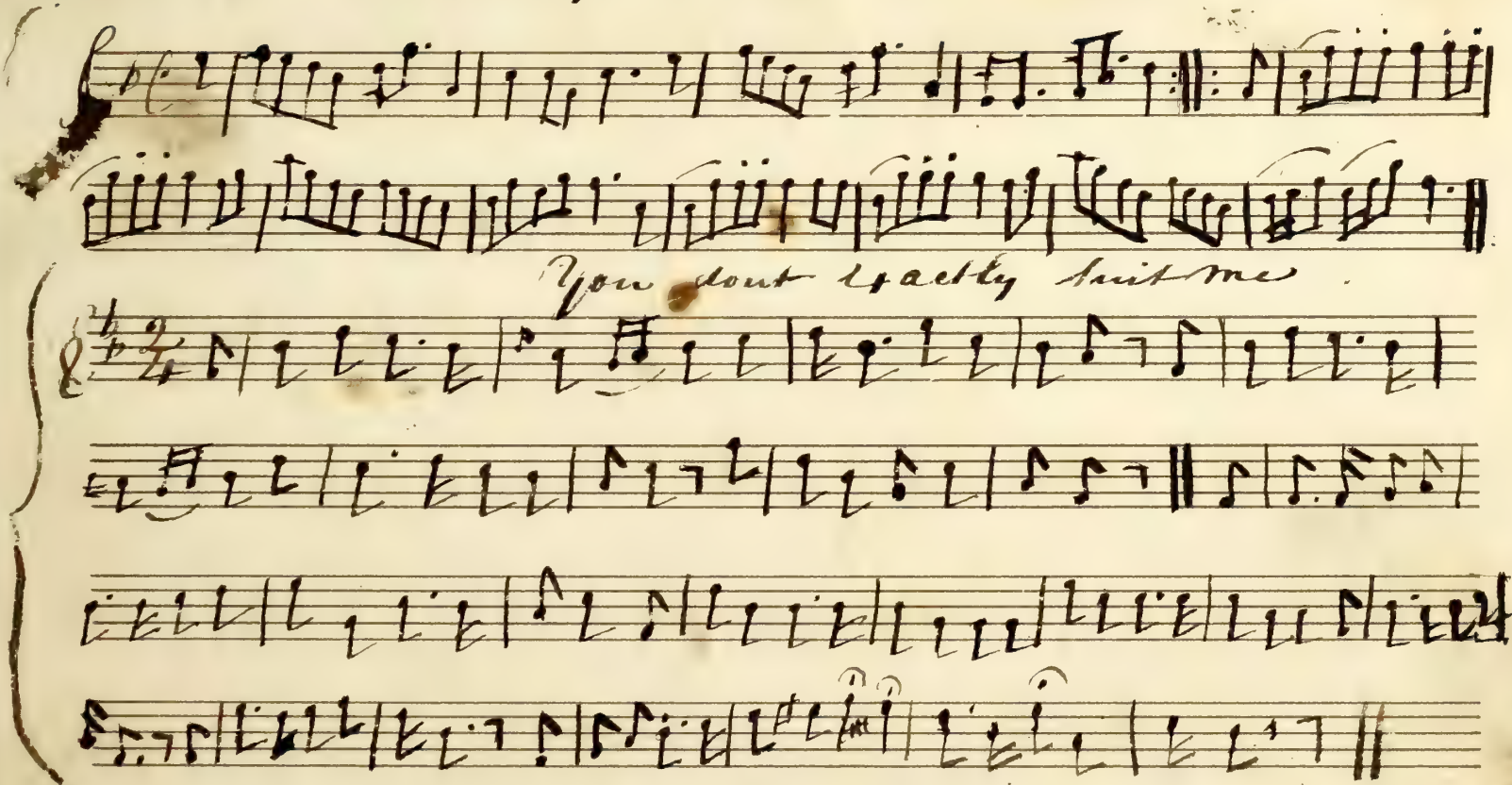
3 oft when a careless child beneath its shade I heard
the wood notes, sweet and wild, of many a forest bird.
my mother kissed me here my father pressed my hand
I'll ask thee with a tear, oh let that old oak stand

4 My heart strings round thee cling, close as thy bark old friend
here shall the wild bird sing, and still thy branches bend
old tree, the storm still brave, and woodman leave the spot
while I've a hand to save, thy axe shall harm it not
name

The Welsh Harper.

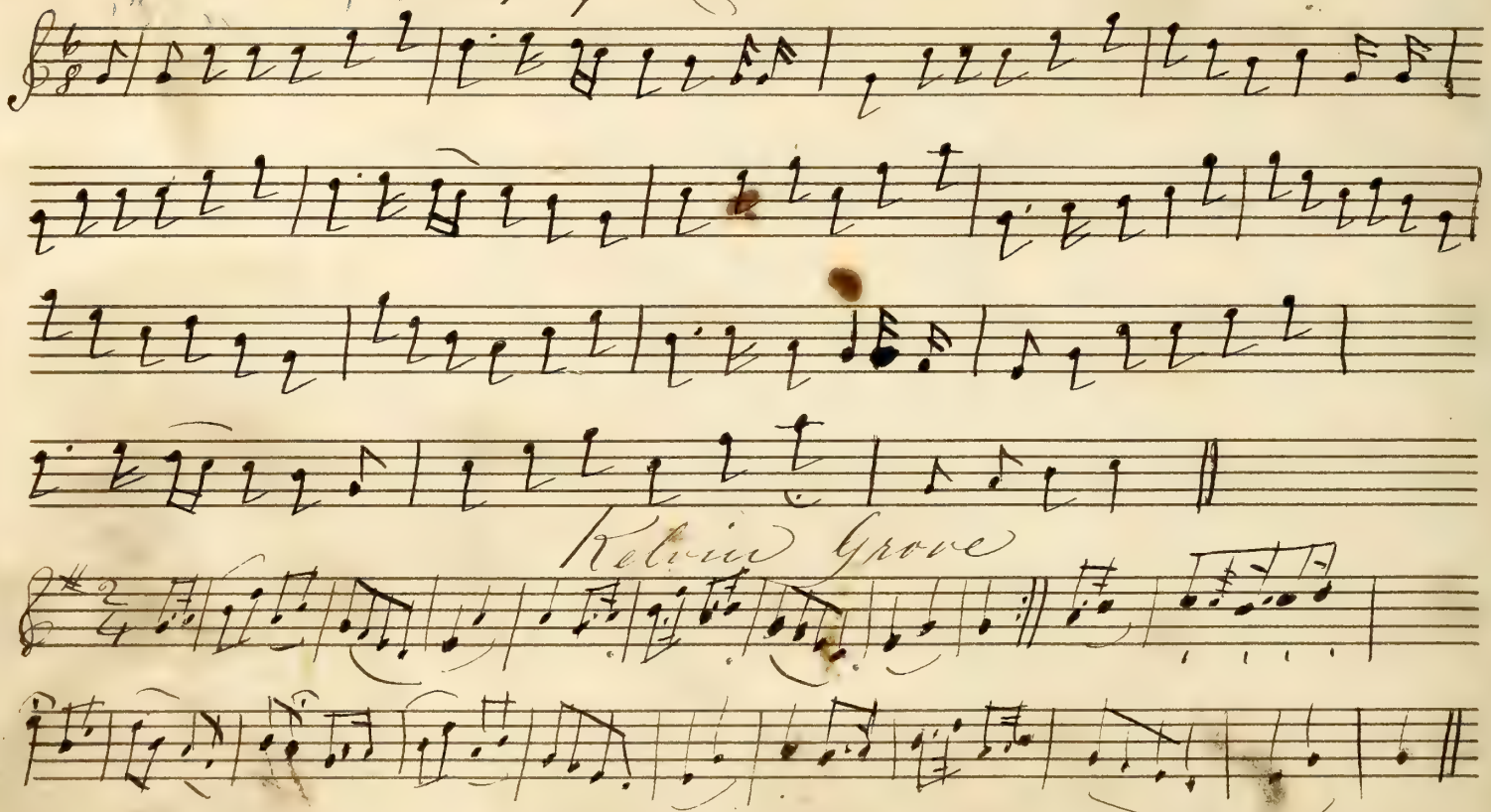


Calder fair

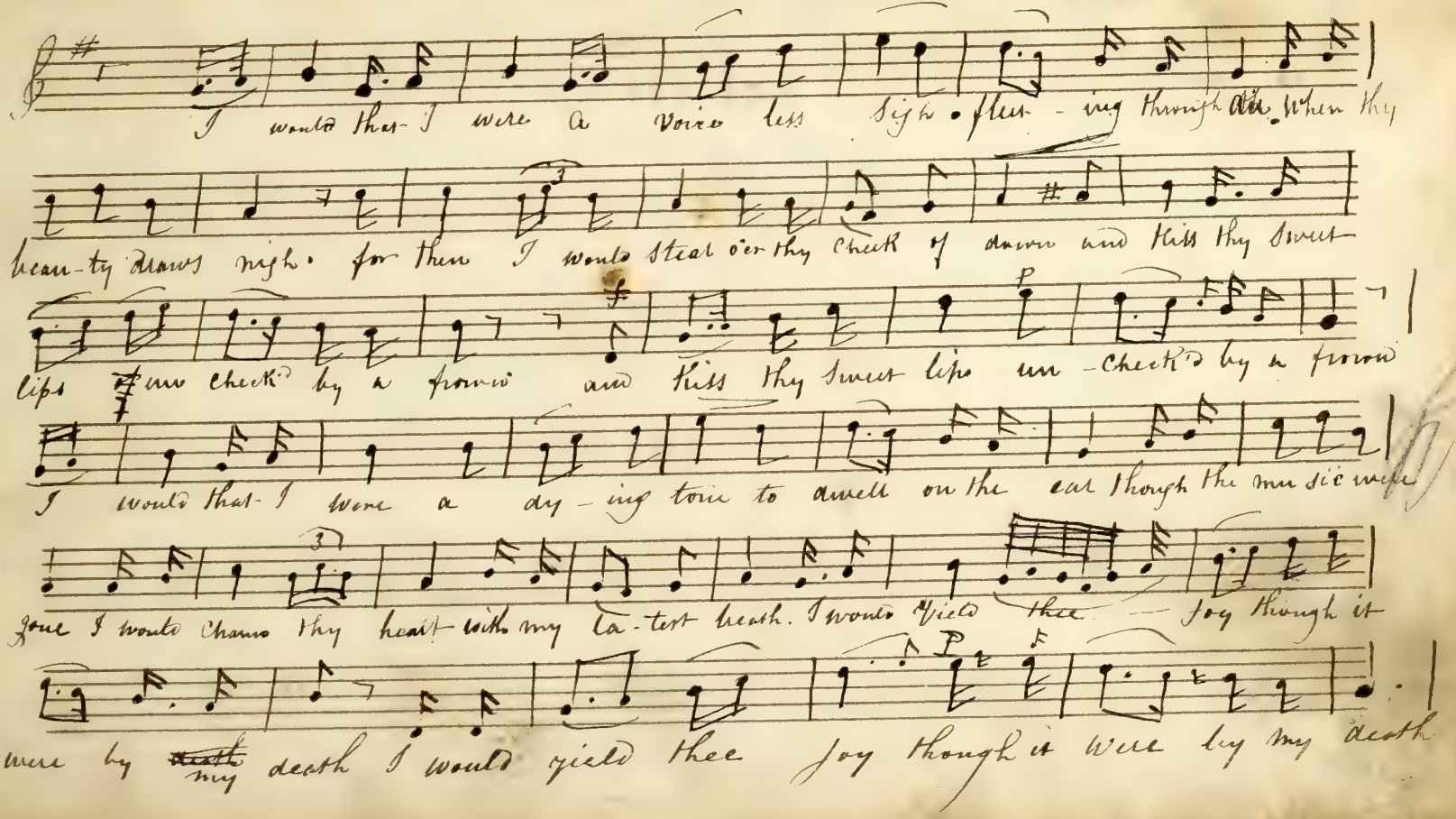


Kitty of Coleraine

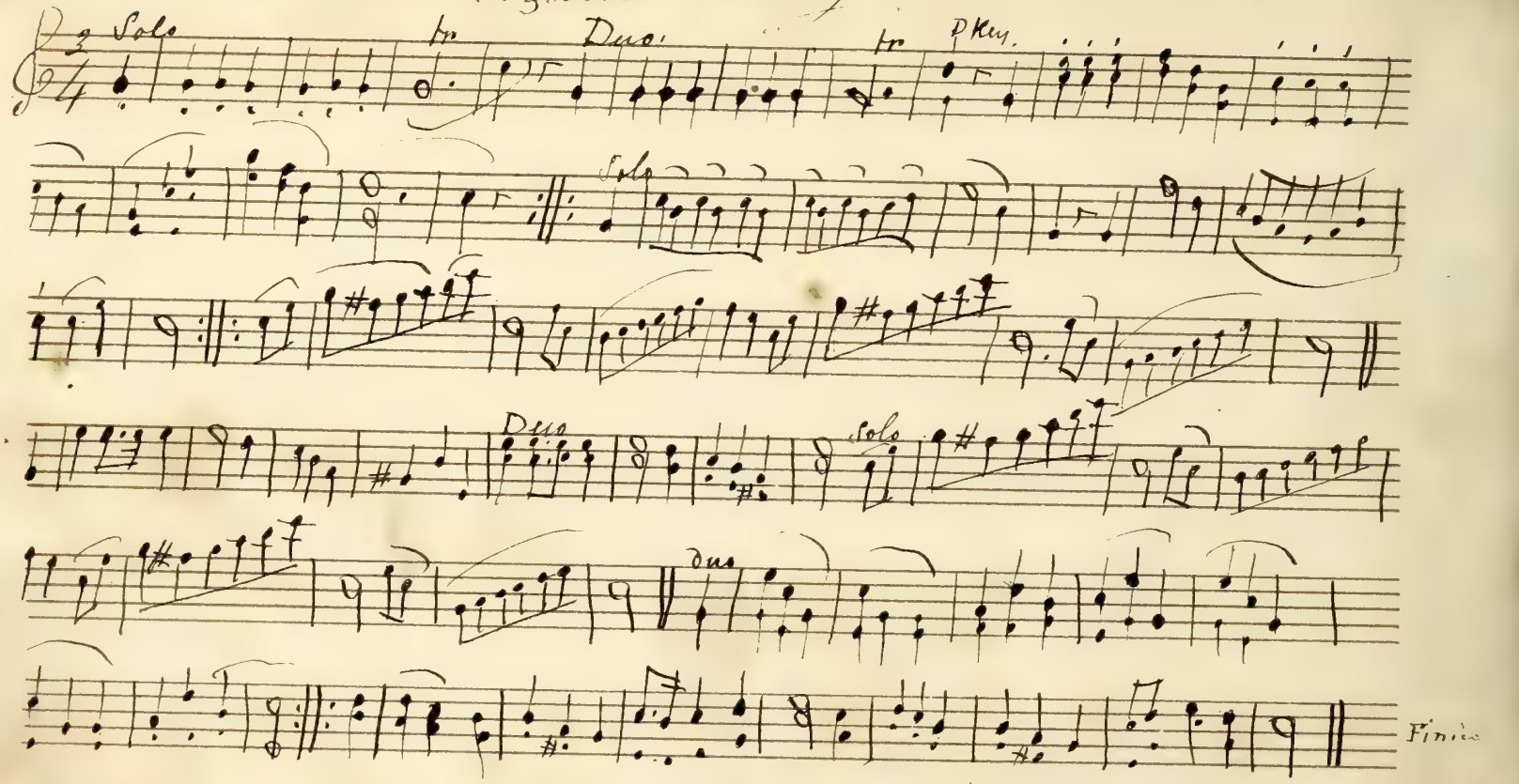
Kelvin Grove

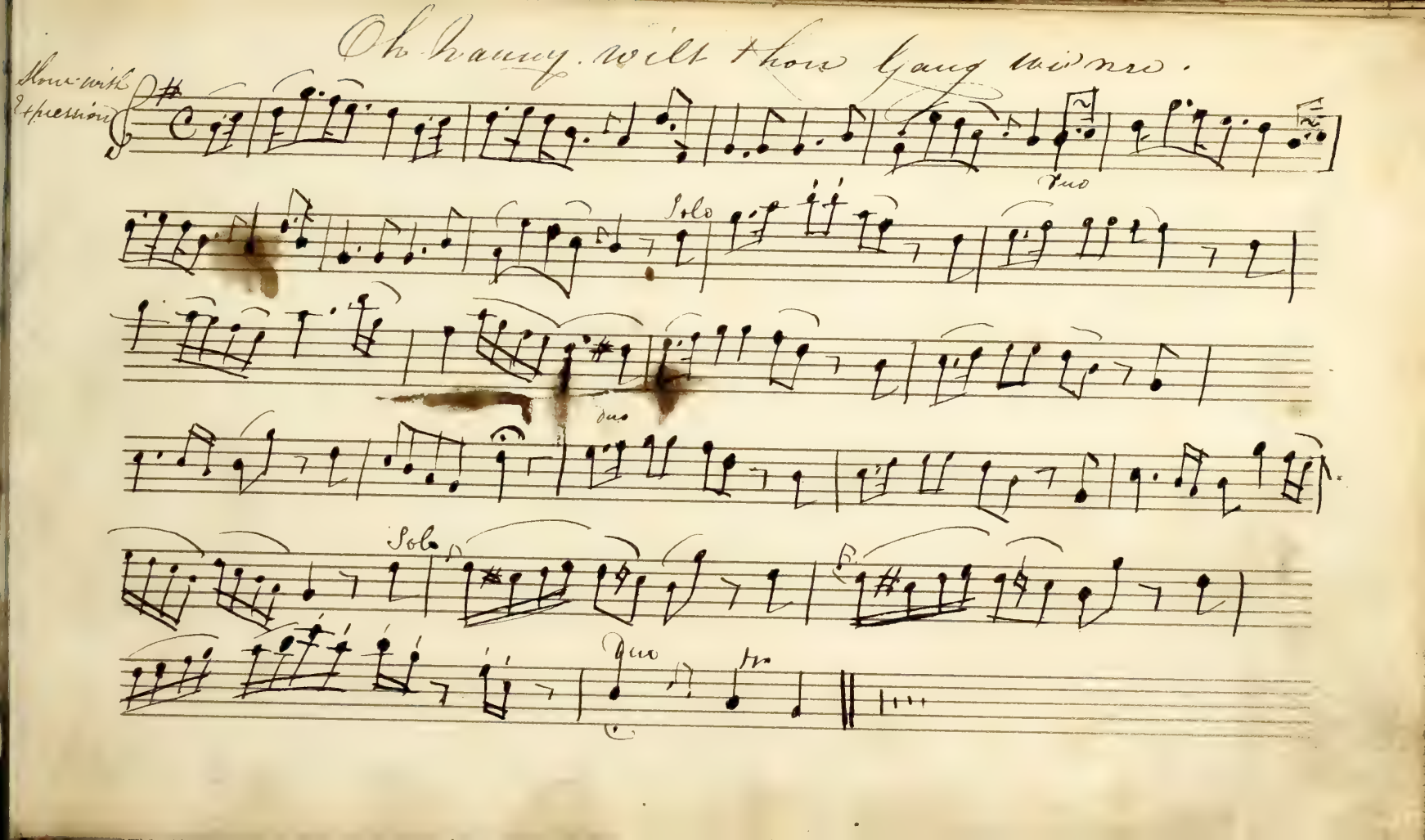


I Would that I were a Voiceless Sigh —



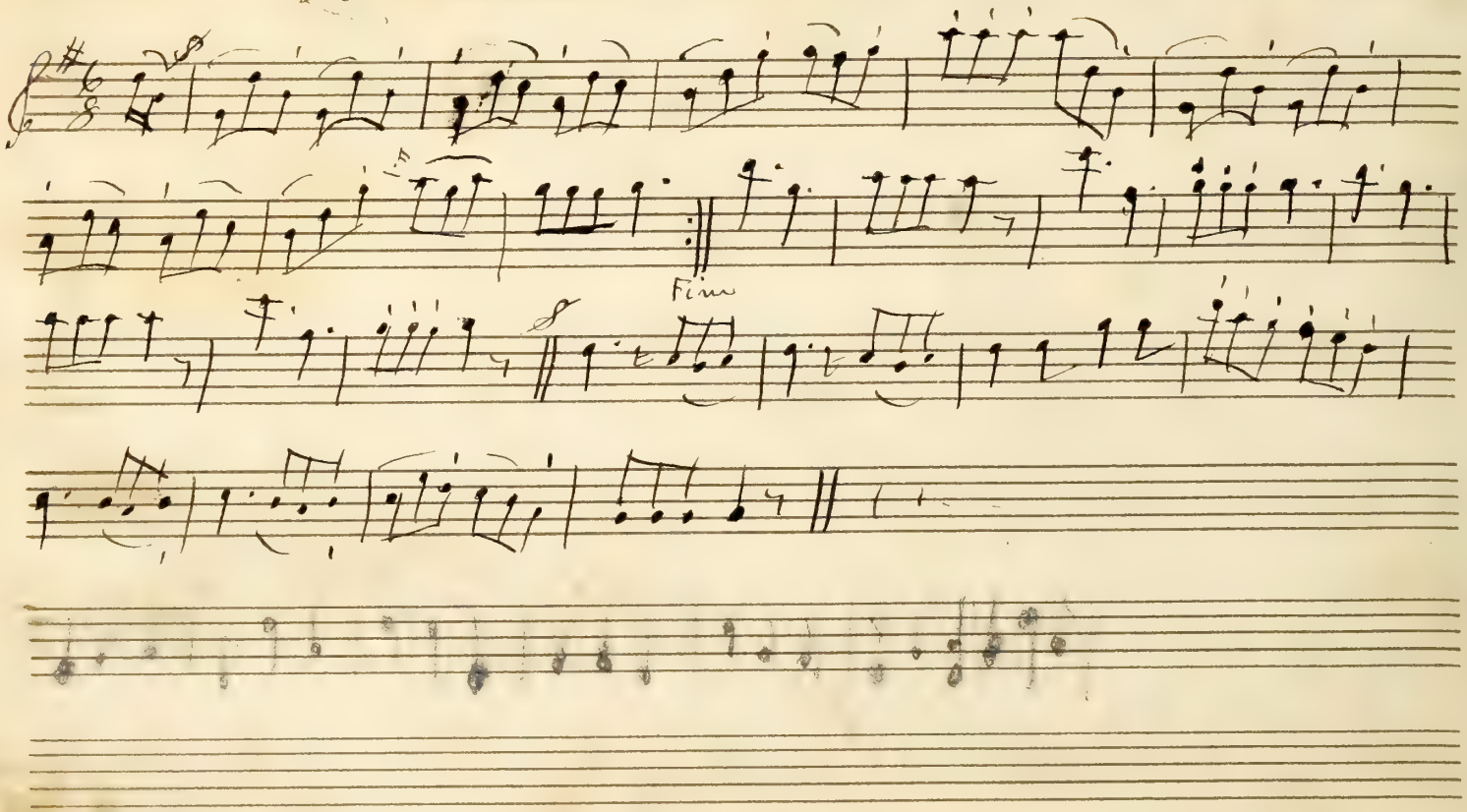
Mozarts Waltz

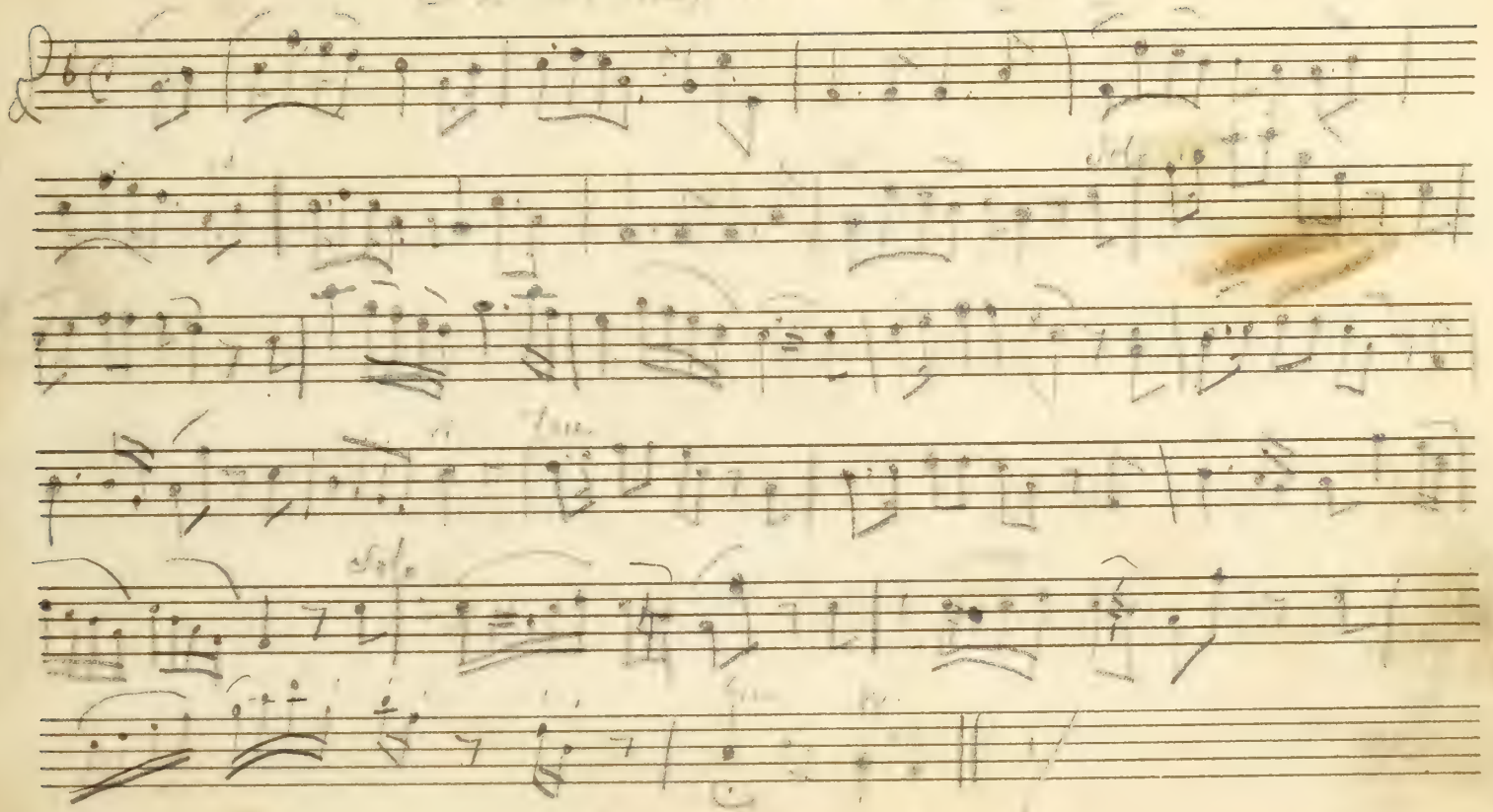


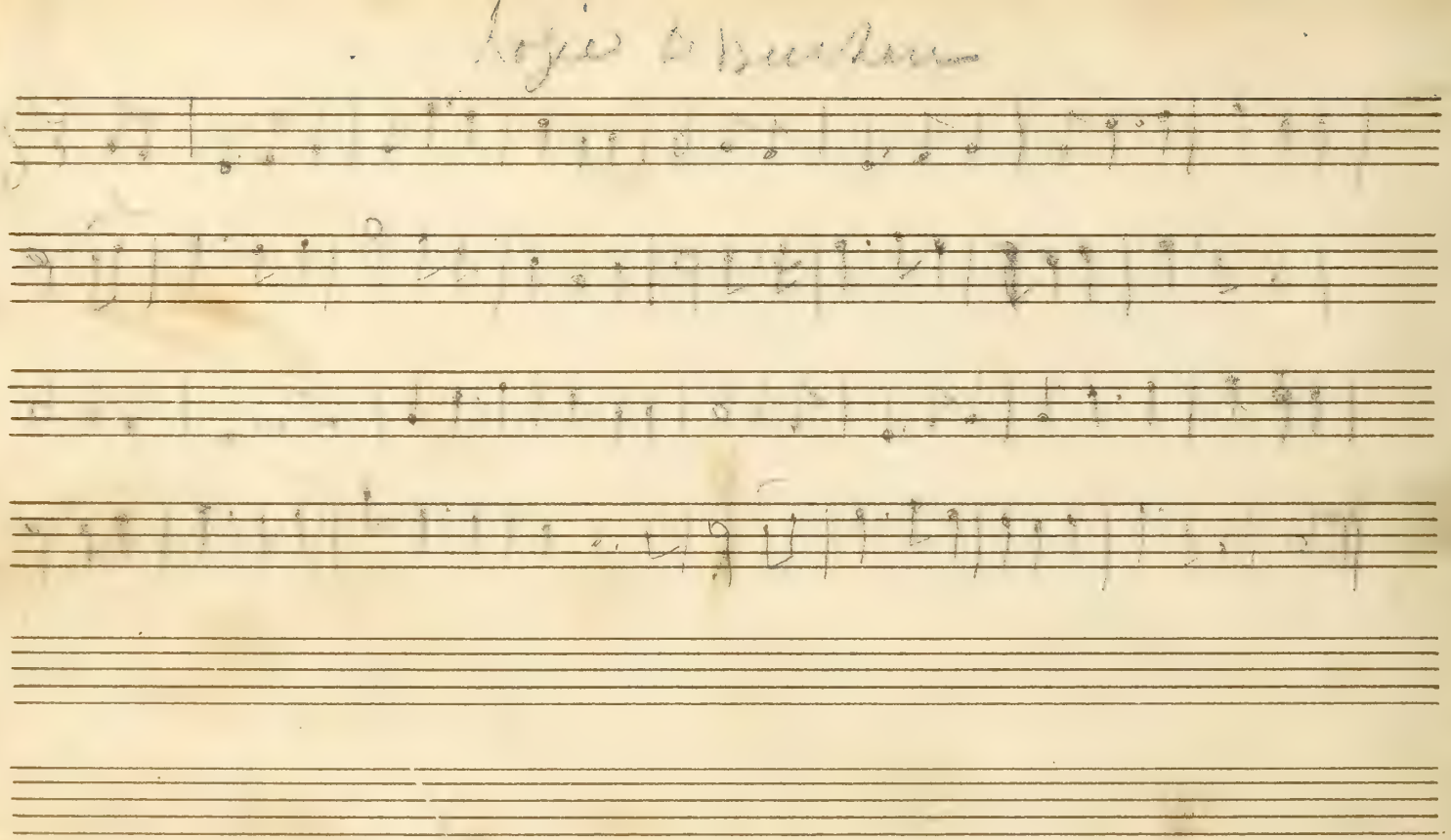

Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me.
Slow with Expression
Solo
Duo
Solo
Duo
Tr

Le Nouvelle Fantasie

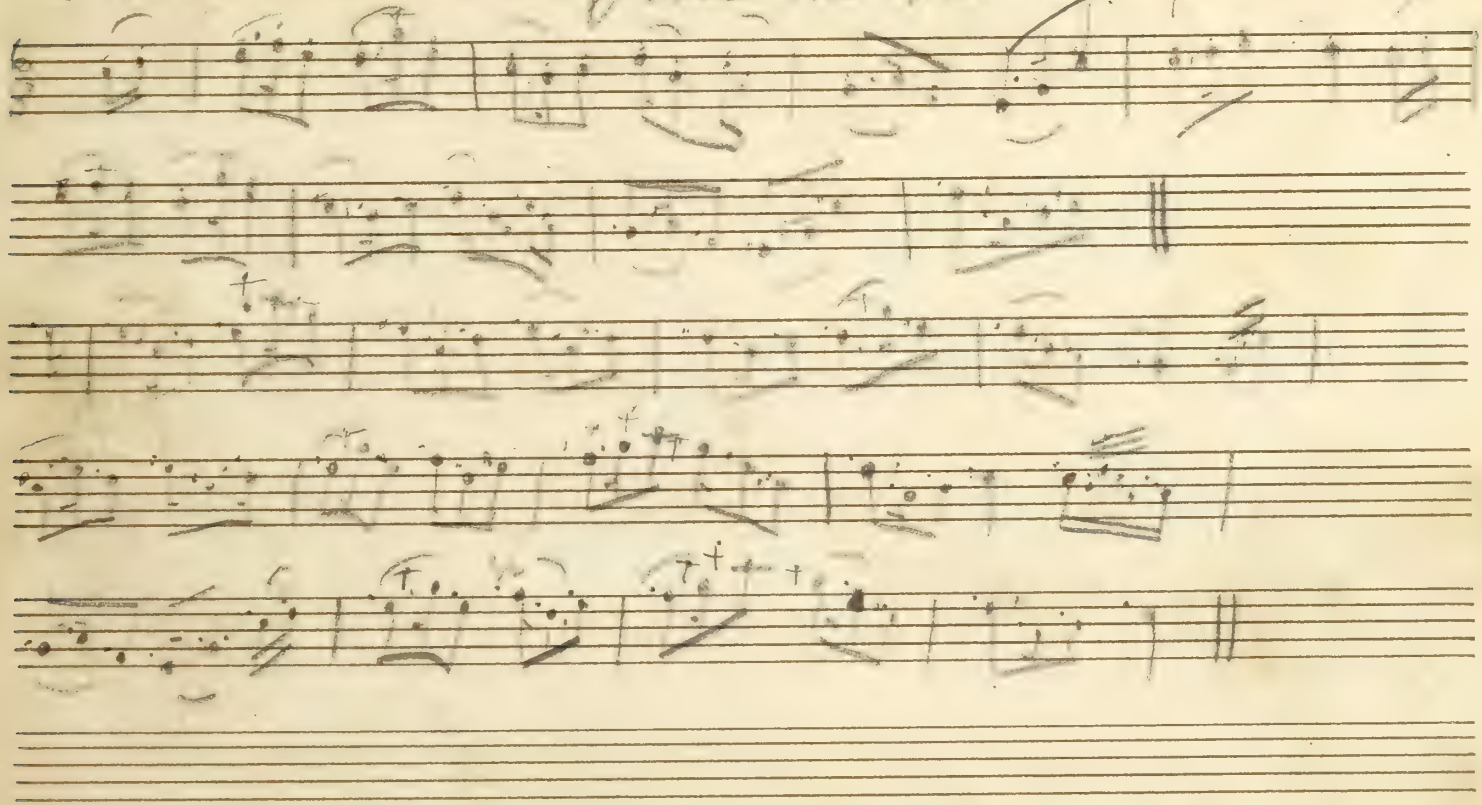
Quadrille

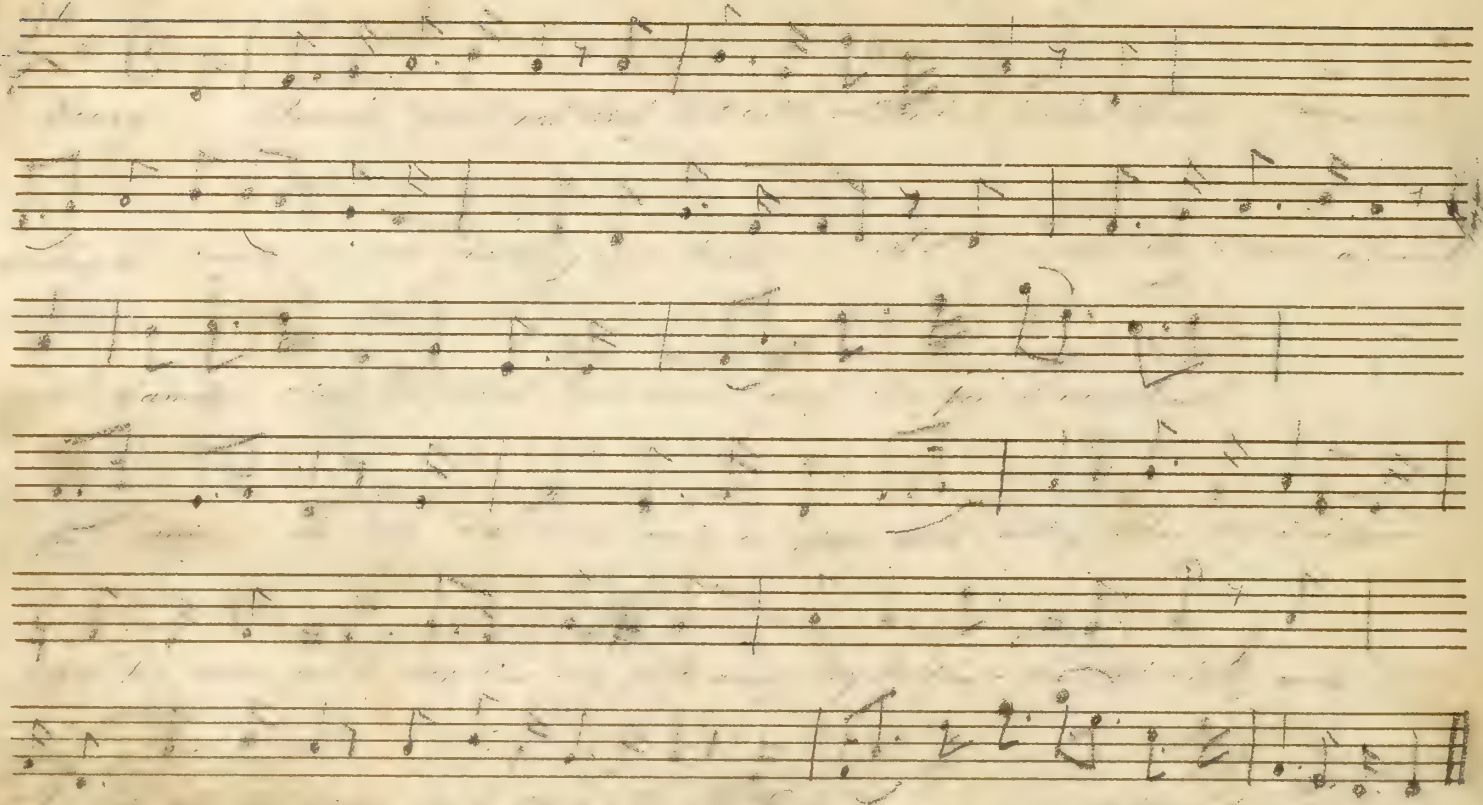


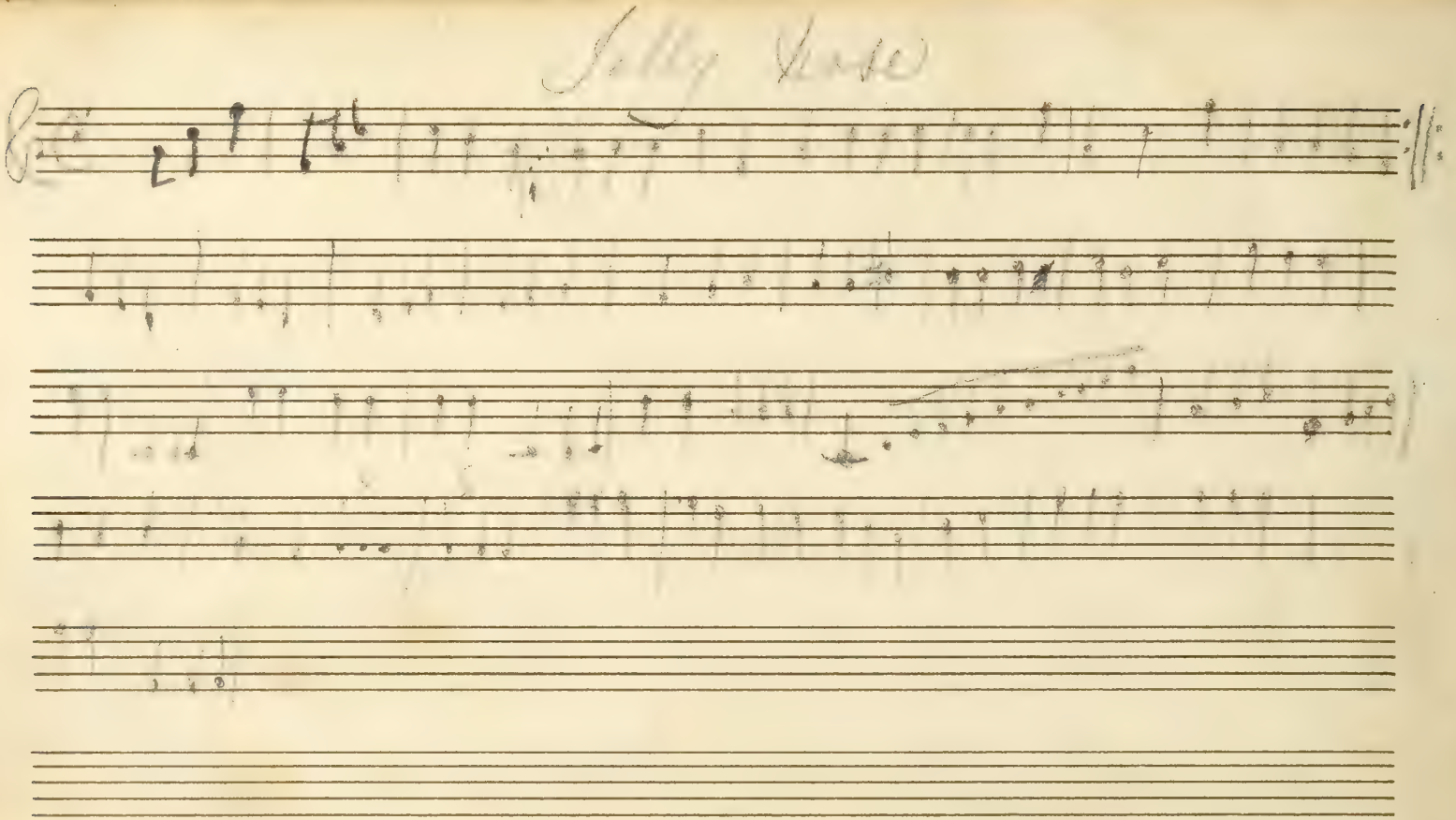




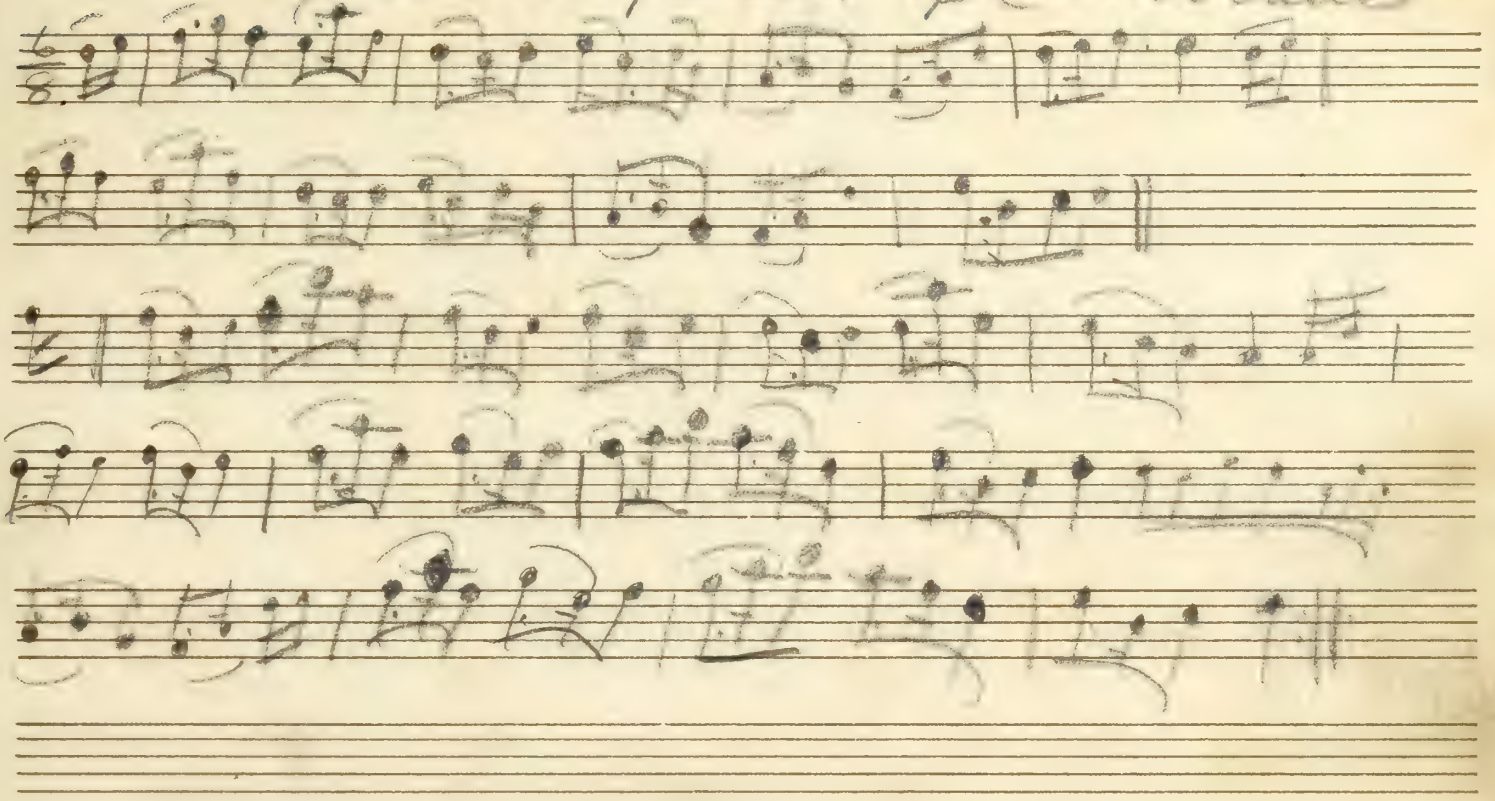
Jesse the Flow [illegible] of the [illegible]

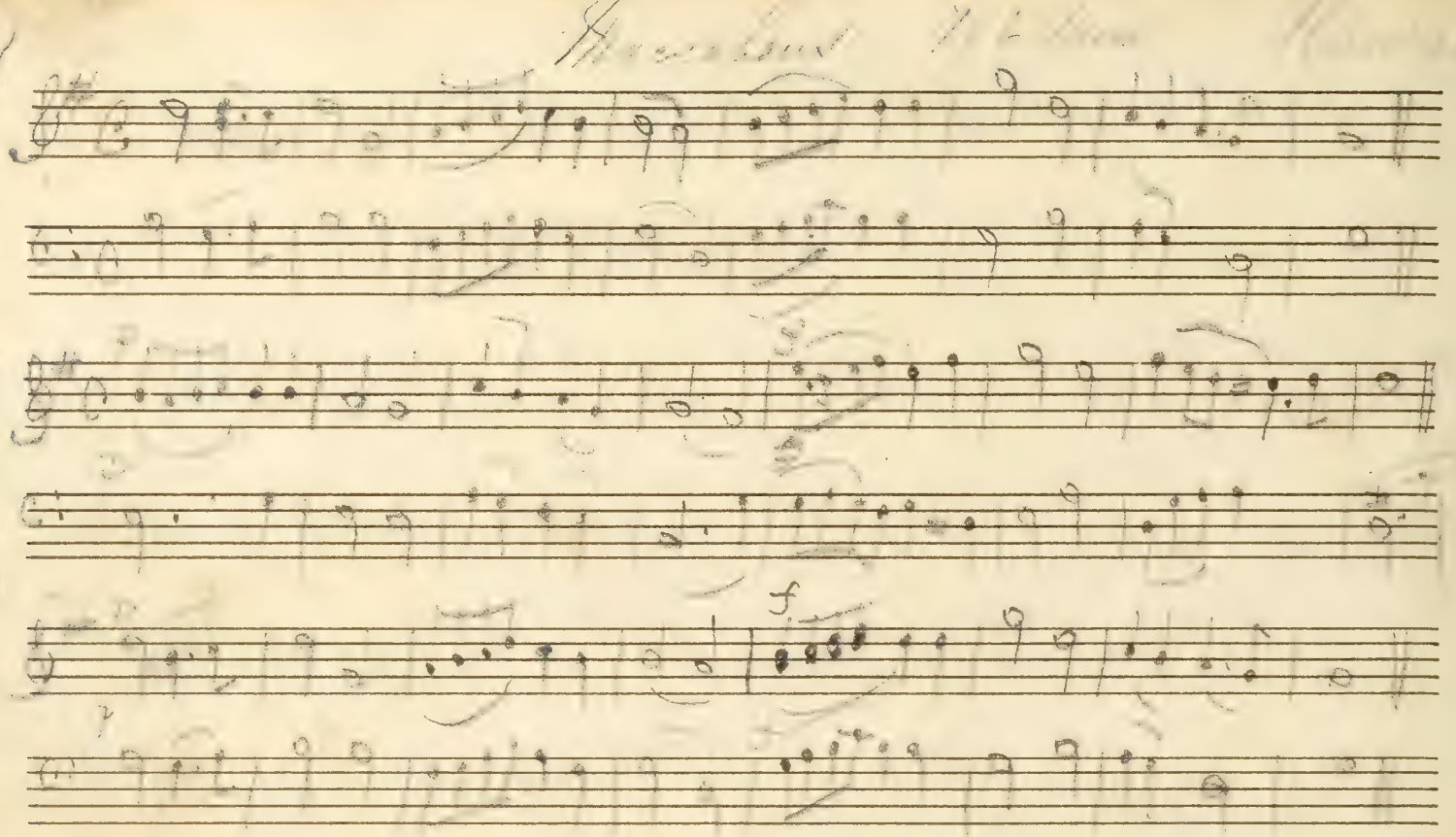






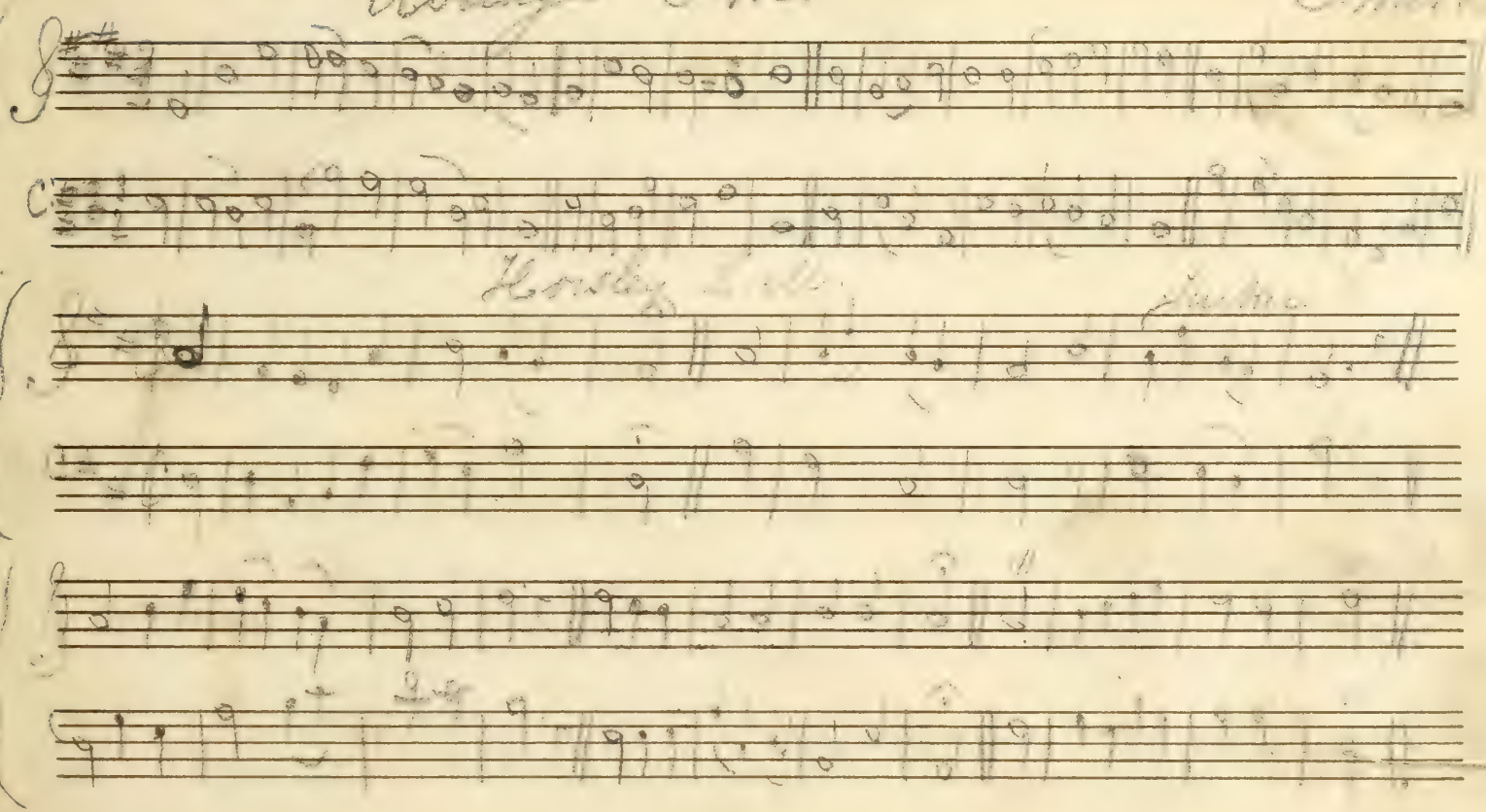
Jesse the flower of Dumblane

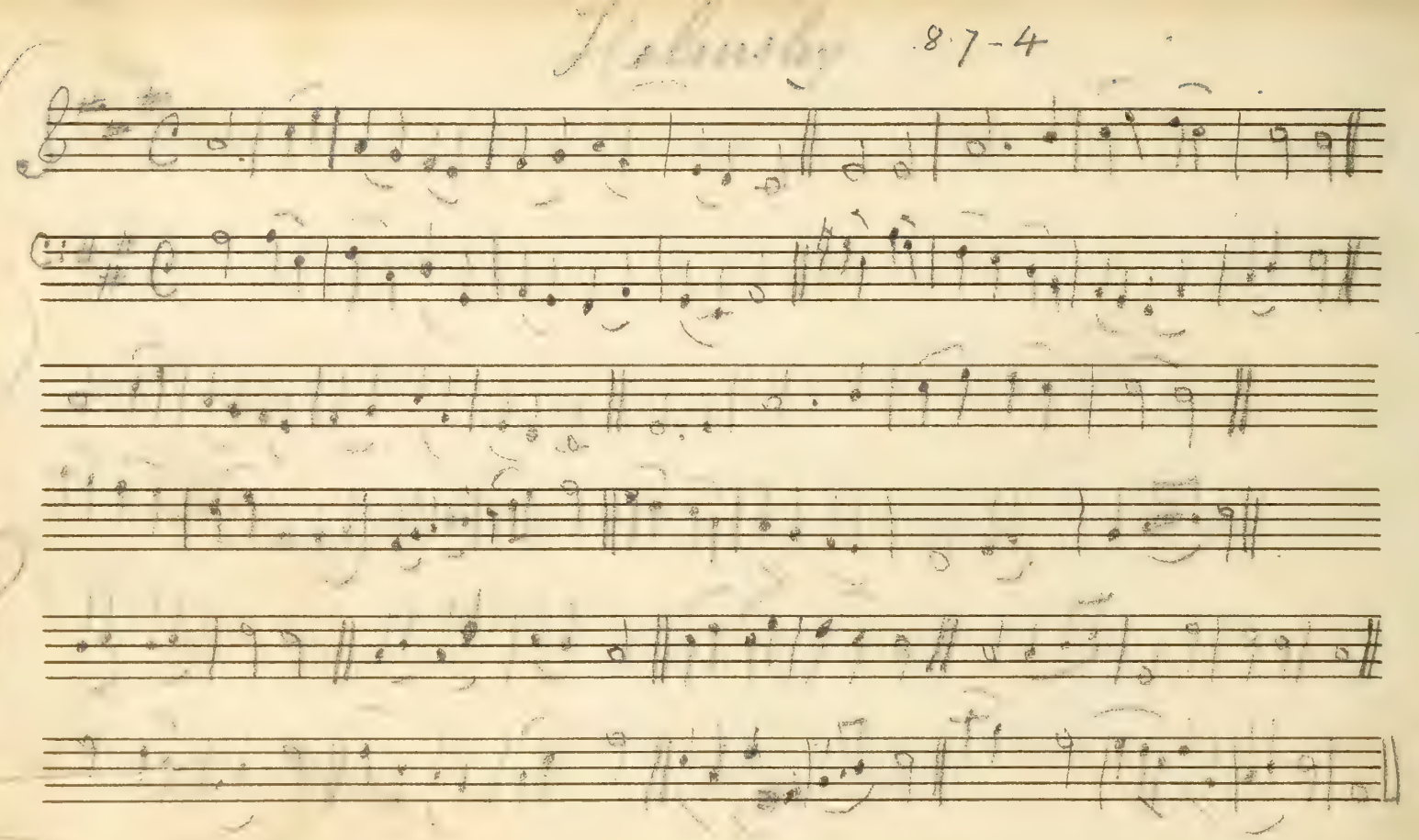


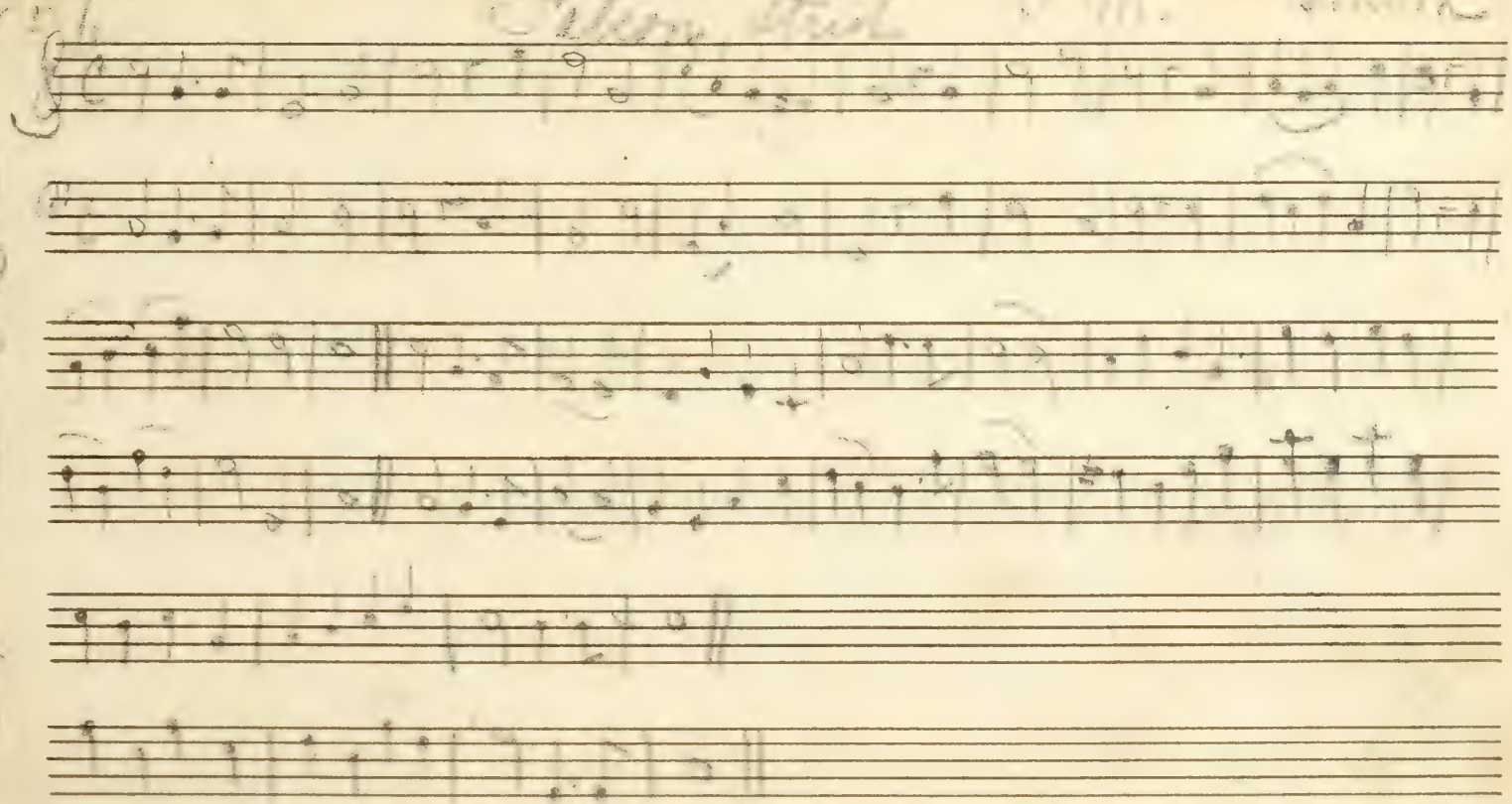

f

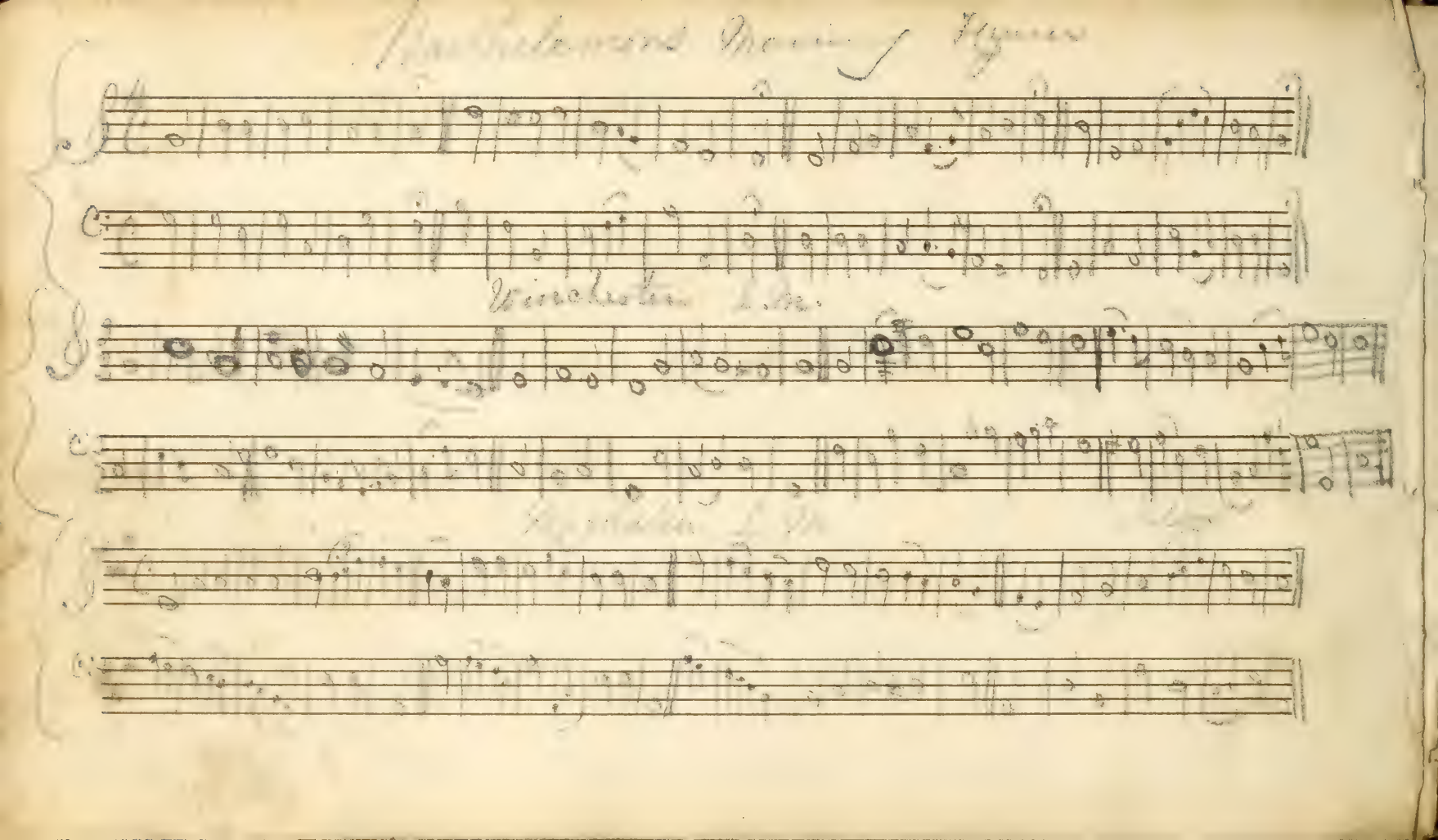
Abridge C M.

Smith

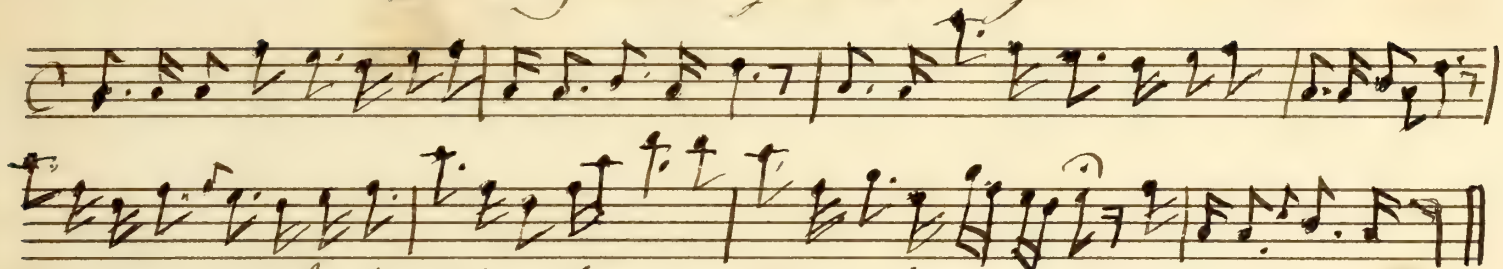




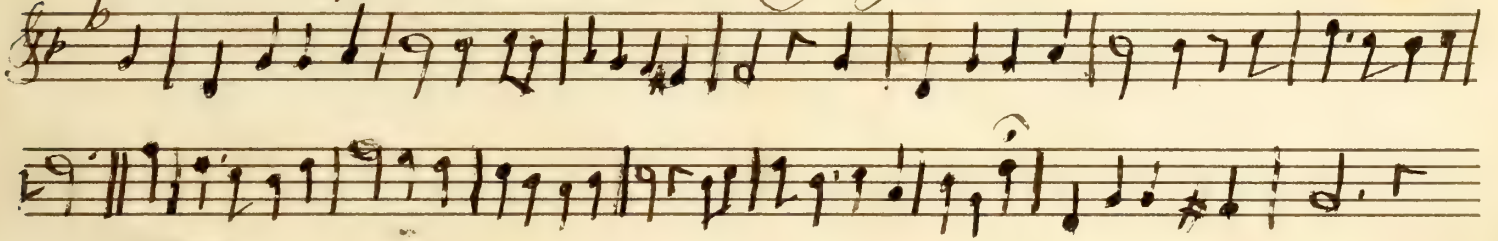


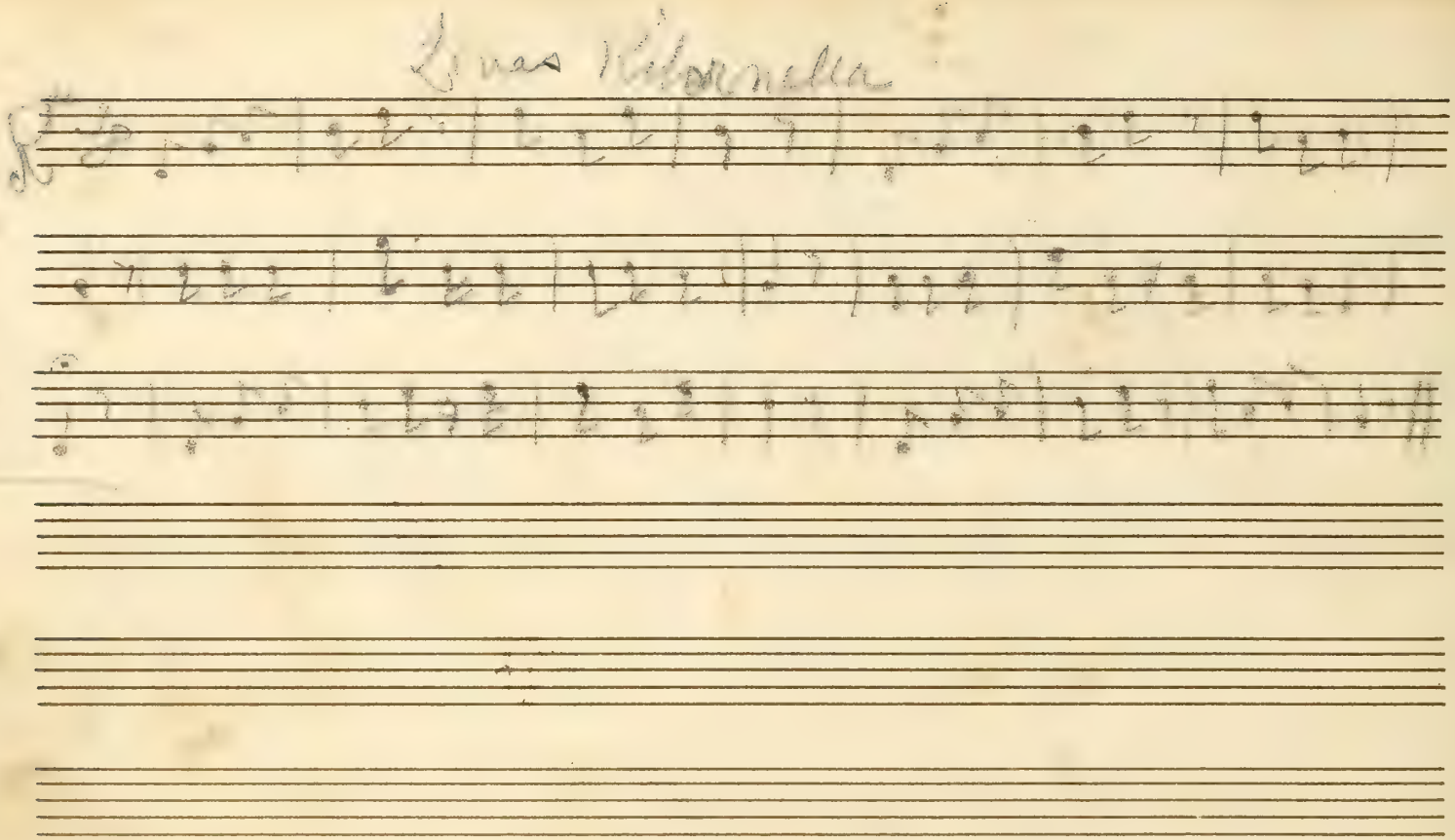


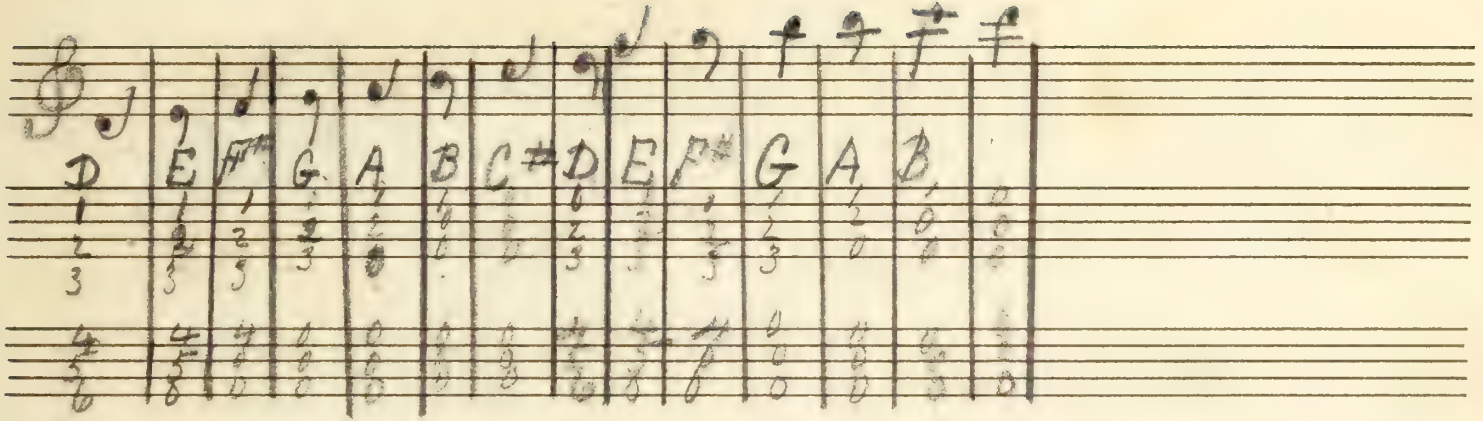
Coming through the Rye –



John Anderson my Jo






D
E
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D
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F#
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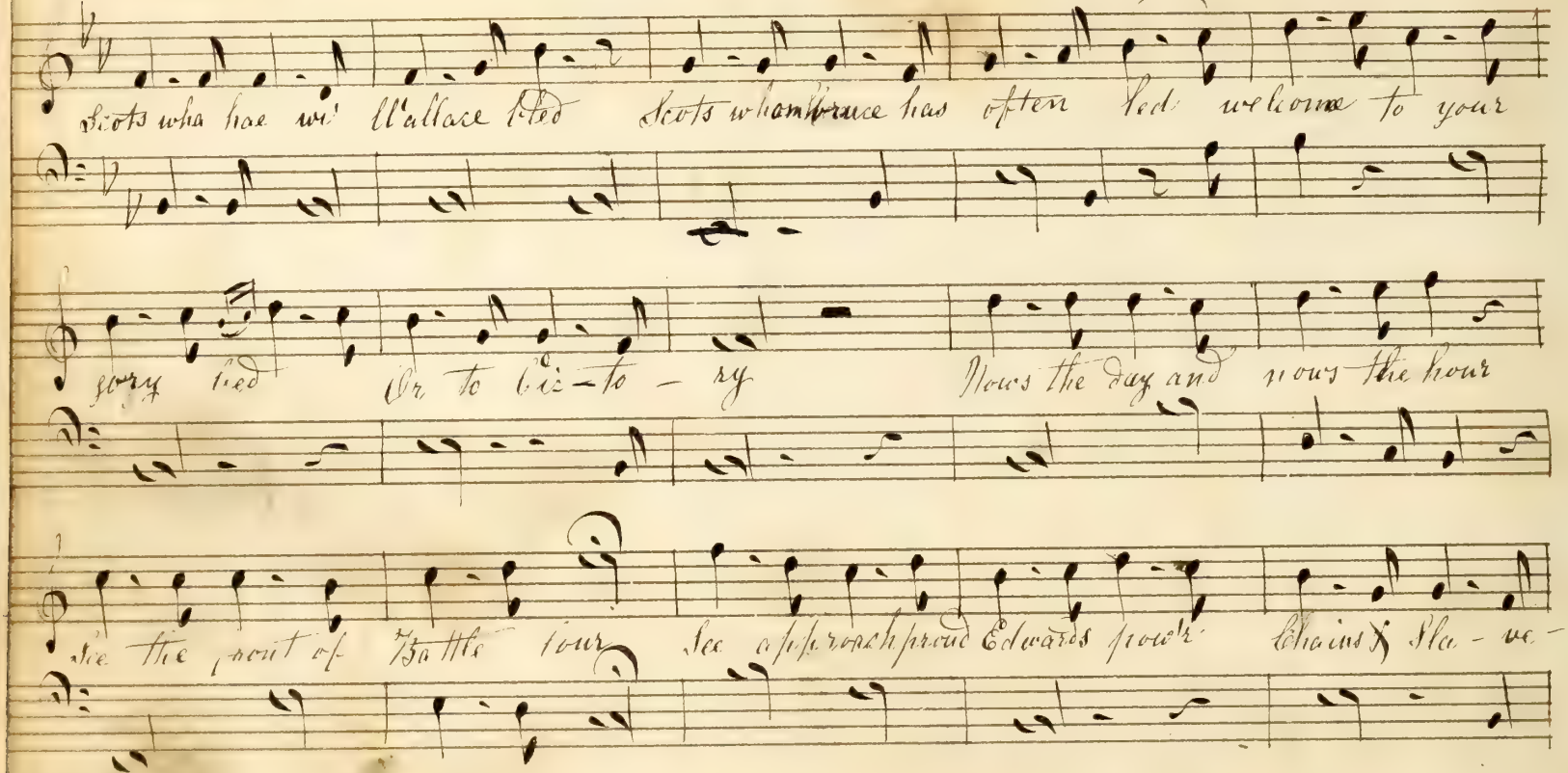
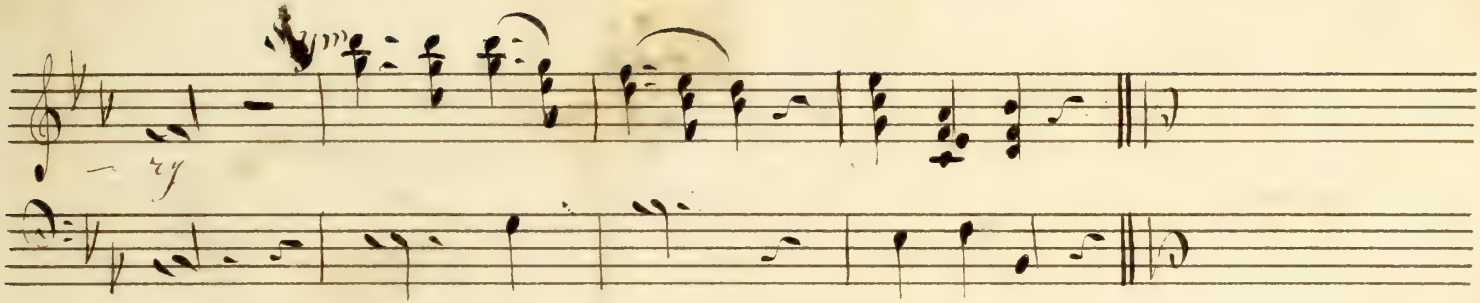
Maestoso

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled



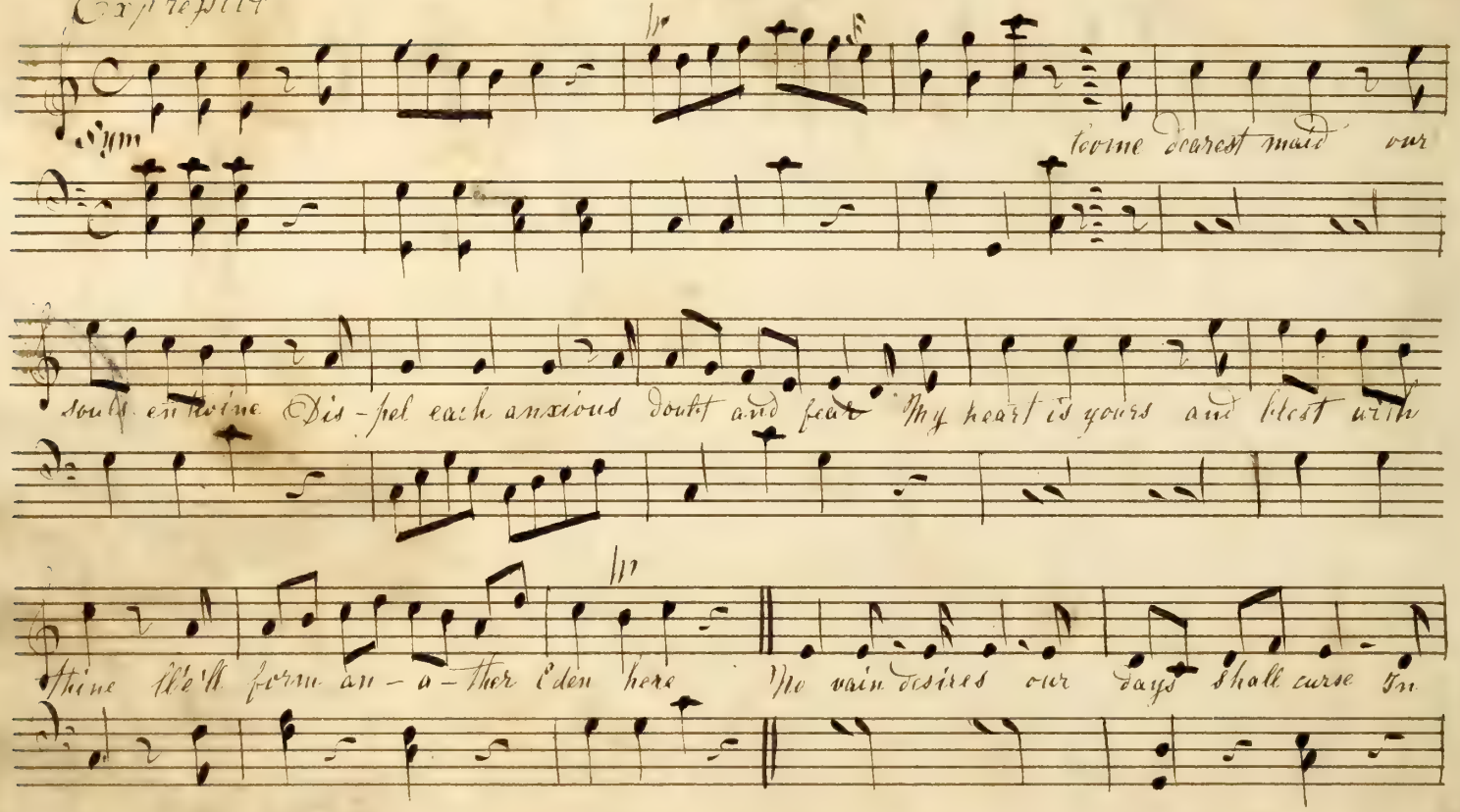


Wha would be a traitor knave
Wha would fill a coward's grave
Wha sae base as be a slave
Let him turn & flie
Wha for Scotland's king & law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Free man stand or free man fa
Come and follow me

By oppressions woes and pains
By our sons in servile chains
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free
Lay the proud usurper low
Tyrants fa in every foe
Liberty in every blow
Let us do or die

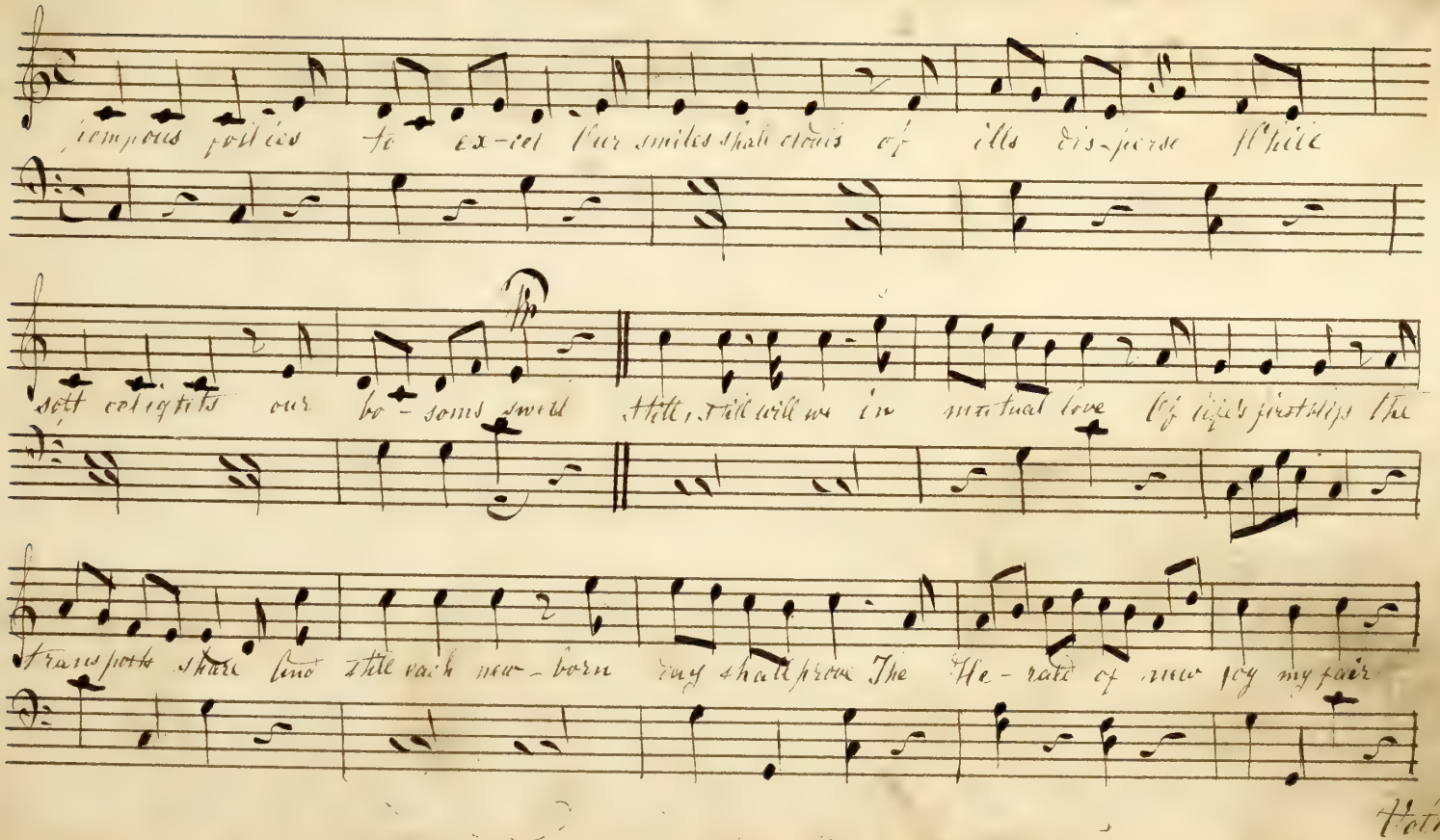
Come dearest maid

Expressive



Sym

Come dearest maid our souls entwine Dis-pel each anxious doubt and fear My heart is yours and blest with thine We'll form an-a-ther Eden here No vain desires our days shall curse In

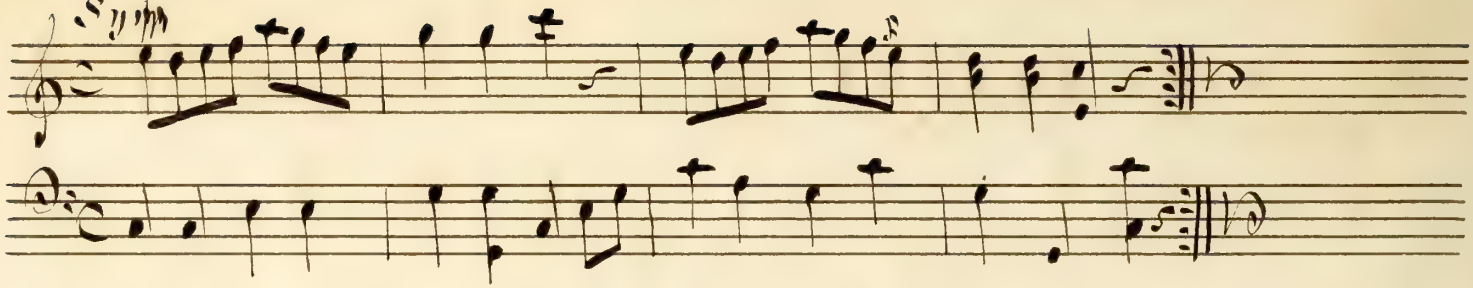


pompous follies to ex-cel Our smiles shall clouds of ills dis-perse While

soft delights our bo-soms swell Still, still will we in mutual love Of life's first ships the

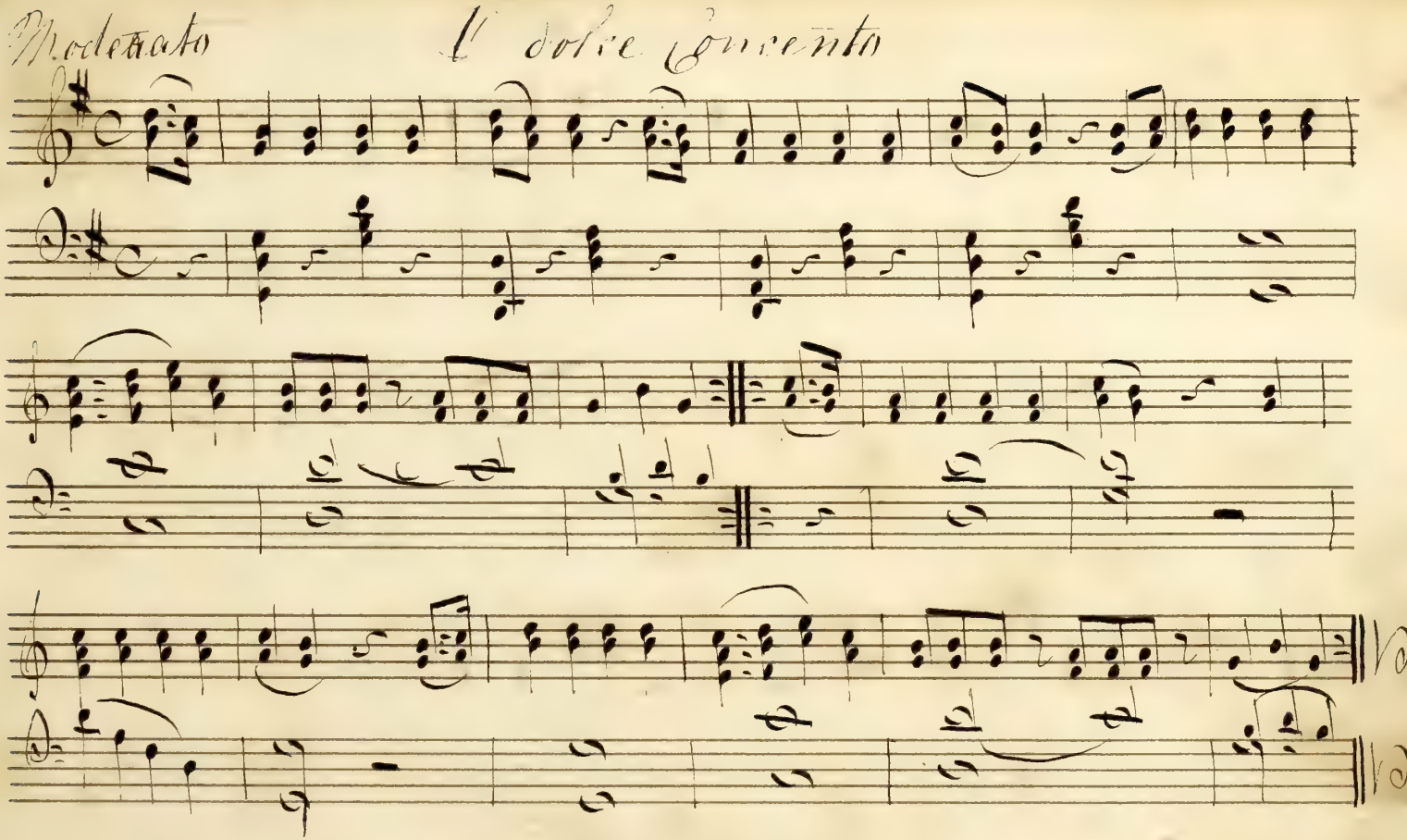
transports share And still each new-born day shall prove The He-rald of new joy my fair

Volti



2nd ver

And when long years have o'er us roll'd
And torn each youthful grace away
And, telling honest truth, have told
That I am wrinkled, thou art grey
That we must no more hope to share
The transports granted to life's spring
But bend our minds to meet and bear
The ills which years will ever bring
Well even then shall mutual love
Our closing path with flow'rs strew
For memory age's friend shall prove
And joys of former years renew,


Moderato
L' dolce Concento

A Highland lad my love was born

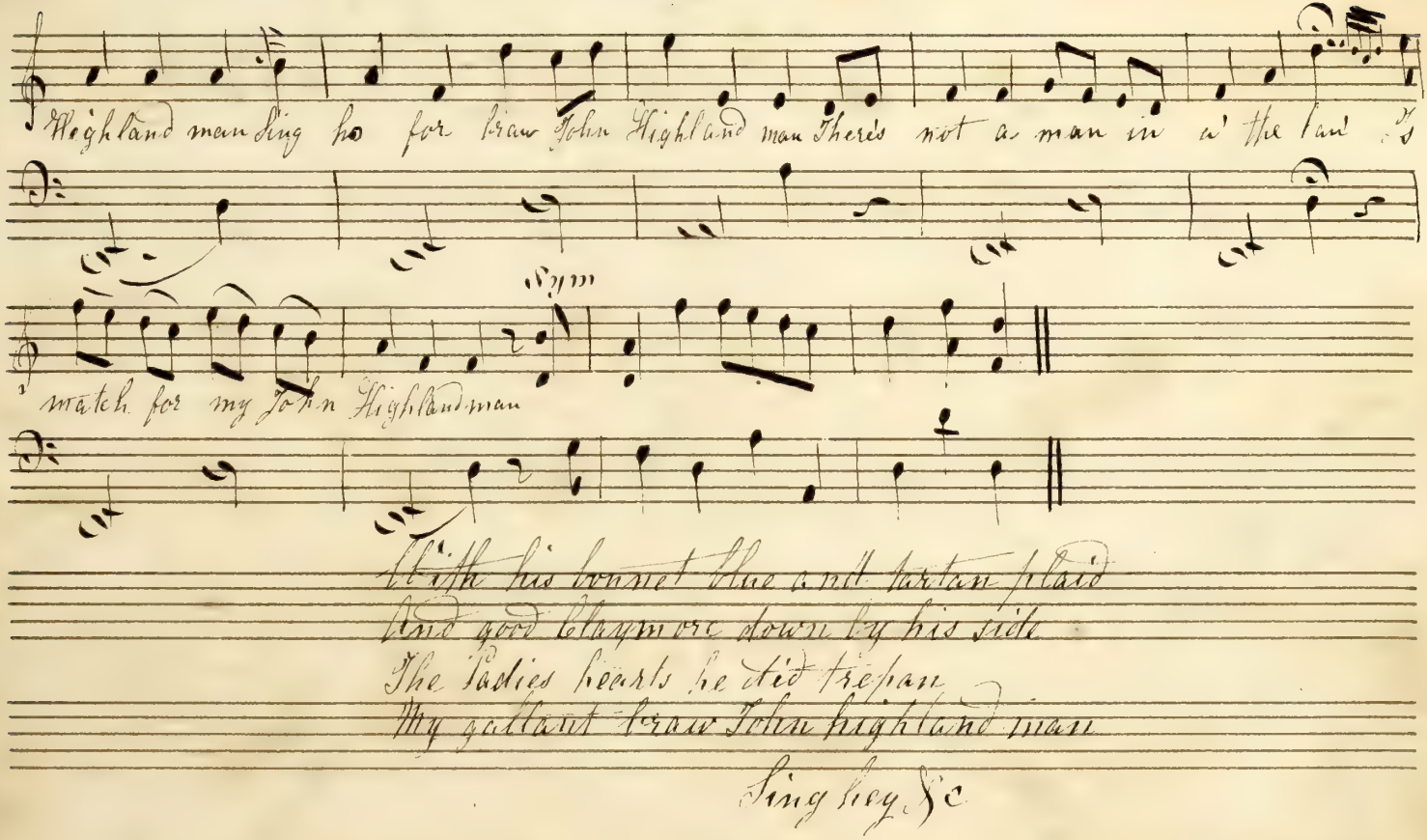
Sym

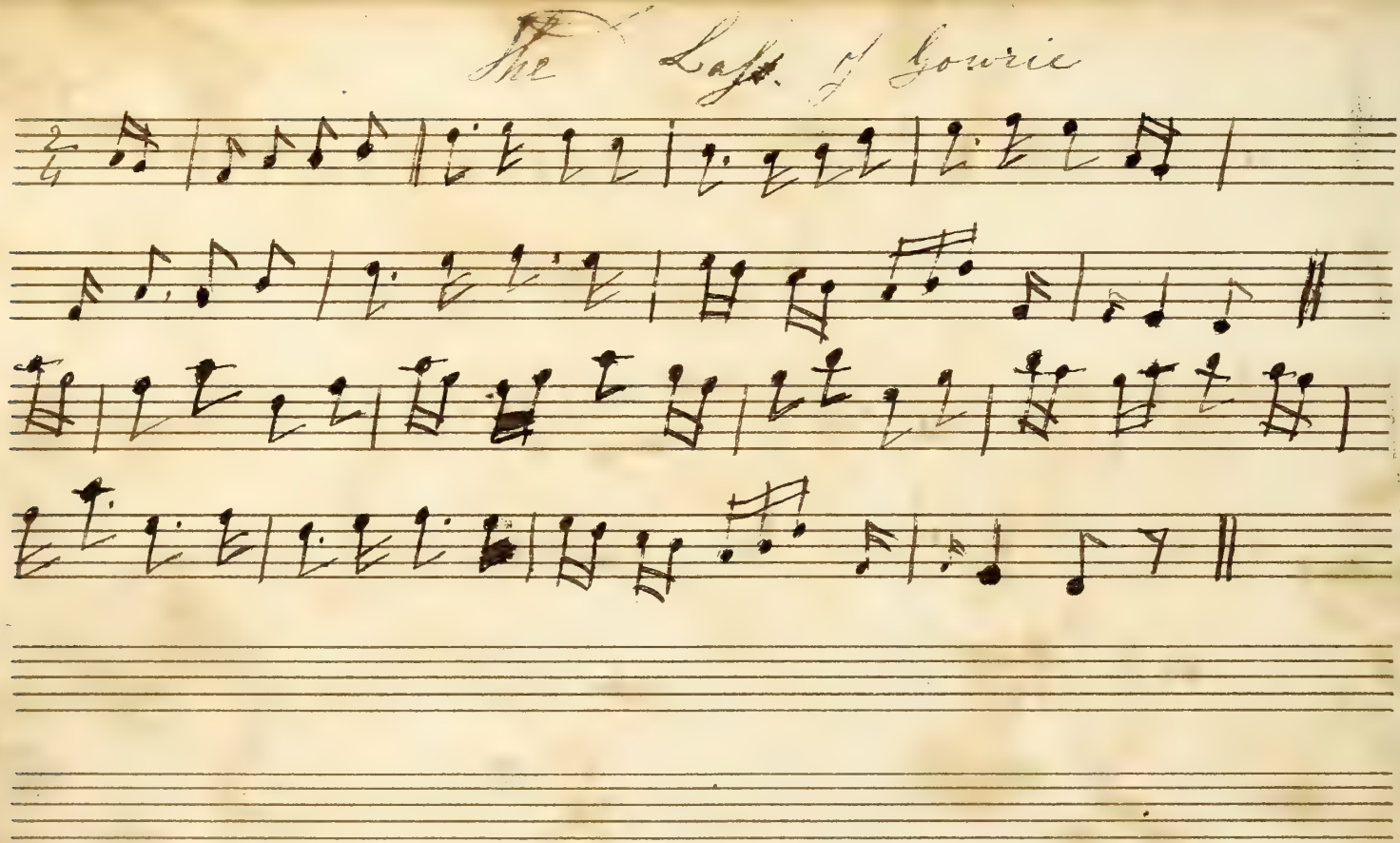
Song

Andante con espressione

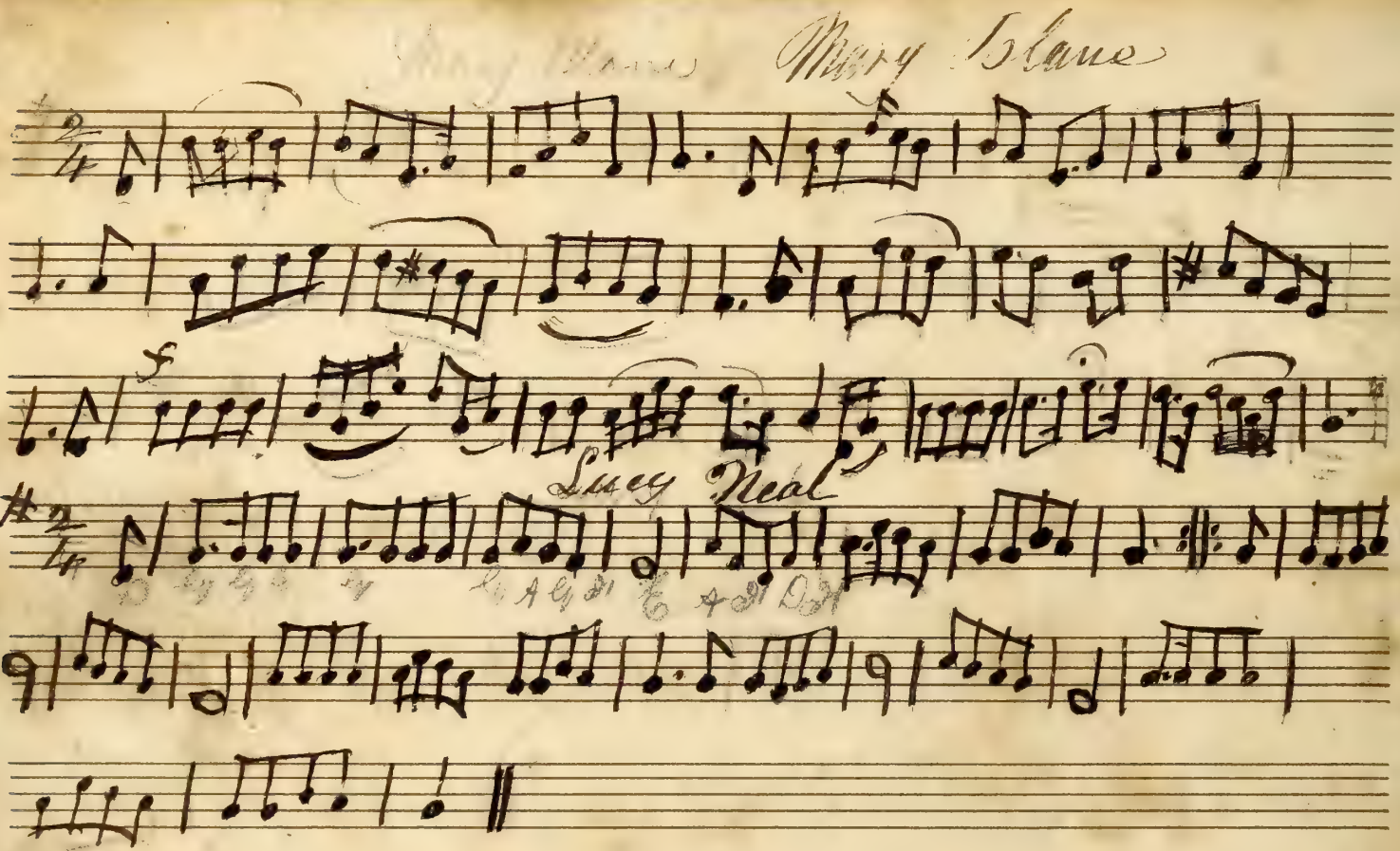
Highland lad my love was born The lowland laws he held in scorn But he still was

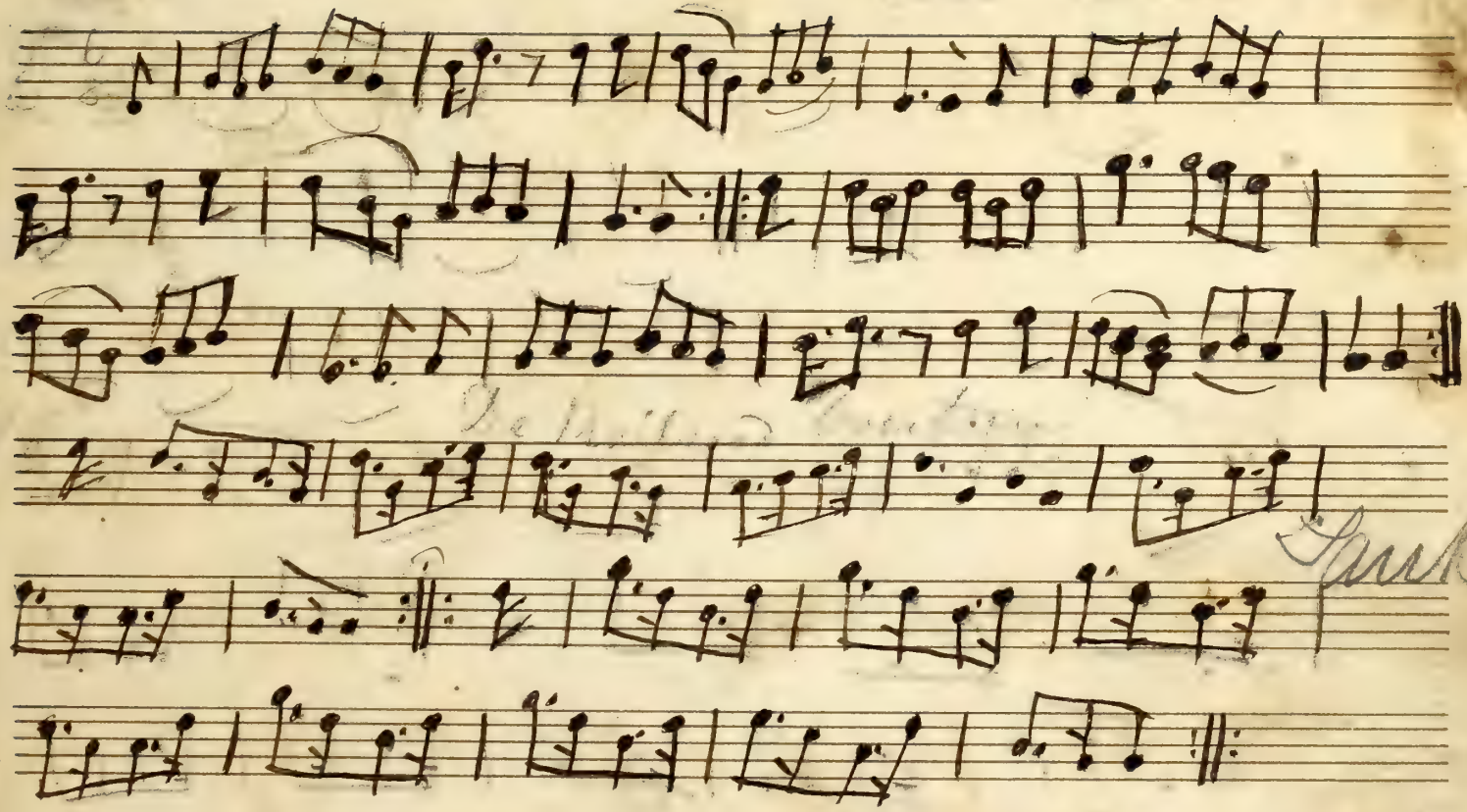
faith-ful to his clan My gallant braw John Highland man Sing hey for braw John

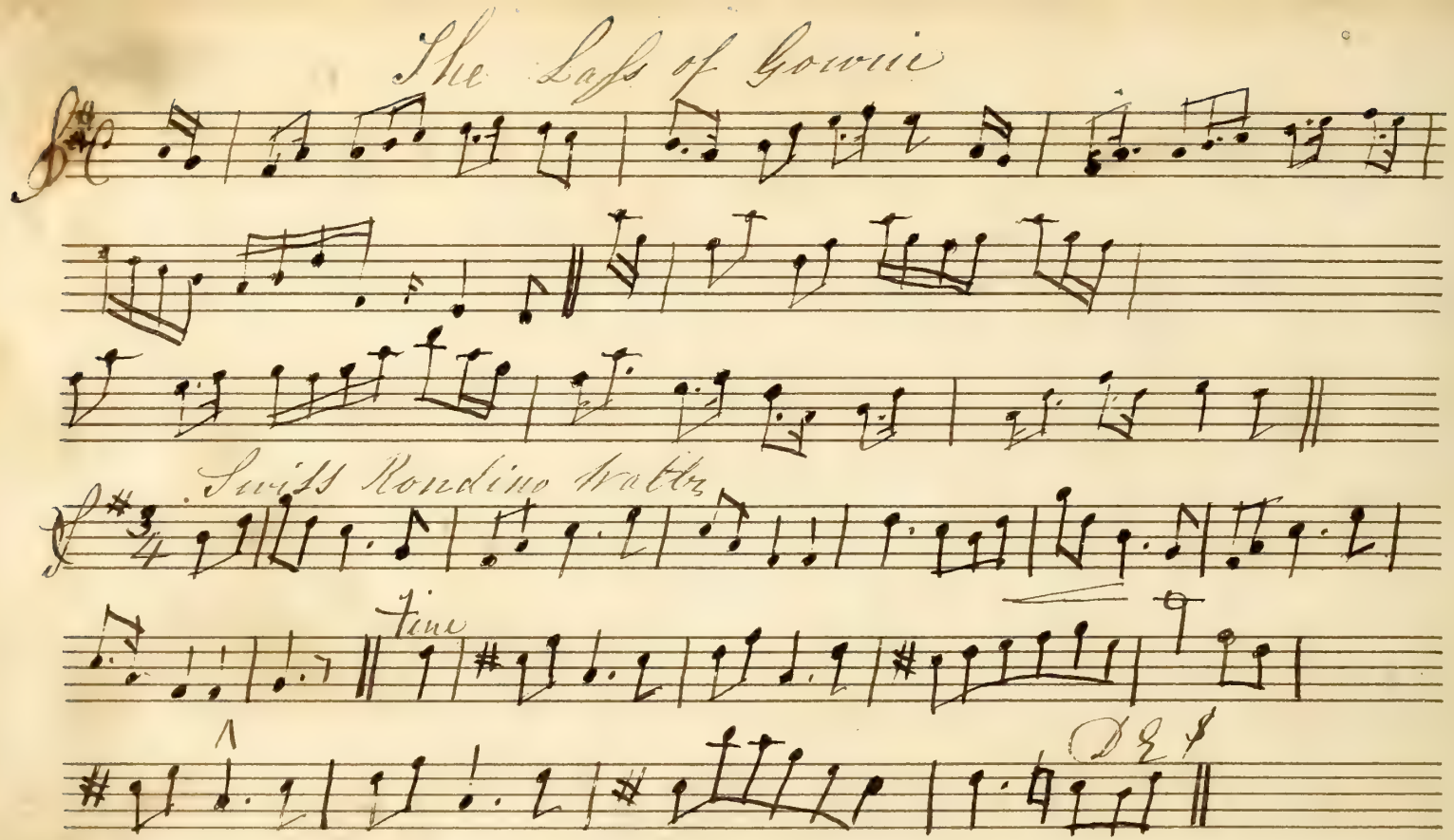

Highland man sing ho for braw John Highland man There's not a man in a' the land
watch for my John Highlandman
With his bonnet blue and tartan plaid
And gud claymore down by his side
The ladies hearts he did trepan
My gallant braw John highland man
Sing hey &c

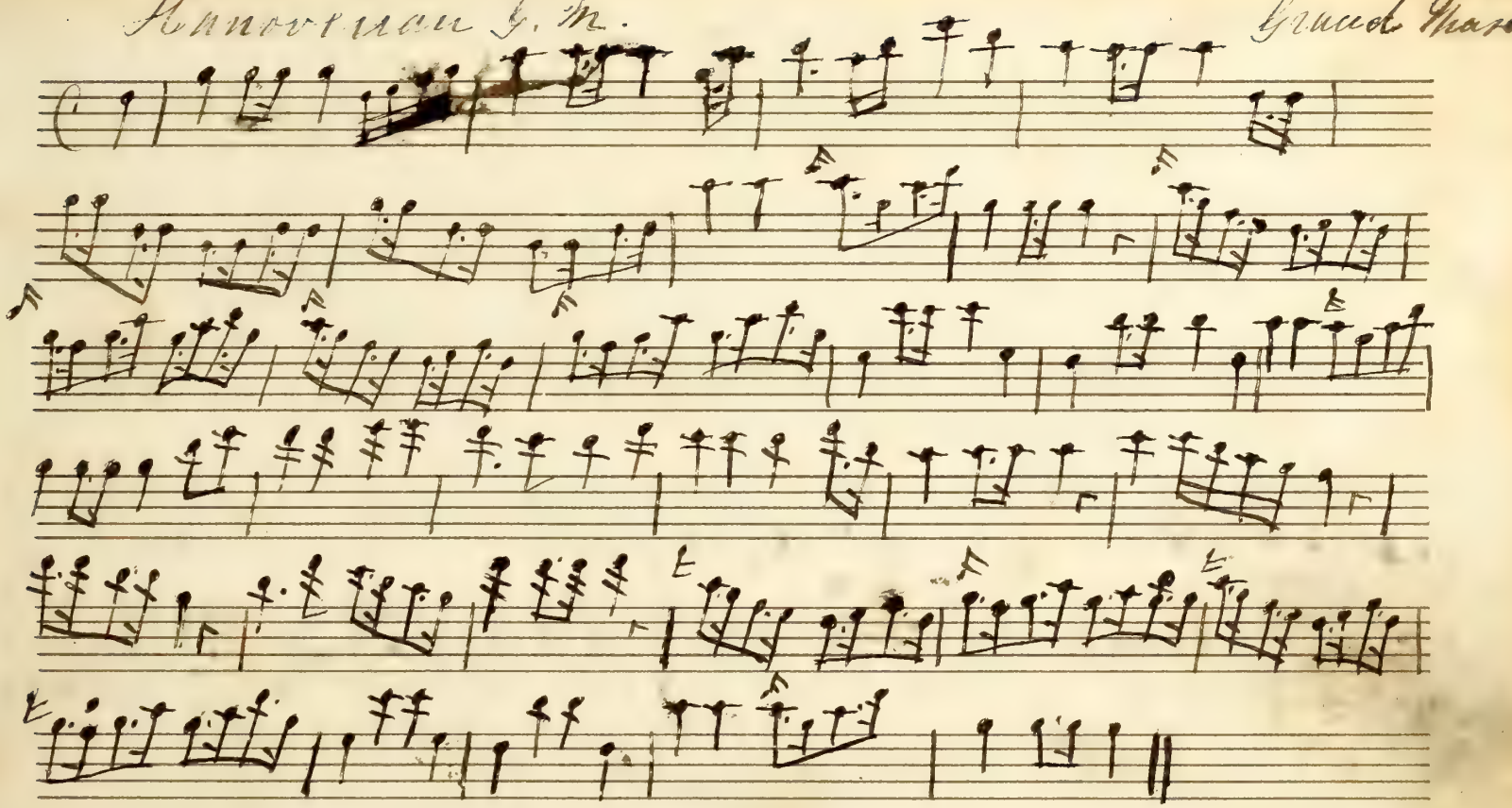

The Lass of Gowrie

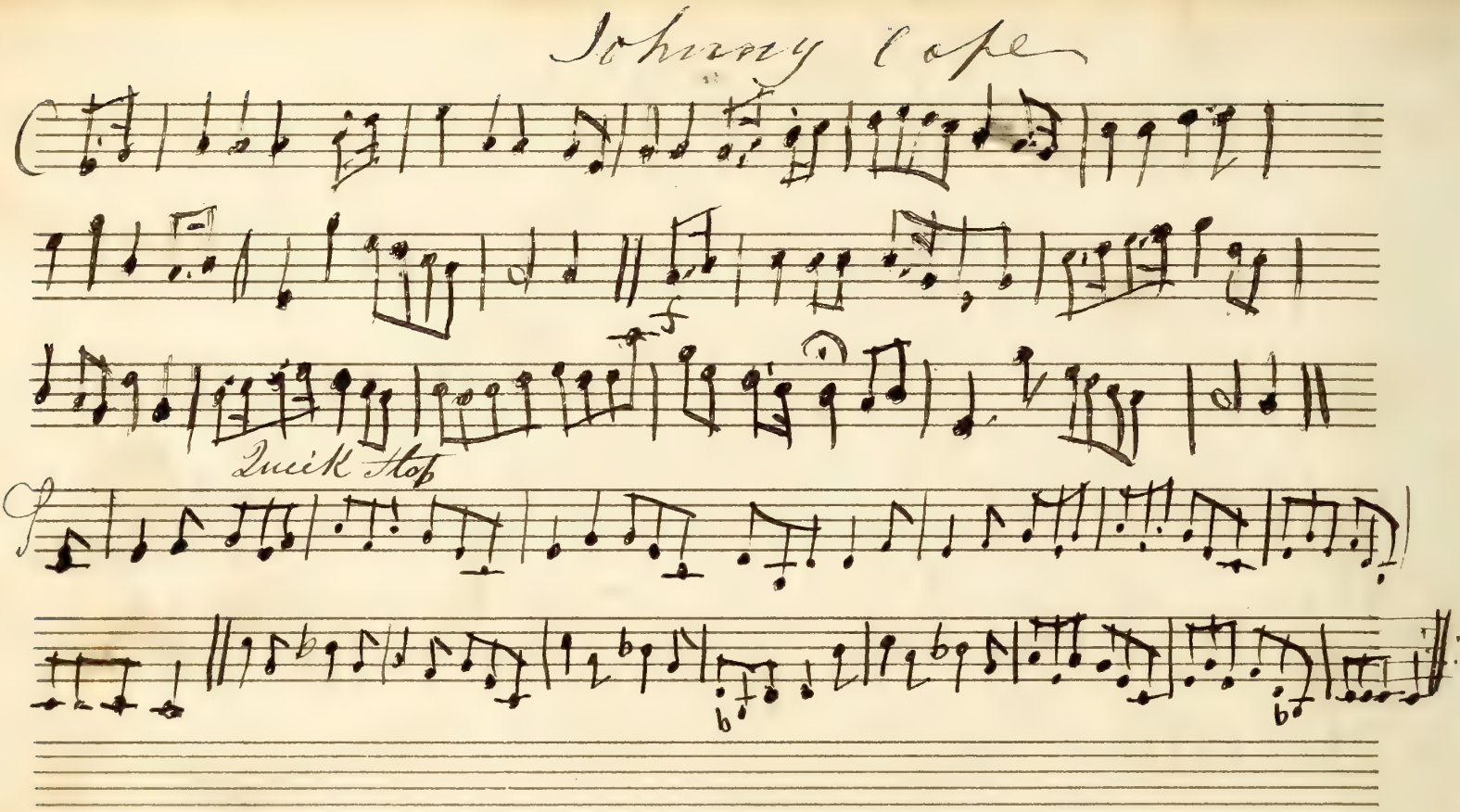
Trombone

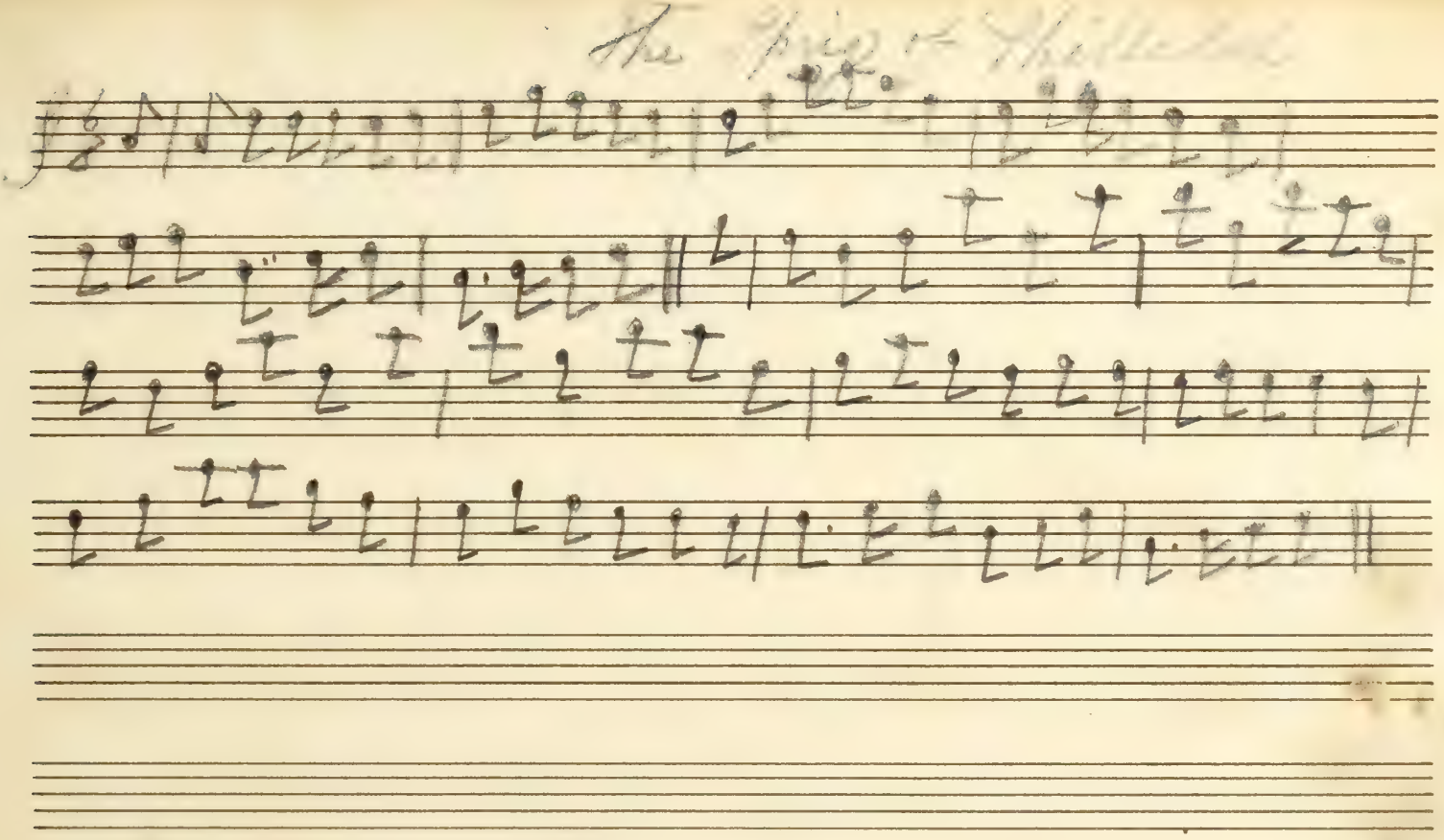

Mary Blane
Lucy Neal

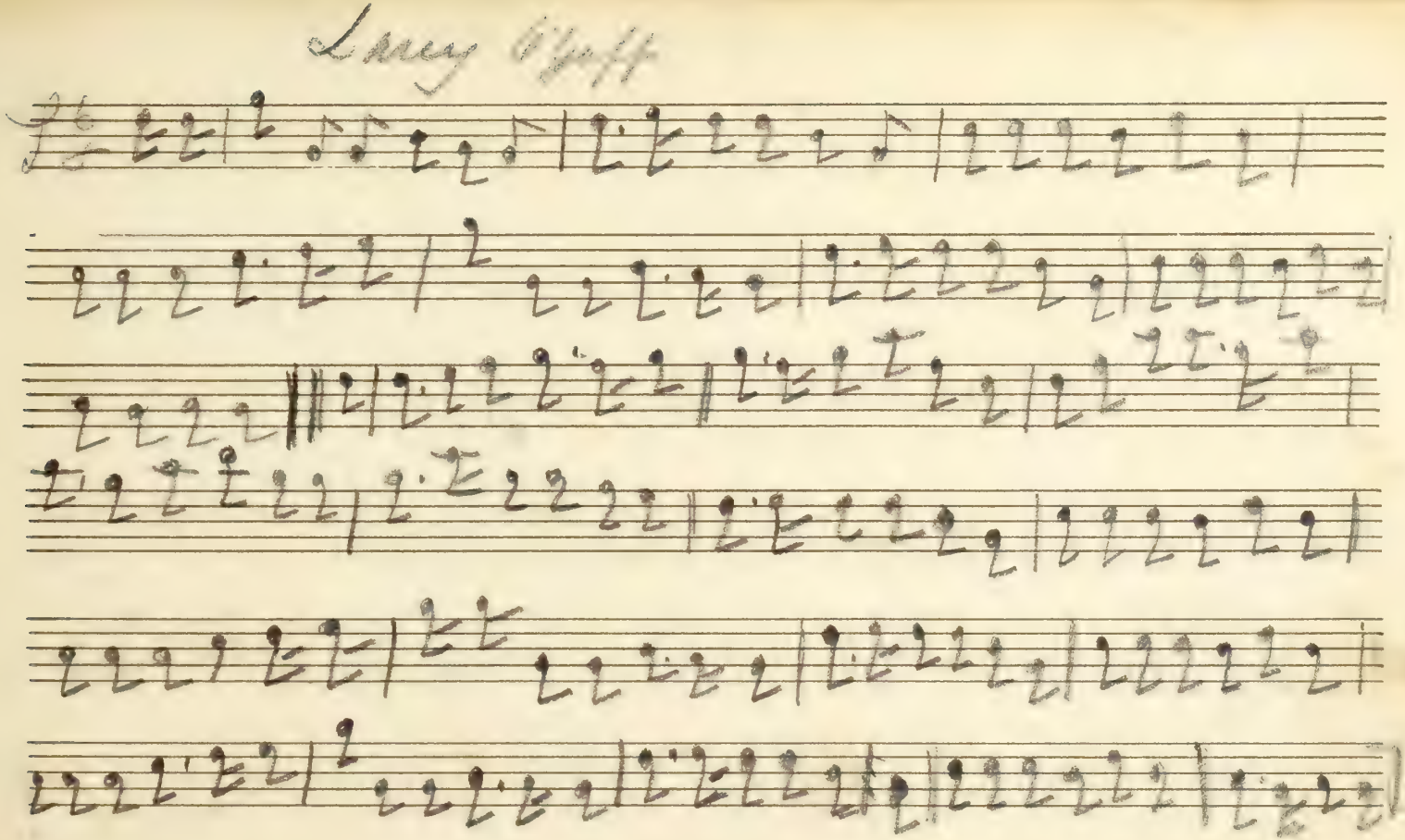


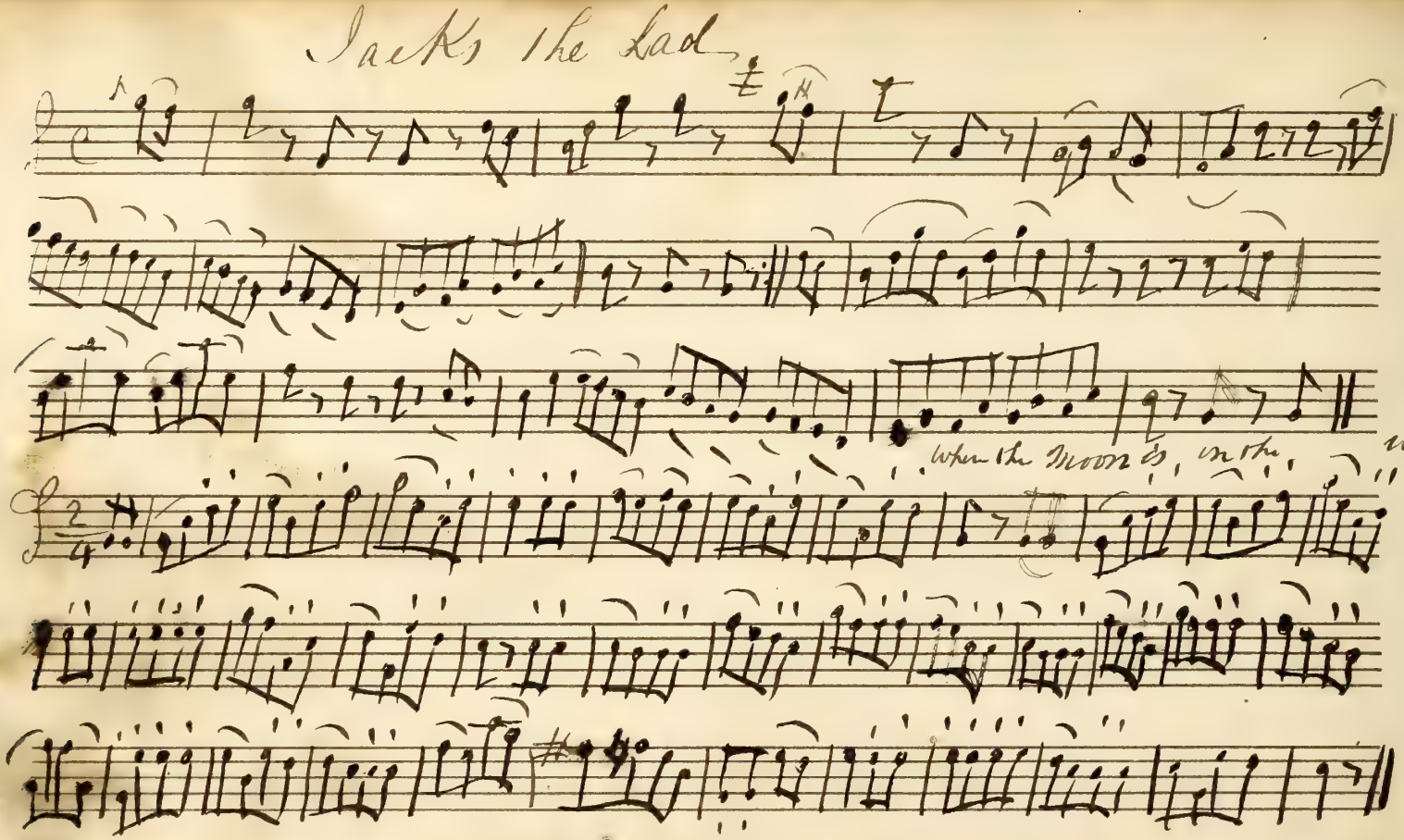

The Lass of Gowrie
Swiss Rondino Waltz
Fine
D.C. ℔

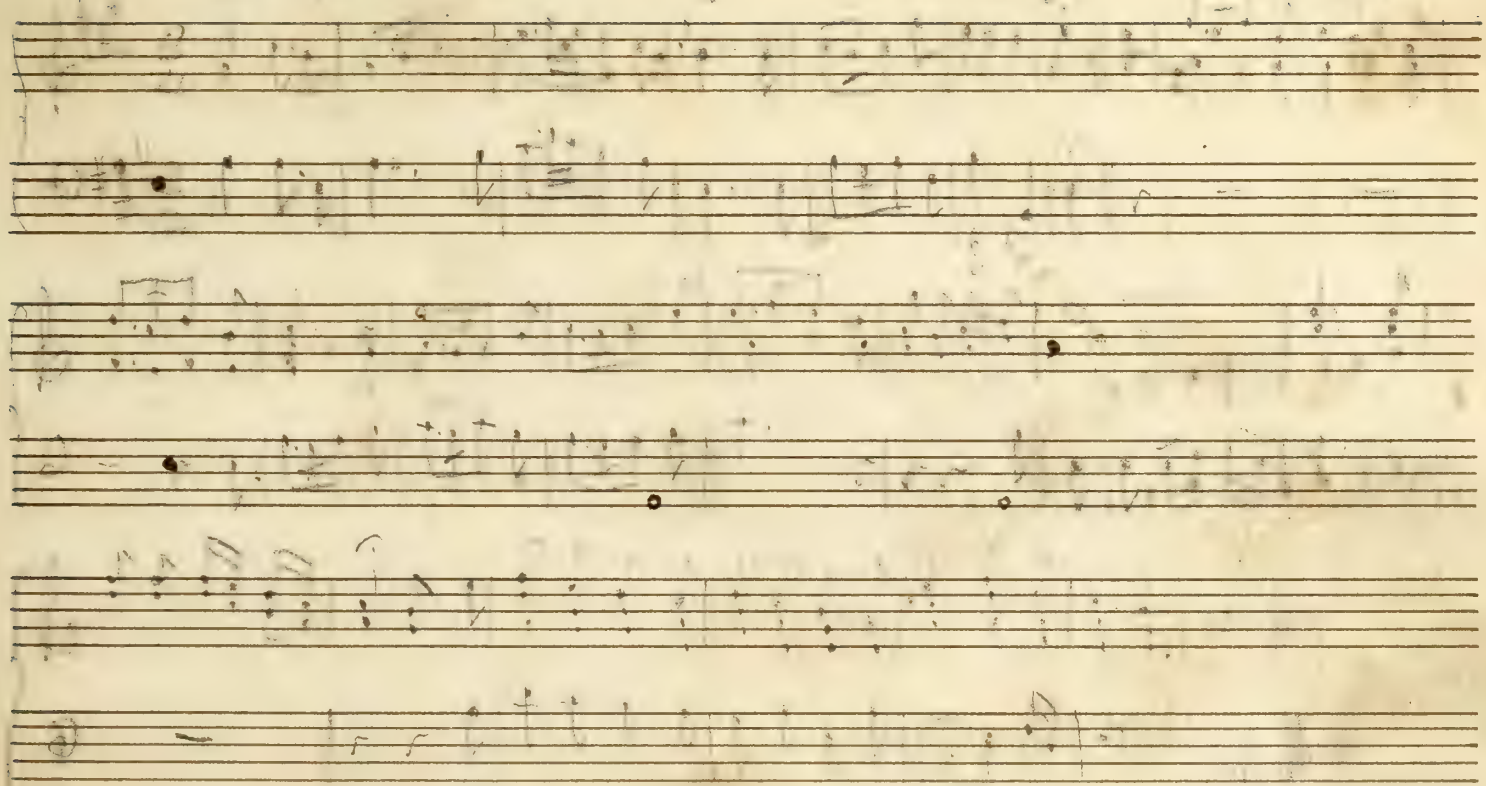

Hannoverian G. M.
Grand March


Johnny Cope
Quick Step

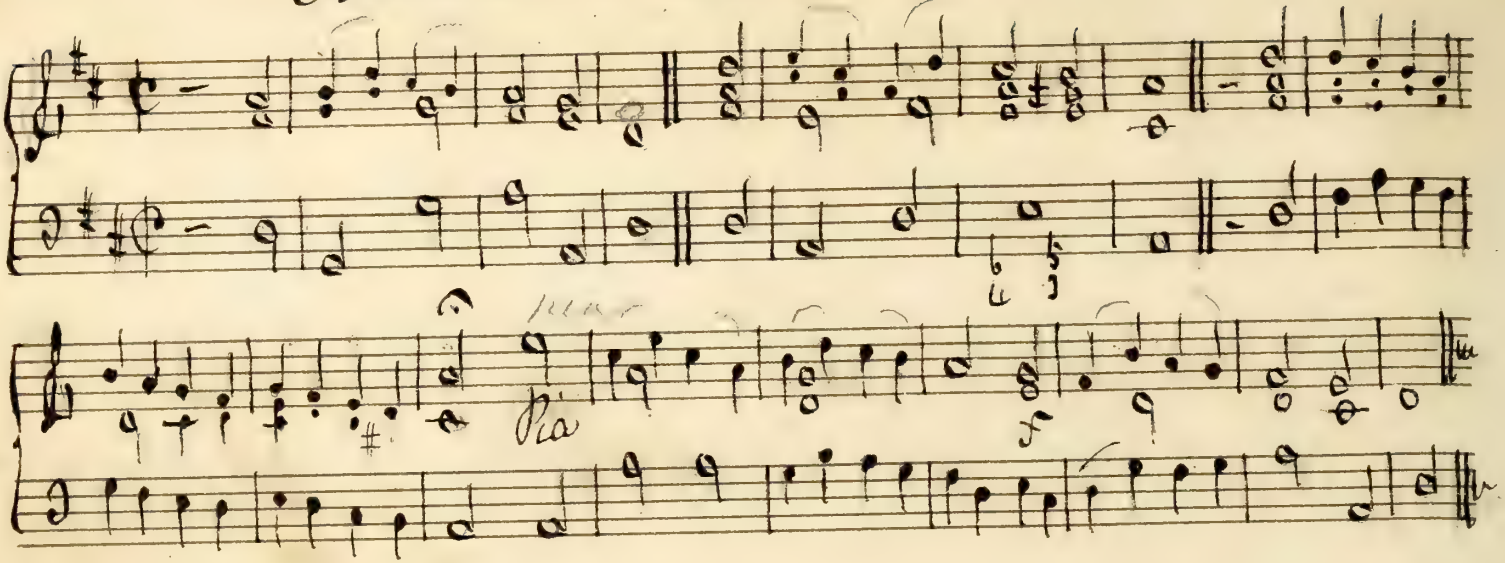


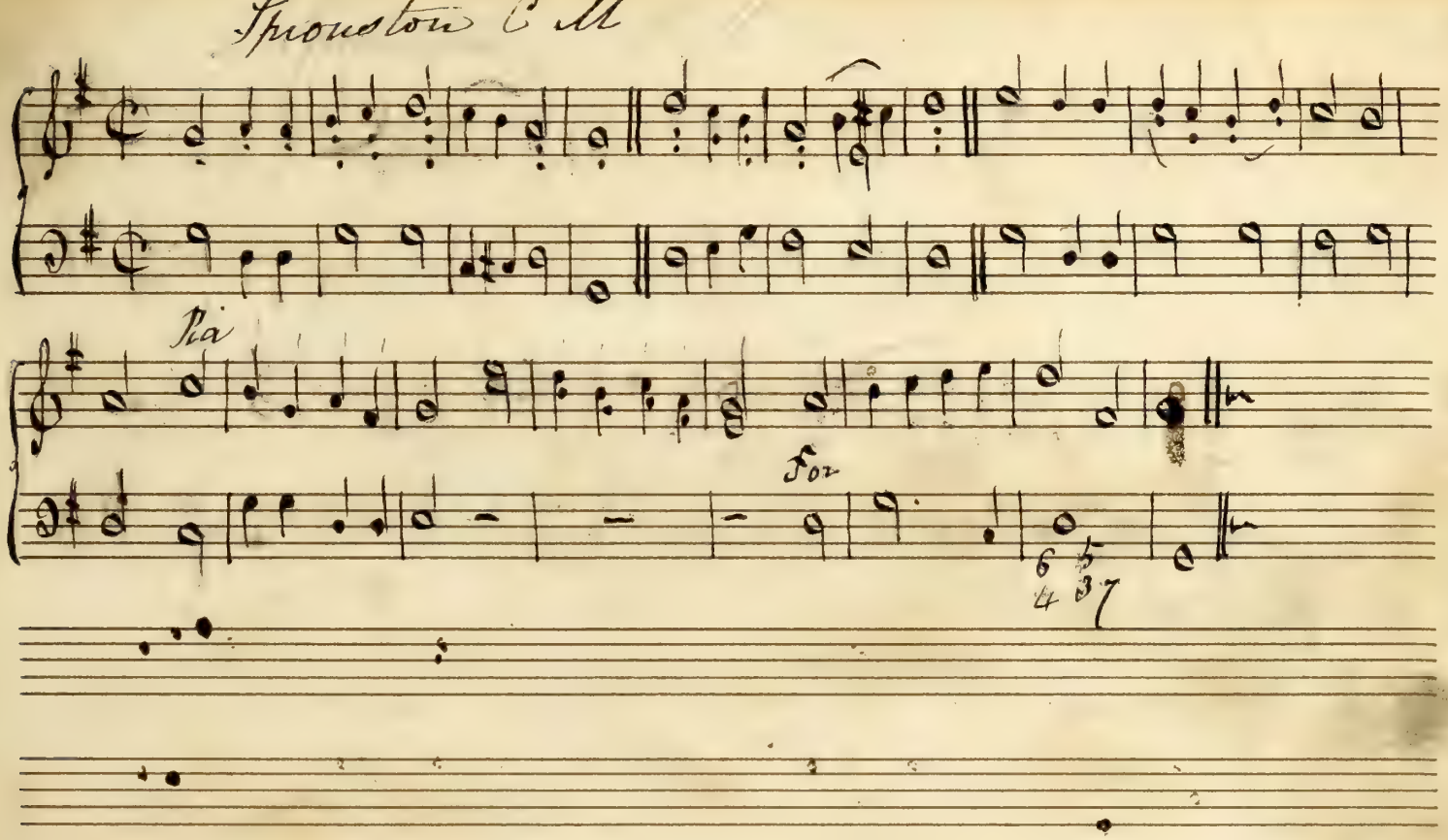

Lacey Gluff

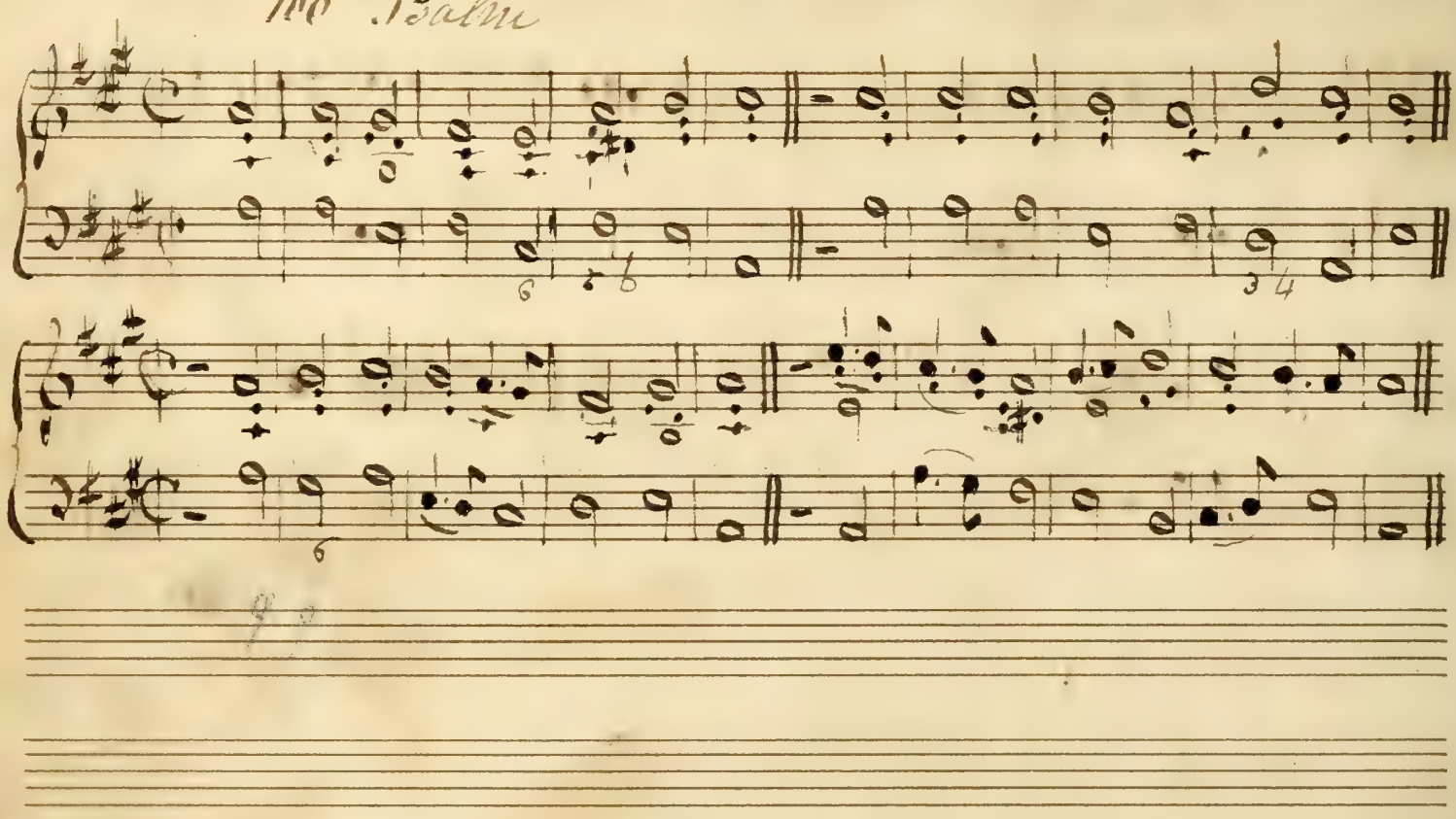

Jacks the Lad
When the Moon is in the water

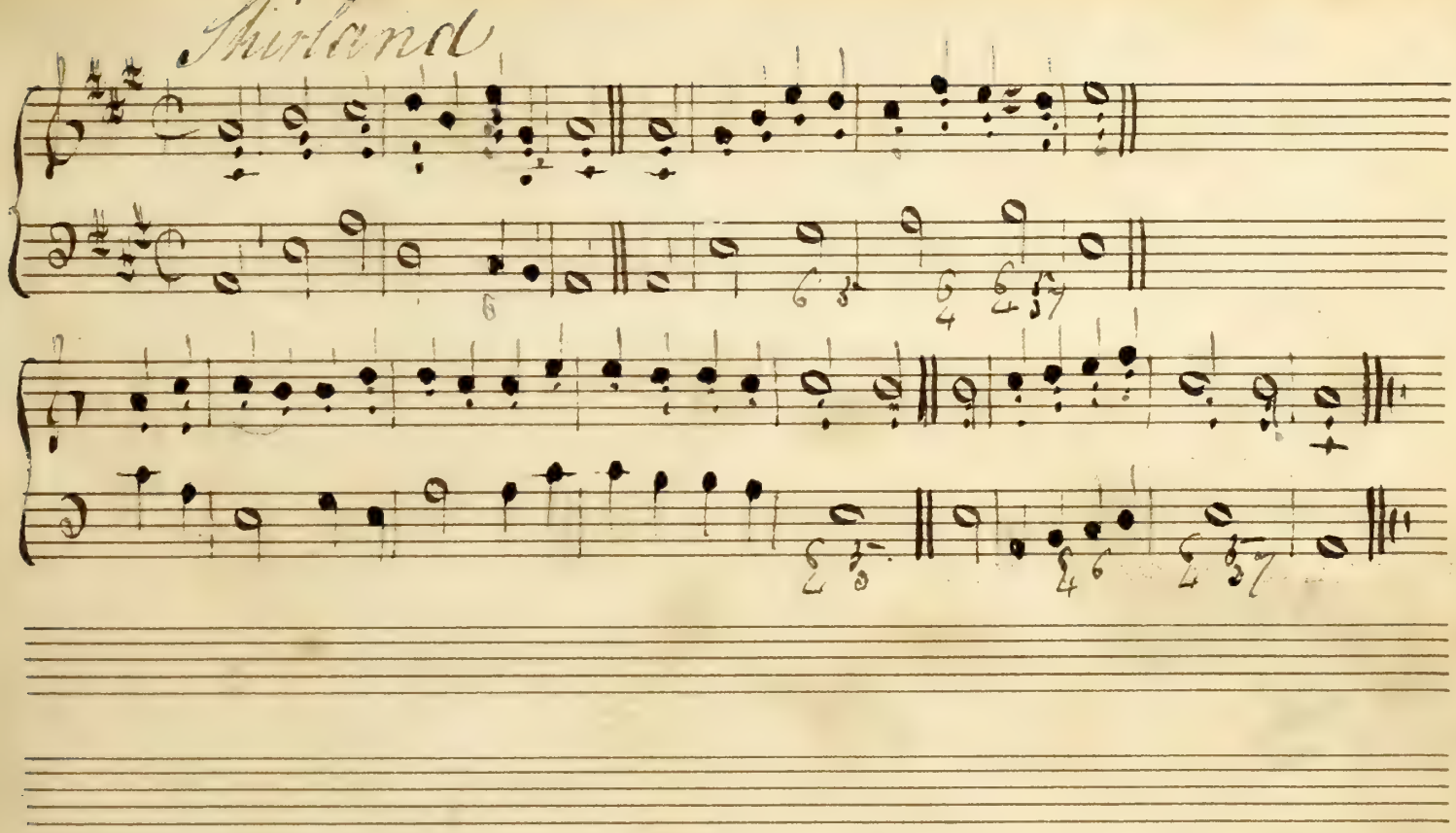


Matthias L. M.

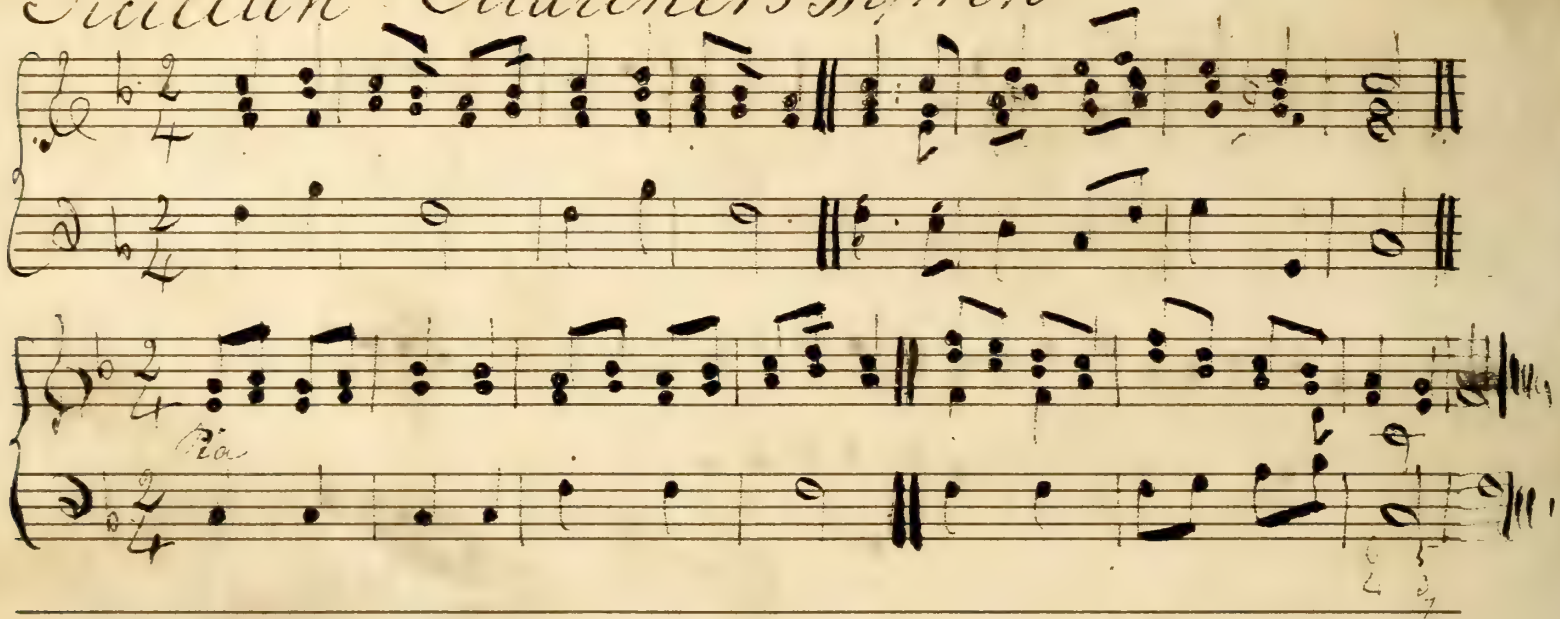



Spiritoso C M
Pia
For

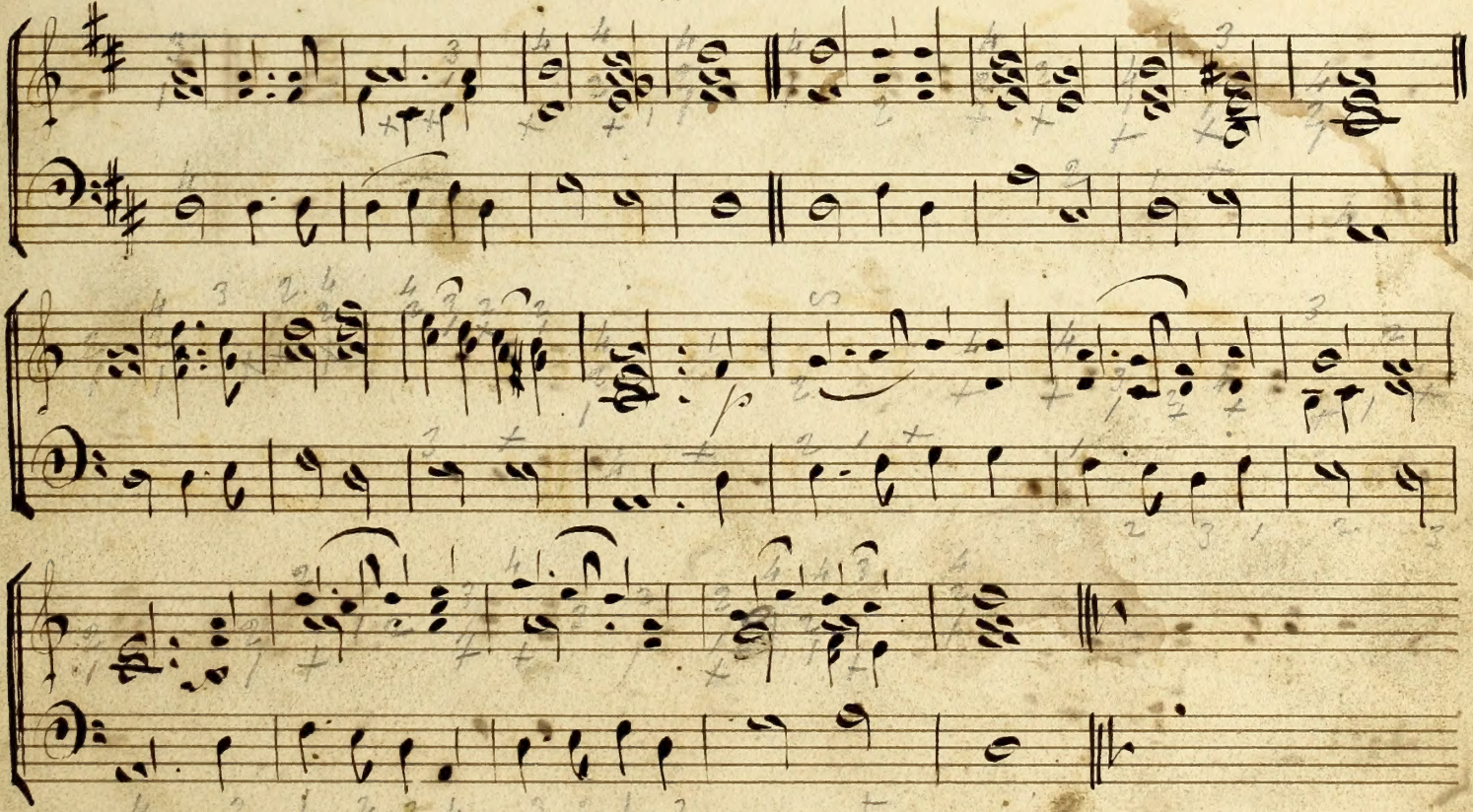

100th Psalm

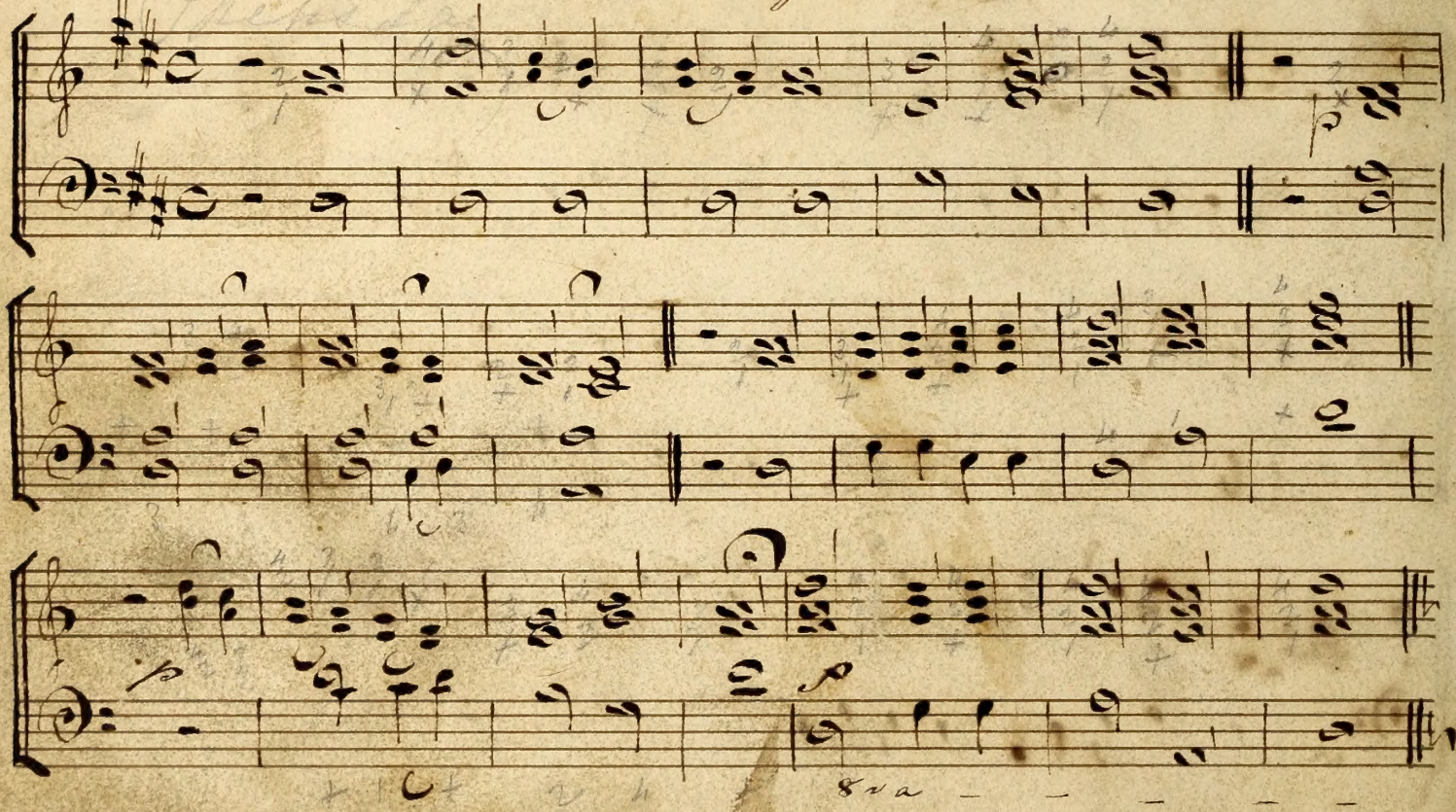
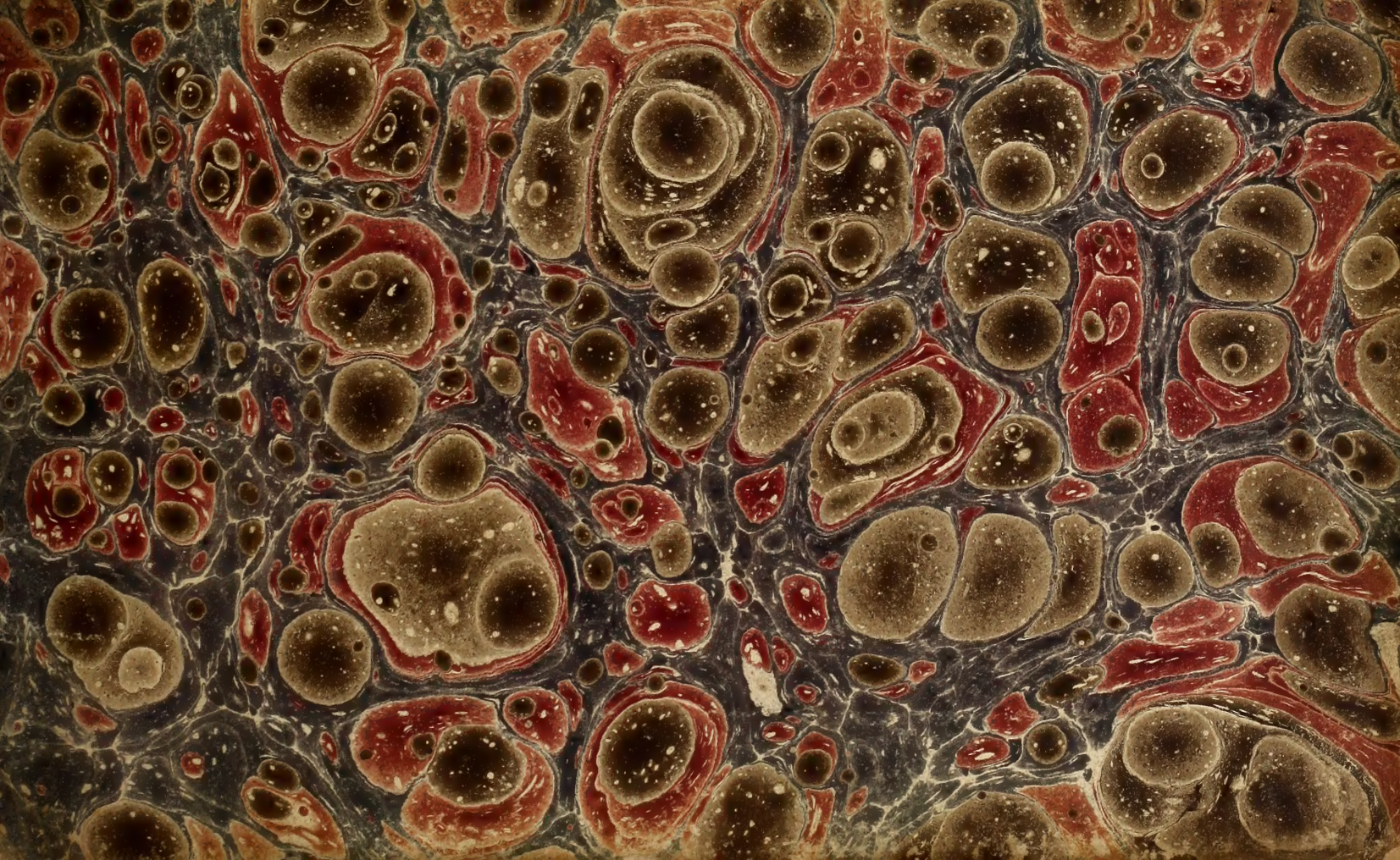

Thirland

Sicilian Mariners Hymn



Justification L M Praise God from



Hensbury C M

When I can read